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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1906

American Diplomacy	FRANCIS C. LOWELL	1
Of our Anxious Morality	MAURICE MAETERLINCK	7
The Wife from Vienna. A Story	E. S. JOHNSON	17
At Ebb-Tide. A Poem	JOHN FINLEY	25
Impressions from Chicago Faces	LOREN H. B. KNOX	28
The University Presidency	ANDREW S. DRAPER	34
Notes on New Novels	MARY MOSS	43
A Village Dressmaker. A Story	HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	59
Special Legislation	SAMUEL P. ORTH	69
A Girl's Waking. A Poem	M. LENNAH	76
Esperanto: the Proposed Universal Language	A. SCHINZ	77
On Account of the Herr Major. A Story	ESTHER B. TIFFANY	84
Palmer's Herbert	A. V. G. ALLEN	90
The Mujik and the New Régime in Russia	HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE	101
Significant Books: American Biography	M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE	110
The Chinese Boycott	JOHN W. FOSTER	118
The Preface	EDWARD KEMPER BROADUS	128
The Soul of Art. A Poem	ELSA BARKER	133
The Ghost in Fiction	T. R. SULLIVAN	133
The Contributors' Club		138
A Short Study of Editors. — Choked Utterances. — Such Stuff as Dreams are Made On. — On Living Lives.		

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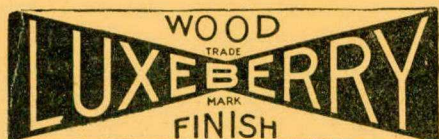
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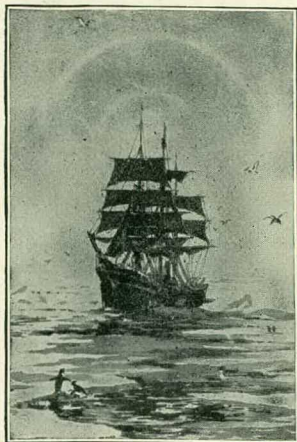
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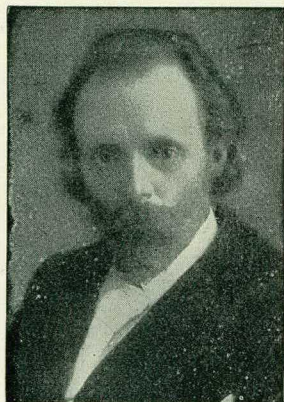
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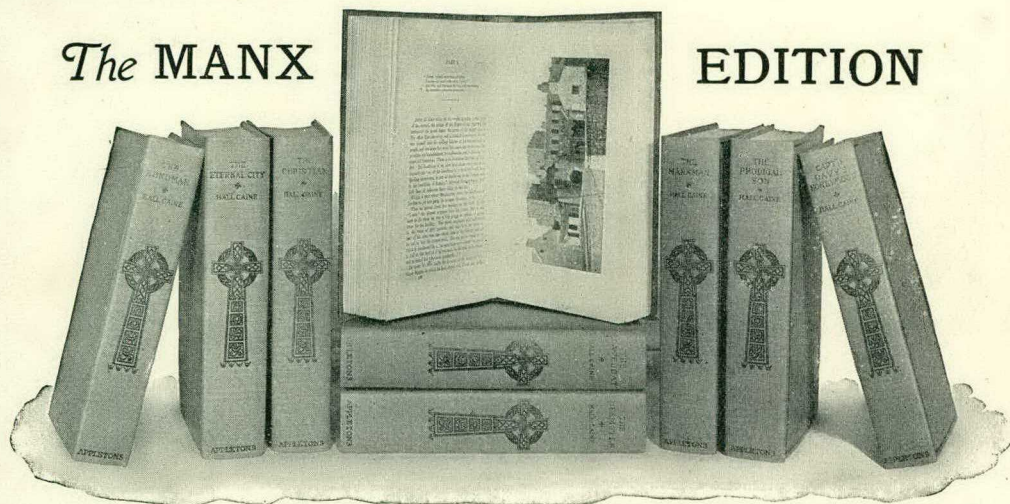
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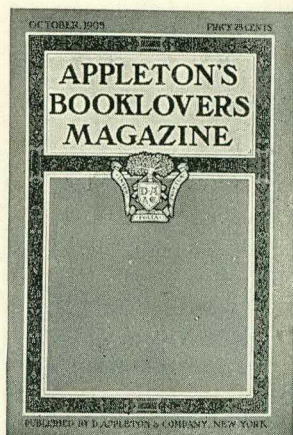
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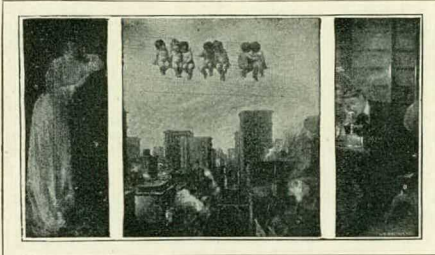


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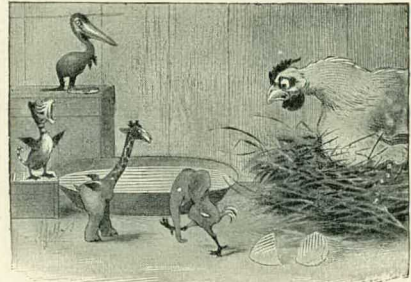
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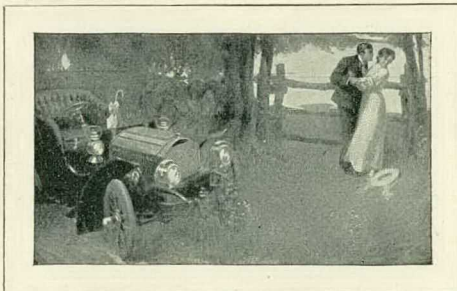
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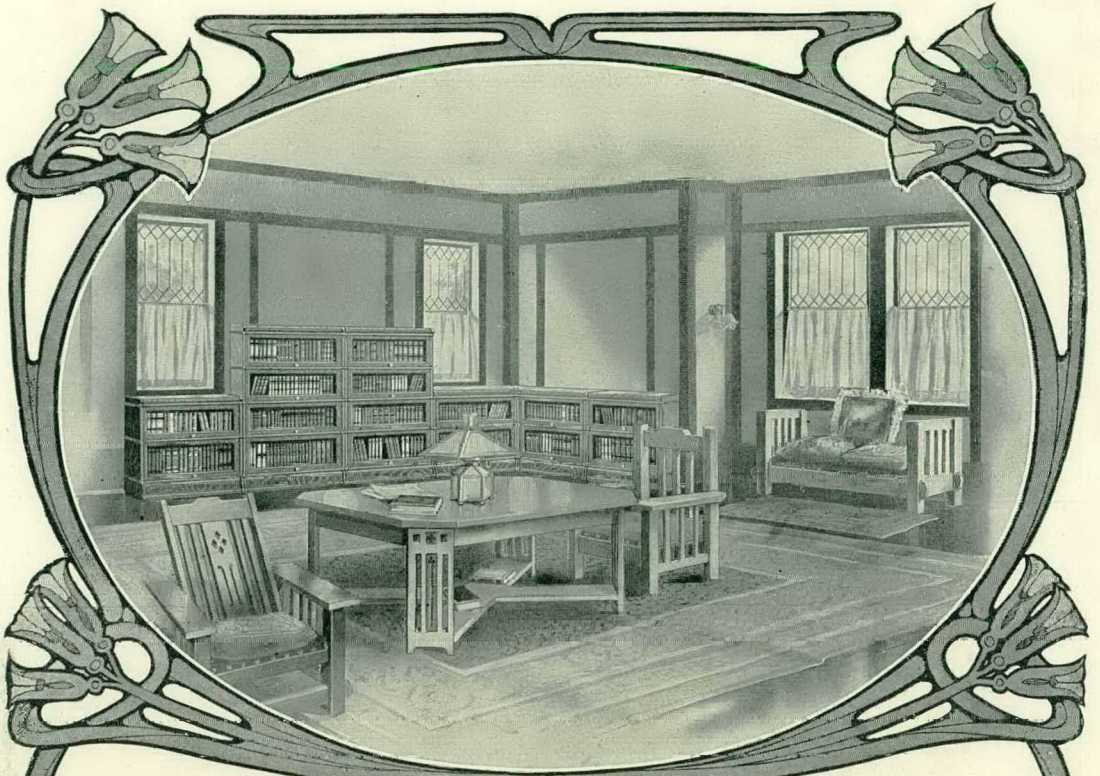


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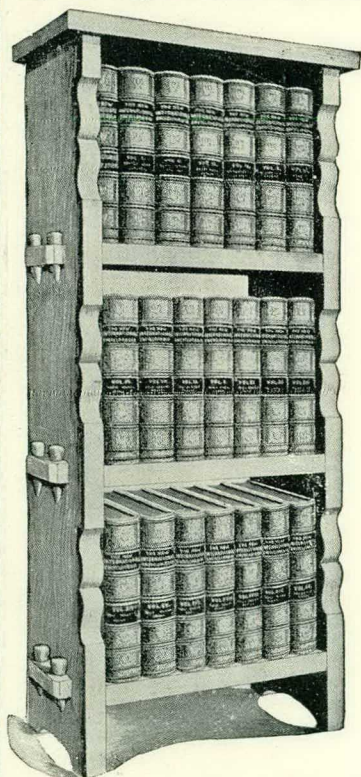
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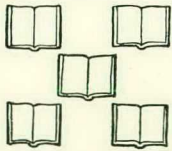
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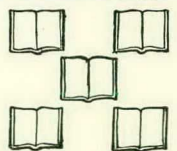
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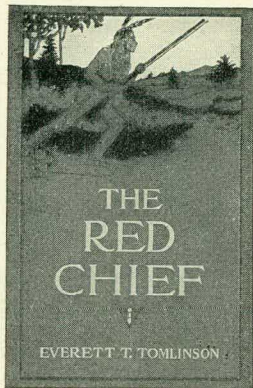
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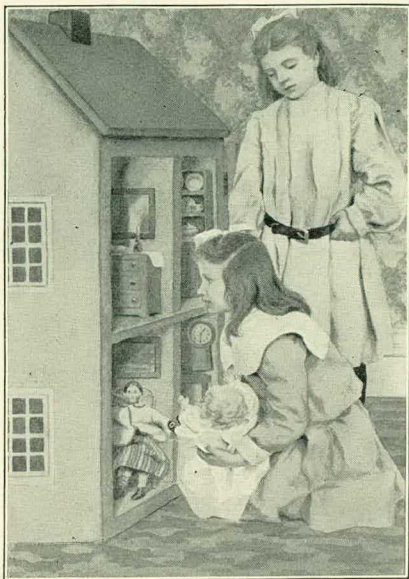
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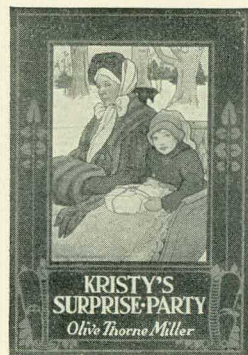
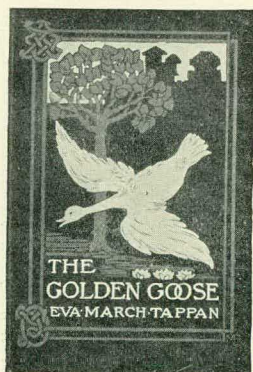


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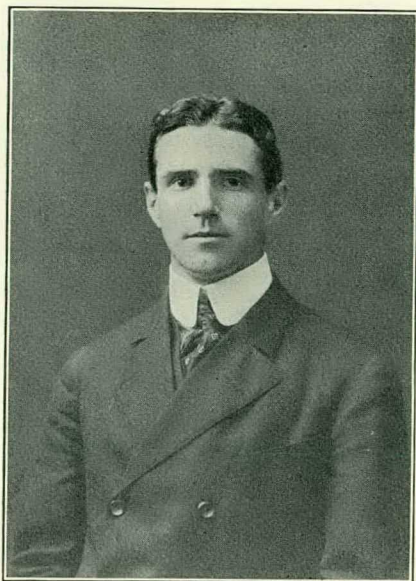
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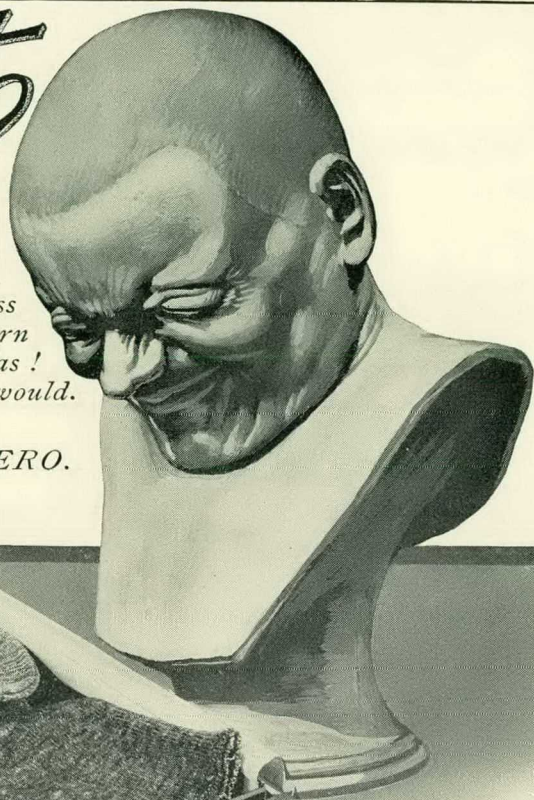
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International Politics

The authors of the three important papers in this number upon international questions of special interest at this time are all publicists and writers of the first distinction. Hon. *Francis C. Lowell* is a Justice of the United States Circuit Court. Hon. *John W. Foster*, ex-Secretary of State, has been United States Minister to Mexico and to Russia. At the invitation of the Emperor of China, he participated in the peace negotiations between China and Japan at the close of the Chinese-Japanese War. He is the author of "A Century of American Diplomacy," of "American Diplomacy in the Orient," and other important works. *Herbert H. D. Peirce*, Third Assistant Secretary of State, came into special prominence last summer in connection with the meeting of the Peace Commissioners of Russia and Japan at Portsmouth. He was for many years Secretary of the United States Legation in Saint Petersburg, and speaks with authority upon all questions pertaining to Russian politics and economic questions.

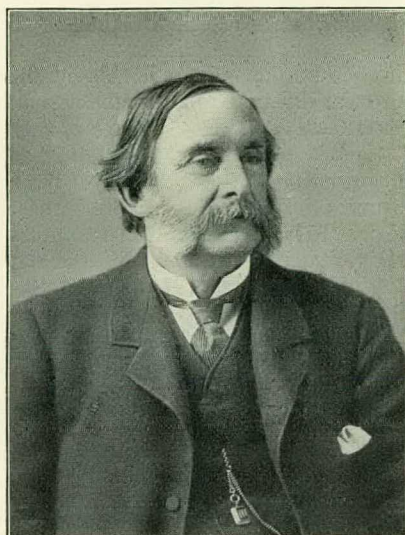
General Articles

Andrew S. Draper, who writes in this number upon "The University Presidency," is one of the best known educators in the United States. He was for six years Superintendent of Instruction in the State of New York, for ten years President of the University of Illinois, and is now Commissioner of Education of the State of New York. He is the author of many publications upon educational subjects. *Maurice Maeterlinck*, the Belgian poet and dramatist, is fast taking a stand as one of the foremost of living idealistic moralists. *Loren H. B. Knox* is a young lawyer of Chicago who makes his first contribution to the Atlantic in this number with a striking paper upon Chicago Faces. *S. P. Orth* has already appeared before Atlantic readers with a paper upon "Our State Legislatures" in the Atlantic for December, 1904. He is the author of a work upon the centralization of administration in Ohio and of "Five American Politicians." *Albert Schinz*, who writes upon "Esperanto," is a professor of the Romance languages in Bryn Mawr College; *E. K. Broadus* is a professor in the University of South Dakota; and *Dr. A. V. G. Allen* who reviews Palmer's Herbert, is Professor of Church History in the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the author of many works of theology and biography. Miss *Mary Moss*, who contributes the "Notes on New Novels," attracted much attention by her "Significant Tendencies in Current Fiction" printed in the Atlantic for May, 1905. Many articles and stories of hers have appeared in the best magazines, and she is the author of a novel entitled "A Sequence in Hearts." *M. A. DeWolfe Howe*, who writes the "Recent American Biography," is an editor of the "Youth's Companion." He is the editor of the series of Beacon Biographies, the author of "The American Bookman" and a life of Phillips Brooks, and various other volumes of poetry and belles-lettres.

The Stories

The story-writers in this number are all well known to Atlantic readers. Among the most recent contributions of Mrs. *Harriet Prescott Spofford* have been "The Story of the Queen" and "A Sacrifice;" those of *Esther B. Tiffany* are "Anna Mareea" and "The Countess at Pondsville Centre;" "The Age Limit," by *E. S. Johnson*, appeared in the Atlantic for April, 1904.

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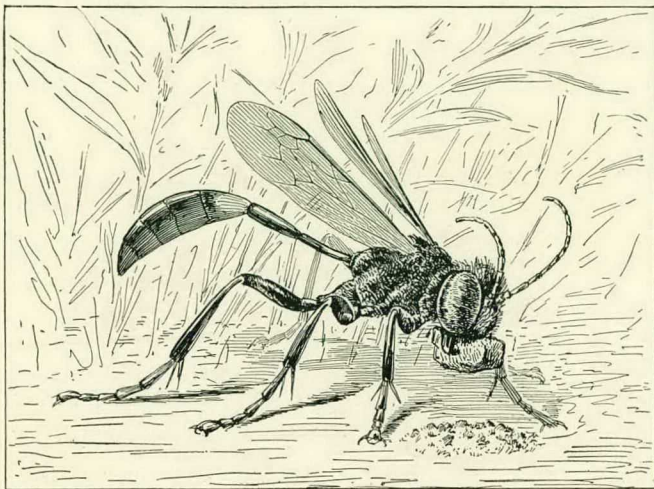
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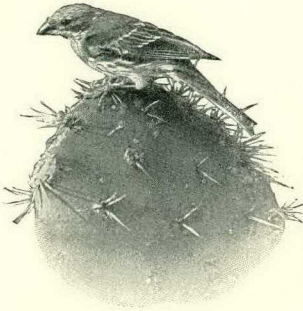
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FOR JANUARY, 1906

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NOW that the Christmas rush is past, there is time to sit down and talk things over. Having bought many books for other people and found out just what the best books are, one may now buy a few books for one's self. Any really good holiday book has a permanent value which by no means passes with Christmas. Books of this nature now stand out head and shoulders above the year's commonplace and form an aftermath of the holiday season. On the following pages will be found the opinions of the leading book-reviewers of the country on some of the latest books. Through these paragraphs, readers may judge finally of the individual value and personal appeal of these volumes.

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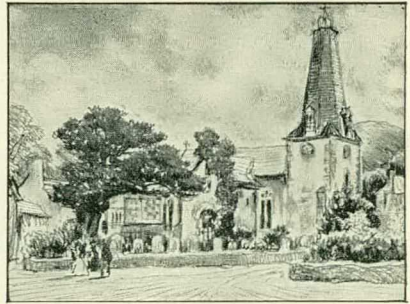


Mr. Smith's quaintly pictured animals, yet there are qualities in the book to make their elders chuckle with an even keener appreciation. It would be a mistake to leave this forever in the nursery." "It is a capital piece of story-telling by colored pictures," says *The Outlook*, — "humorous, but perfectly respectful to Noah and all his family. The animal drawing is excellent. We particularly praise the artist for abstaining from the grotesque excess too often seen in books of

this class." The *Louisville Courier-Journal* calls it "one of the jolliest books of the season. Mr. Smith has found something new in animal literature." "As a Christmas gift-book and as a permanent possession nothing we have seen this year can come within speaking distance of it," says the *New York Press*.

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The *New York Sun* describes it as "a delightful book for those who find it full of reminiscences, as for those whose imagination will be stimulated by it." "Such a combination of author and artist is rarely met with," remarks the *Quebec Chronicle*. "One hardly knows which to admire the most, the writing or the pictures." The *New York Tribune* feels that "readers of Mr. James will preserve this edition long after the holidays have passed."

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Part of a Man's Life

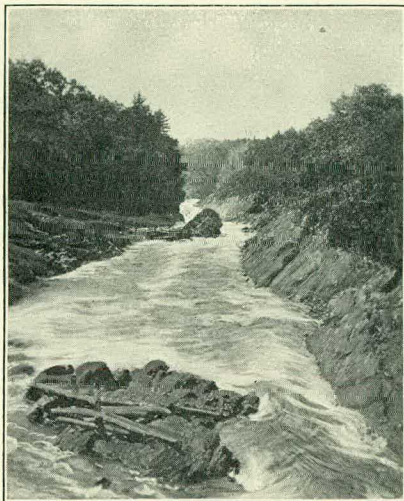
"*Colonel Higginson's* *PART OF A MAN'S LIFE*," in the opinion of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, "adds to his already notable list of books one of delightful reminiscences and of genial criticism of life. The book is handsomely printed and bound, and it would not be easy to find a more attractive gift book for manner or matter." The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* considers that "it is the most unique document that has appeared since Dr. Hale's 'Memories of a Hundred Years,' and the new volume has the advantage of a little more rugged, a little more catholic outlook upon a variety of subjects which are perhaps less special." "These ripe and scholarly chapters," says *The Dial*, — "ripe with the varied experiences of eighty years and more, and scholarly with the scholarship of a lover not only of books, but of men, — have an interest and value far exceeding anything that another pen might contrive to say about them." The *Chicago Post* finds it "a delightful book to read, bookish and yet marked by that perennial freshness which has been characteristic of Colonel Higginson."

Paradise

In *PARADISE* *The Interior* believes that "*Alice Brown* has written the sweetest, tenderest, humanest book of the year. For delicious humor, for exquisite pathos, for vivid, passionate reality, for tender discernment of the things of the spirit, and for delicacy of literary art, it has no equal among recent novels. The story is a simple one of a few simple souls in an unnamed New England village, but it grips the heart. Whatever else one may leave unread, those who love human nature and revere a perfect literary art, should make sure they read 'Paradise.'" *The Argonaut* considers that "in this story of singular distinction, of wistful beauty, Miss Brown moves on the highest level to which she has ever attained. It is a novel of solidity and power, a book for the thoughtful." "It reads like a chapter from real life," says the *Chicago Record-Herald*, "and the men and women stand out like a set of sharp line drawings. It is thoroughly, tenderly human in tone and spirit."

Rose o' the River

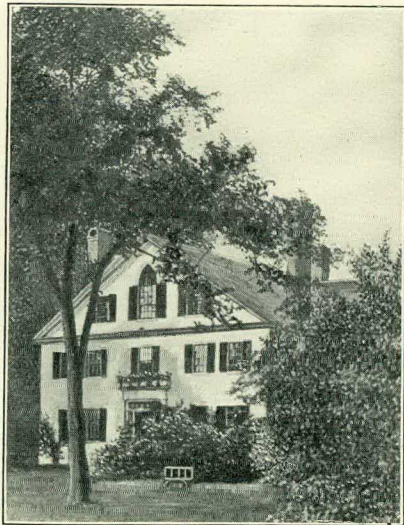
Kate Douglas Wiggin's latest story, *ROSE O' THE RIVER*, has been one of the four best-selling books ever since it appeared, and in two months had reached 60,000 copies. The New York *Tribune* calls it "a charming bit of sentiment, gracefully written and deftly touched here and there with a gentle humor. It is a dainty book and has been daintily illustrated." The Pittsburgh *Gazette* feels that "books like this add to the joy of living and make the reader feel that 'all's right with the world.'" "For a light-hearted, unpretentious little study of a rural community down in Maine," the New York *Post* thinks that "Mrs. Wiggin's story may be heartily commended." The Chicago *Record-Herald* describes it as "a wholesome, bright, refreshing story, with a kindly earnestness below its merry surface. It is an ideal book to give to a young girl." "It has vivacity and freshness," says *The Outlook*, "and overflows with high spirits and the feeling of Maine woods and rivers." "As story-telling it is perfection," says the London *Daily Mail*, "and as portrait-painting it is true to life. Humor gleams on every page."



Rapids of the Saco just below "Quillcote."
Scene of "Rose o' the River."



Old Buxton Meeting-House where Mrs. Wiggin has read many of her stories from manuscript to the very people about whom they were written.



"Quillcote on Saco," Mrs. Wiggin's summer home, where "Rose o' the River" was written.

The Coming of the Tide

THE COMING OF THE TIDE by *Margaret Sherwood* is described by the *New York Post* as "a well-rounded, short, unambitious, and charmingly written story. Any one who has spent a summer at such a shore resort as is here described, from the time of the blossoming of the wild roses to the fading of the goldenrod, will appreciate Miss Sherwood's descriptions of the changing season. The lure of the tide, the mystery of it, the charm of the gray granite ledges and the tiny coves and tide creeks, the downs and the scraggy cypresses, — these are all pictured or suggested with real literary art." "It is a graceful story on artistic lines," says the *Boston Herald*, "daintily conceived and executed. It is rightly described as a study in heredity, a contrast of temperaments, a tale of love triumphant." "A warmth of sentiment distinguishes this book," in the opinion of the *New York Sun*. "It is a celebration of the sea, a sensitive, fervid story representing the delicate charms and the awful wonders of that vast expanse." *The Christian Register* calls it "a story worth reading, with rare touches of poetry and literary skill."

James G. Blaine

The initial volume in the American Statesmen, Second Series, is a compact biography of JAMES G. BLAINE by *Edward Stanwood*. The *Boston Herald* finds "the author's literary style direct, vigorous and candid, commanding confidence in his intention to tell the truth as he apprehends it with strict and dispassionate fidelity. He is no indiscriminating eulogist and does not flinch from pointing out what he regards as faults of judgment and of discretion in Mr. Blaine's career. As a biography we judge that it will be accepted as adequate and probably as final." "Mr. Stanwood has done his work well," says the *New York Mail*, "with that fairness and adequacy of statement that have characterized all his writings, and with an underlying sympathy and enthusiasm for the man whose story he tells that pervades the biography but is kept rigorously in bounds." "This volume presents the career of Mr. Blaine from start to finish," says the *Detroit Free Press*, "and deals with him in a fair-minded and open fashion. It is a commendable endeavor, this, to present to the American public the life stories of our famous men and party leaders." The *Portland Press* considers that "Mr. Stanwood has made an exceedingly entertaining and instructive book, upon a subject replete with interest."

The Pardoner's Wallet

"It is time that the country awoke to the fact," remarks the *Chicago Tribune*, "that in *Samuel M. Crothers* it has a humorist of the first rank, a satirist of no mean ability, and an essayist to be reckoned with. His *PARDONER'S WALLET* is a bundle of essays permeated with the most delightful wit." The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* believes that "all who like essays which combine breadth of thought and an artistic literary quality will be glad to have this volume." "There is a sound ethical background behind the work of this witty and suggestive writer," says *The Outlook*, "but he takes it for granted and relieves his readers from the duty of always keeping it in mind. He has freshness of mind, gayety of mood, generous likings, and a free and happy way of speech." "As we turned over Dr. Crothers' pages with slow, delightful relish," says the *Boston Transcript*, "we were perpetually noting choice sentences or paragraphs for quotation, only to find

when the last one was turned that in effect the entire volume had been thus marked. We send the reader away with strict injunctions to purchase the book himself." "Rarely," in the opinion of *The Living Age*, "do brilliant talent, shrewd common sense, and large-hearted sympathy combine so generously for the pleasure of the reader as in these fascinating pages."

In Our Convent Days

Agnes Repplier's new book, *IN OUR CONVENT DAYS*, has been most favorably received. The *Chicago Record-Herald* describes it as "a charming collection of seven papers dealing with the picturesque realm inhabited only by the black-robed nuns and curious yet exquisitely natural children, which reproduces their realm and its unhackneyed dwellers for the benefit of those who would otherwise miss a most delightful experience. It is distinguished by the clear, fine style of which Miss Repplier is so easily master. The book is a classic of its kind." "Miss Repplier does not know how to be anything but delightful," remarks the *New York Times*, "and she has never been more delightful than in this little volume." "The stories are told in the direct and delightful style of the gifted raconteur," says the *New York Sun*, "and with the quiet grace of literary excellence which distinguishes Miss Repplier's work. The records of girlish experiences are convincing in their simplicity and refreshing in their naturalness. It is a girl's book which can be heartily endorsed for girls of all ages to read." The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* considers that "Miss Repplier is perhaps the most graceful woman writer before the public to-day." "The book deserves a place among the classics relating to school life," in the estimation of the *Minneapolis Journal*.

James Russell Lowell

"There is always need for works of the quality of *Ferris Greenslet's* *LOWELL*," says the *Brooklyn Eagle*. "Here, indeed, is a literary portrait that is worth while. He has made 'the many-faceted Lowell' live again for us. Notable as the book is for its excellent literary quality, and for the vividness, the simplicity and charm of its narrative, its chief excellence is the lifelikeness of its portraiture." In *The Outlook* Colonel T. W. Higginson says: "Beyond any other biography recently written among us, this book gives, by its execution, the impression of a distinct addition to the literary resources of our younger authors." "For this biography we are grateful," says the *Boston Advertiser*. "Mr. Greenslet does not squint; he does not wink at flaws in a personal and literary figure which entranced some of the best critics of Lowell's time. Coolly, yet with sympathy, which includes insight, he proceeds with his analysis and produces an expressive portrait." The *Albany Journal* considers it "a good book in every sense of the word — well written, well printed, and of attractive yet practical appearance. It is vital with the sympathy of a lover of Lowell, yet it is discriminating and never fulsome." "The narrative is exactly what it should be," says the *New York Times*. The following is from *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*: "To say that Mr. Greenslet's chapters on Lowell's prose and poetry are the best ever written on this subject, does not sufficiently distinguish them: they will stand among the best criticism produced here or in England in recent years. He writes as a literary artist should write, with balance, delicacy of shade, terseness, interdependence, and lucidity. Mr. Greenslet is not likely to be superseded."

Sidney Lanier

The Outlook believes that "in a library of heroism *Edwin Mim's* biography of SIDNEY LANIER would surely find a place. It belongs, as a piece of writing, with the best American biography. It is an admirable piece of discriminating, judicious, intelligent, and sympathetic interpretation. The story of a Southern man told by a Southern man, it rises at once above the mists of provincialism into the clear air of universal standards and ideals." The *Chicago Post* regards it as "a careful, complete, authoritative account of a man in the first rank of American letters, striking a national note and taking him quite as much in his human relations as in his artistic career, not forgetting to temper generous praise with sane literary criticism." "Of this biography," the *Baltimore News* considers that "it is much to say that we do not think it will be a disappointment to Lanier's best friends and greatest admirers. Within its limits, it would be difficult to give a more balanced sketch of Lanier's life or a more discriminating estimate of his work." "It is really a great biography," says the *Charlotte Observer*, "told largely, as the story of a man's life should be, in his own words. It is a book that no student of American literature can neglect. Of it the South should be very proud, for it is the work of one of her own scholars, and a memorial of one of her worthiest sons." Dr. Henry van Dyke says: "It is a beautiful piece of work, sympathetic, penetrating, true. It could not be better done." Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie writes: "I consider it one of the very best pieces of biography that has been done in this country: sound to the core in its judgment, full of the divination of sympathy, but full also of the sanity of criticism. It is in my judgment the happiest appreciation of the literary South which has appeared, but it is a thoroughly national book."

The English Works of George Herbert

The reviews of the new edition of HERBERT'S WORKS edited by *George Herbert Palmer* have all been of such length that the extracts for which we have room here hardly do them justice. In *The Churchman*, Bishop Mann of North Dakota calls it "the first scientific treatment of one of our deepest poets and noblest saints. It stands in the front rank of erudite, elegant, ardent, and spiritual editions of English classics; there are not half a dozen others to keep it company." *The Nation* considers it "learned without being pedantic and full without being replete—the kind of work of which our universities might well be more prodigal." Mr. Talcott Williams says in the *Philadelphia Press*: "As editor, Professor Palmer has left nothing undone. In form and in typography the edition equals the reputation of the house from which it comes—perhaps the only one in this country which for twoscore years has preserved uniform mechanical excellence in its editions. These volumes will remain a part of the necessary equipment of all who address themselves to the study of the Jacobean age." "As a combined biographical, literary, and critical study," the *Chicago Record-Herald* feels that "Professor Palmer's work leaves nothing to be desired." "It will ever hold its place," says the *New York Times*, "as one of the triumphs of American scholarship in editing English classics, alongside such works as those of Furness and Child. These latter are on bigger subjects, but they are not better done. This Herbert is something of which any man might well be proud, and for which all who love noble literature and noble life should be sincerely grateful."



From "The Golden Goose."

tion, and a refinement of feeling which separate them from most works of the same kind."

For Boys and Girls

"Everett T. Tomlinson is an expert in interesting young readers in tales of the Revolutionary days," says the *Boston Transcript*, "and his new story, *THE RED CHIEF*, is exceedingly interesting and instructive."

"It is refreshing to read a story like *Eliza Orne White's* new one, *AN ONLY CHILD*," remarks *The Churchman*. "We need more children's books of just this simple, lifelike sort."

The *Baltimore News* considers that "all the stories in *KRISTY'S SURPRISE PARTY* by *Olive Thorne Miller* have plot and point, and are marked by brightness and humor. The colored illustrations are excellent."

Speaking of the six fairy tales from the Swedish, which *Eva March Tappan* has translated in *THE GOLDEN GOOSE*, the *Nashville American* says: "Experience has shown that these old stories are ever new and ever dear to children, and this dainty volume with its spirited illustrations will be eagerly welcomed by young readers."

THE STAR JEWELS by *Abbie Farwell Brown* is described by *The Outlook* as "a collection of wonder stories told in a simple and familiar way, but with a touch of poetry, a little play of imagination, and a refinement of feeling which separate them from most works of the same kind."

The One-Hoss Shay

"Genial, cheerful, shrewd, lovable *Oliver Wendell Holmes*," exclaims the *Baltimore News*, — "his verses and autocratic utterances can never grow dull or out of place or commonplace, because there is something absolutely individual in his humor, absolutely distinctive in his trend of thought. Howard Pyle's sketches in the new edition of *THE ONE-HOSS SHAY* are delightful, and if any man is so unfortunate as not to have read these cheerful verses he cannot find them in a more appropriate setting." As the *New York Globe* puts it: "If Dr. Holmes approved Mr. Pyle's illustrations before, he could hardly have failed to like them now, the colors giving an added quaintness to their already pleasing character."

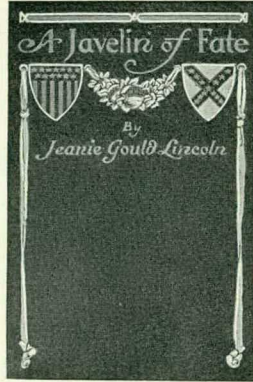
New Fiction

George S. Wasson's new book, *THE GREEN SHAY*, is a story of an old Yankee seaport fallen on evil days. The *Springfield Republican* calls it "an uncommonly vital little book. The picture is undoubtedly drawn from close knowledge of the subject." "The book is chock-full of fun and wit," says the *Portland Press*, "while some of the scenes are very dramatic. It is one of the best things of the kind ever printed." The *Boston Herald* regards it as "a notable contribution to the literature of the northern New England coast." "Send any one to me who doubts the truth of 'The Green Shay,'" says Capt. S. H. Harding, local Supt. of the Life Saving Service.

"*Alice M. Bacon's* IN THE LAND OF THE GODS is a group of Japanese stories that for consistent local color, ingenuity of construction and inherent interest would be hard to equal," remarks the *Chicago Record-Herald*. "The author has the true gift of the story-teller, and to this has been added a purity of imagination and delicacy of treatment that delight the reader to a rare degree." "These stories are twice welcome," says the *Springfield Republican*. "They fill a positive want and they are written with a rare charm and grace, which, with the special interest attaching to their theme, can scarcely fail to make them one of the season's worthiest successes. The opportunity which other would-be writers of stories of Japan have so obviously lacked, Miss Bacon has enjoyed at its best."

"Some of the most poignantly human, tender, and moving short stories that have recently appeared," the *San Francisco Argonaut* finds "in the volume by *Margaret Collier Graham*, called THE WIZARD'S DAUGHTER. These tales of humble people in California are faultless in characterization, artistic to a high degree, and intensely interesting." "Mrs. Graham is an artist with the short story," says the *Brooklyn Eagle*. "Her scene setting is simple, but the interpretation of her characters is wonderfully lifelike. This volume is strikingly individual and characteristic." "All these stories," says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "are full of the flavor of the soil and well worth reading."

A JAVELIN OF FATE by *Jeanie Gould Lincoln* is described by the *Chicago Post* as "notable for the compelling interest of its plot and its simple, unpretentious but very effective technique. It will furnish a rare treat to appreciative readers." "Mrs. Lincoln's manner is sprightly," says the *Richmond Times*, "her characters are well handled and her book is good for an hour's pleasant entertainment."



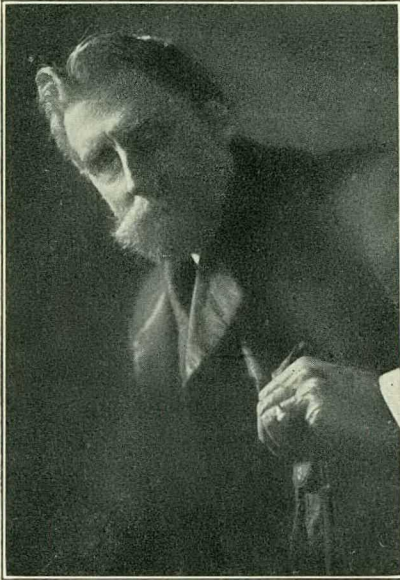
Belles-Lettres

Two brilliant essays by *Henry James* are just published under the title of THE QUESTION OF OUR SPEECH. In the first essay the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* thinks "his criticisms are thought-compelling and vigorous." *The Dial* considers the second essay, on "The Lesson of Balzac," "a notable piece of literary criticism in its concentrated vigor, in its elucidation of the novelist's art, and in its nicety of phrase. All will recognize the stimulating intellectual quality." "Balanced, chastened, perfected yet informal," says the *Chicago Post*, "it is as noble a tribute as we have in our language to the master and to the art of fiction."

"As an interpreter to the West of the subtle mysteries of Japan," the *Philadelphia Record* feels that "the late *Lafcadio Hearn* occupied a unique position. The field touched upon in his THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY is the wonderfully rich one of the myths and mystic poetry of that fascinating land." "The collection is a charming one," says the *San Francisco Argonaut*, "—brief and varied, yet distinguished withal by that sure touch of the sensitive artist that made everything from the vanished hand of Lafcadio Hearn delightful." The *New York Globe* finds "the volume in every way so characteristic of Hearn at his best that the regret caused by his death will be renewed." The final chapter, the last letter written by Hearn, "gives a better insight into Japanese

character," to quote the *Baltimore News*, "than most, if not all, of the pretentious essays on the subject that have been written in the past two years."

"One smiles or sighs over the mingled humor and pathos of these brilliant reminiscences," says *The Outlook* of *Martha Baker Dunn's* essays entitled *CICERO IN MAINE*. "Mrs. Dunn has some sensible reflections upon modern pedagogical fads," says the *Providence Journal*. "Her opinions are tolerantly expressed, with a spice of humor which makes them always readable." The *New York Mail* finds Mrs. Dunn "an essayist of the most humane school. She faces her reader with the charm of a sunny, cultivated personality shining through her well-chosen English. The book is good reading."



JOHN VANCE CHENEY

Poetry

Of the new volume of *POEMS* by *John Vance Cheney* the *Chicago Post* says: "It will be, we think, a distinct surprise even to some of Mr. Cheney's heartiest admirers to note how rich a body of genuine thought, sentiment, and intimately true poetic utterance we have from him as a specific gift to our later American poetry. There is a remarkable variety in rhyme and measure and movement, with a seemingly easy mastery of each. We know scarcely any poet, ancient or modern, who evinces more notable power of condensed yet impressively luminous expression. No student of contemporary American literature can afford to pass by these poems." "In faith and hope and cheery optimism Mr. Cheney's verse is strong," says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. "He is at his best," the *San Francisco Chronicle* believes,

"when describing the joys of nature, or when singing of love and friendship and the courage that puts a brave face on suffering or sorrow."

The *Manchester Mirror* says of *SONGS OF AMERICA* by *Edna Dean Proctor*: "These charming and stirring verses will be gladly welcomed by her multitude of friends and admirers. The handsomely bound little volume contains some thirty-five poems, many of which have never before been published. The book is full of musical thought and the spirit of true poetry."

Three New Histories

A *SHORT HISTORY OF ITALY* by *Henry D. Sedgwick* is, in the judgment of the *Boston Transcript*, "an admirable epitome of the time it covers. It is amply adequate for the demands of students or of the general reader." "It is a remarkably well-planned outline of the history of Italy," says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. "One of its chief merits is the graphic manner in which many of the great men of Italy are described." The *Chicago Record-Herald* believes that "it is certain to find many delighted readers. Mr. Sedgwick has brilliantly carried out his purpose of giving merely an

outline of the period, but his history is in no sense a dry summary or a colorless recital. It is vital, interesting and dramatic."

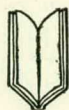
"No State of the Union has had a more varied and picturesque history than LOUISIANA," observes the New York *Tribune*, "and in the hands of *Albert Phelps* it loses little of its romance, its tragedy, and its import in the telling. He has succeeded admirably in maintaining a literary and political balance." "It is an admirable achievement," says the New Orleans *States*, "especially to be commended for its interesting treatment of that period of the State which covered the reconstruction era and the final overthrow of carpetbag government. His narrative has all the fascination of a work of fiction." The New York *Post* considers it "the best short account we possess of the history of this State. Mr. Phelps has a style that is lucid and has the uncommon merit of carrying the reader easily, well-nigh swiftly along."

Of *Irving B. Richman's* RHODE ISLAND the Boston *Transcript* says: "Every son of the little Commonwealth will rejoice in this book; the subject is handled ably and well, and the ability is marked in no respect more than in the notable powers of condensation; to place Rhode Island before the reader in less than 400 pages and to do it so effectively, so brilliantly, even, is a work of high merit. And it is not a mere recital of events; Mr. Richman analyzes, and his work not only gives Rhode Island history, but applies it and tells what it means with the ripened scholarship of an enthusiastic American. The work is a distinct addition to our historical literature." The last two volumes mentioned are in the American Commonwealths Series.



"A matter of conscience to accept no more than one cheese-cake"

Illustration from ARTHUR STRINGER'S humorous story of "LONELY O'MALLEY"



Book Gossip



The following paragraphs are taken from an article on "American Books in English Bookshops," written for the New York *Times* Holiday Book Number by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the well-known English editor and author: I am asked to express an opinion as to the present relation of American authors to the English book trade. The subject is well-nigh inexhaustible. There never was a time in the memory of the oldest of us when such authors were not everywhere in evidence. In the days, for example, when Lord Tennyson was drawing an annual income of £4,000 from his English publisher, independently of any new book he might issue, Longfellow commanded an even larger audience in England, although I fear that in those non-copyright days he did not secure the same annual reward for his verse. For long years, by far the most popular novelist in England was Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and if "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a rival, it was to be found, not in English-made novels, but in "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide World." These and other "pirated" books made the fortunes of certain publishers of an older generation.

Some years later, and it was still American fiction that held the field, Bret Harte and Mark Twain were names on every tongue. Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne have always been widely read and indeed enormously popular in England.

Again, there has been no more benign influence on English life than the works of the American Emerson. At a time when Carlyle was capturing all the best minds of his generation by preaching a gospel of force—a preaching which still leaves one doubtful whether his influence was on the whole baneful or beneficial to his race, Emerson was counteracting that influence by cautious, well-balanced sentences that contained the gospel of Carlyle with the less benignant element eliminated. Emerson has had a long succession of publishers in England. His books have been issued at all possible prices and are still appearing in many popular series of "British classics." For one of the best editions on the market Mr. John Morley has written an introduction, and yet another, with an introduction by Emerson's son, Edward Waldo Emerson, has only just reached me from the Constables.

To-day Mr. Henry James's "The Golden Bowl" has perhaps less interest for our people than the same writer's "English Hours," for a new edition of which Mr. Joseph Pennell, the clever American artist domiciled in England, has made some capital illustrations.

Every book by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin commands a large sale in England. Her last volume, "Rose o' the River," was issued by the Constables.

One of the writers who commanded a great success in the years gone by, in that little series issued by David Douglas, of which I have spoken, was Mr. John Burroughs. Mr. Burroughs still writes books, to the very great joy of a large circle of English readers. His latest—only just out—is called "Ways of Nature." The Constables, the firm that has Mr. George Meredith's son as one of the partners, and seems to issue so many popular American books, are Mr. Burroughs's publishers here. "What Do Animals Know?" and "A Beaver's Reason" are two papers which will give an idea of the scope of this new volume.

It would be difficult for me within the limits of this article to keep pace with all the American fiction issued here. For example, in Mr. Constable's list are "Paradise," by Miss Alice Brown, "The Coming of the Tide," by Miss Margaret Sherwood, and "Isidro," by Mrs. Mary Austin.

In Mr. Constable's list I find indeed one book by an American woman that will have a very considerable popularity when it is issued, that is to say, "The Life of Charles Godfrey Leland," better known as "Hans Breitmann," by Mrs. Pennell, who was Leland's niece, and was at one period of her life his constant companion. Of late years she and her husband, a clever pen artist, whose work in *The Century Magazine* we all admire, have taken a very considerable place in the literary and artistic life of England. Both, however, remain out and out Americans. Mr. Herbert K. Job's "Wild Wings" and Mr. C. William Beebe's "Two Bird Lovers in Mexico" are books that might have gone into the same category with some of the writers I have already named. Mr. Beebe, as all your readers know, is Curator of Birds at the New York Zoo.

The Constables issue quite a number of books by American writers treating of subjects more or less philosophical. The best-known name in their list from this point of view is that of Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose book entitled "Part of a Man's Life" will also give reminiscences of his many literary friends, including Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson. Prof. Jastrow, Professor of Psychology in the University of Wisconsin, issues here his book on "The Subconscious. A Study in Descriptive Psychology." Another American, whose name is now well known here, Prof. Osler, has a book entitled "The Fixed Period;" Mr. H. W. Garrod one on "Studies in Christian Ethics," and Prof. Bordon P. Browne of Boston University one on the "Immanence of God," while the Professor of Psychology in Harvard University, Hugo Münsterberg, will publish a little book on "The Eternal Life."

Equally noteworthy in a quite different sphere

is the fact that the best-edited edition of the "Works of George Herbert," the poet who among all poets represents an atmosphere remote from the conventional Englishman's idea of the Americans and America, has been edited by an American of Harvard University, George Herbert Palmer. The three handsome volumes bear the name of the Riverside Press, but here they have also the name of the well-known English firm of Hodder & Stoughton on their title page. It is no small thing that we should have to go to America for the best-edited editions of our English classics.

Lastly there is Miss Mary Johnston, whose romances "The Old Dominion," "Audrey," etc., are among the most popular books on this side.

Speaking of book advertising, apropos of Mr. Henry Holt's *Atlantic* article on "The Commercialization of Literature," *The Dial* says: "As for the book buyer who applies taste and intelligence to his purchases, we may be sure that he will not be lured by any of the devices of puffery, but will hold in just suspicion the sensational methods of broadside and poster advertising, and ask only to be informed, with reasonable distinctness of exposition, through the medium of the accredited organs of bookish intelligence, concerning the present and forthcoming output of literature. It cannot be too often asserted that a book is an individual thing, and that a person who wants it, if he have any intelligent reason whatever for his desire, will not accept another book as a satisfactory substitute. This also seems to be a sufficiently elementary proposition, yet failure to recognize its truth has worked much mischief, in witness whereof may be adduced not only the economic waste of reckless advertising now under consideration, but also the standing disgrace of our national import duty upon English books. The craze for book advertising of the indiscriminating sort has probably passed its culmination."

President Roosevelt dedicates his new book, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," to John Burroughs, and pays him the following tribute:—

"Dear Oom John:—Every lover of outdoor life must feel a sense of affectionate obligation to you. Your writings appeal to all who care for the life of the woods and the fields, whether their tastes keep them in the homely, pleasant farm country or lead them into the wilderness. It is a good thing for our people that you should have lived, and surely no man can wish to have more said of him.

"I wish to express my hearty appreciation of your warfare against the sham nature-writers—those whom you have called 'the yellow journalists of the woods.' From the days of Æsop to the days of Reinecke Fuchs, and from the days of Reinecke Fuchs to the present time, there has been a distinct and attractive place in literature for those who write avowed fiction in which the heroes are animals with human or semi-human attributes. This fiction serves a

useful purpose in many ways, even in the way of encouraging people to take the right view of outdoor life and outdoor creatures; but it is unpardonable for any observer of nature to write fiction and then publish it as truth, and he who exposes and wars against such action is entitled to respect and support. You in your own person have illustrated what can be done by the lover of nature who has trained himself to keen observation, who describes accurately what is thus observed, and who, finally, possesses the additional gift of writing with charm and interest."

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Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that they have in preparation a Manuscript Edition of "The Complete Writings of Henry David Thoreau," handsomely illustrated with 100 photogravures from nature. The edition will consist of 20 volumes, and will be limited to 600 signed and numbered sets, each containing a page of Thoreau's autograph manuscript. The last 14 volumes will contain Thoreau's Journal, edited by Mr. Bradford Torrey, by far the larger proportion of which is material that has never before been published. The illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Herbert W. Gleason who has made a careful study of Thoreau's writings and has explored with equal thoroughness the woods and fields about Thoreau's home. The edition is printed in the best style of the Riverside Press and a few sets will be bound in three-quarters French levant with original photographs from nature and extra frontispieces in watercolors. A descriptive circular will be sent on application to the publishers, who will sell the sets only by subscription.

The publication of A. G. Bradley's "In the March and Borderland of Wales" has been postponed until the spring

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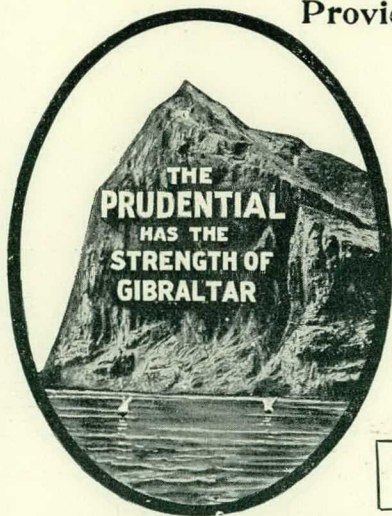
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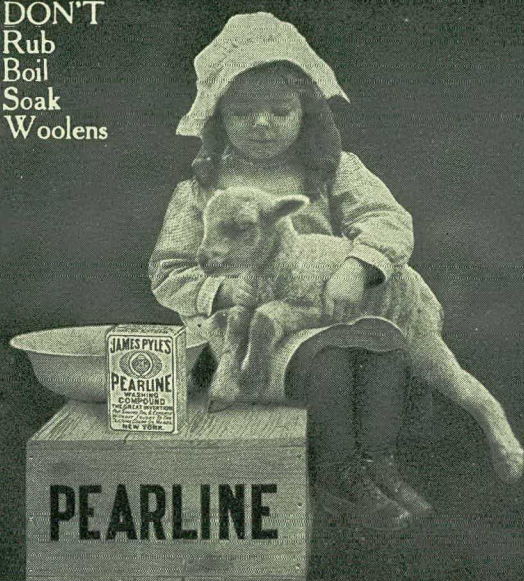
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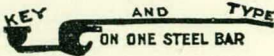
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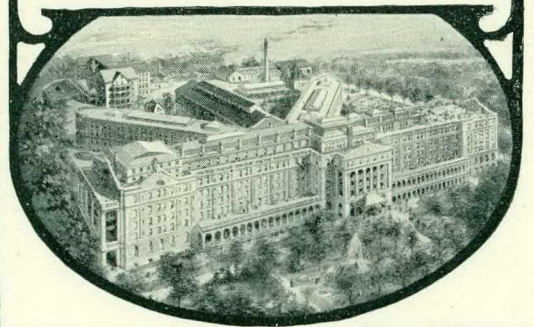
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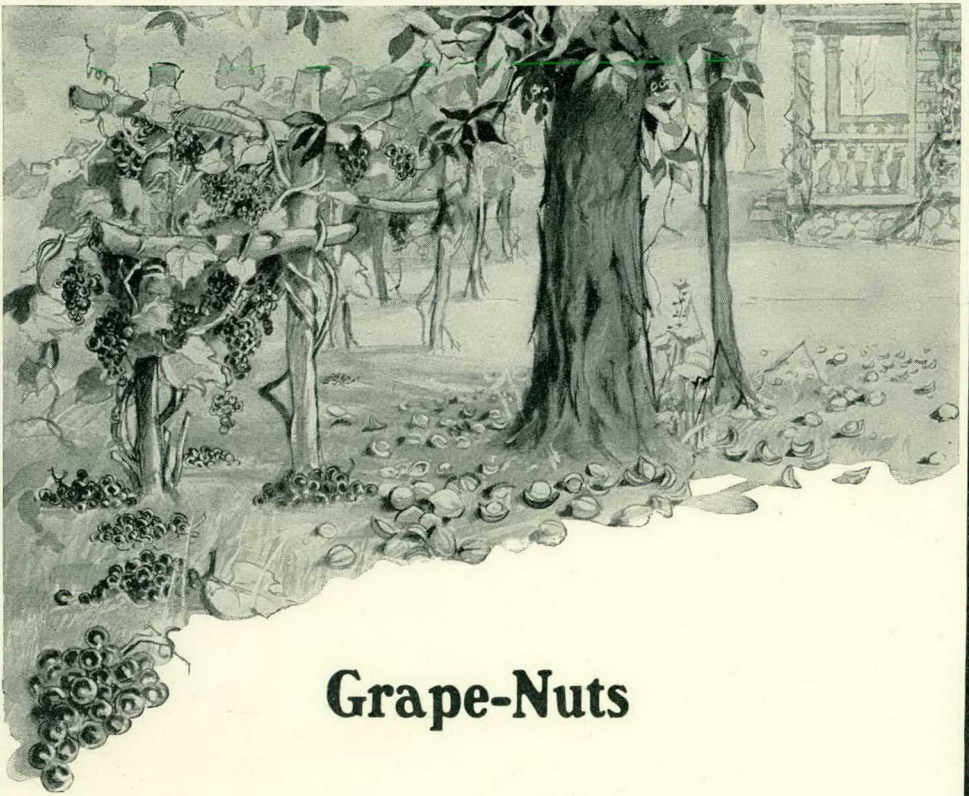
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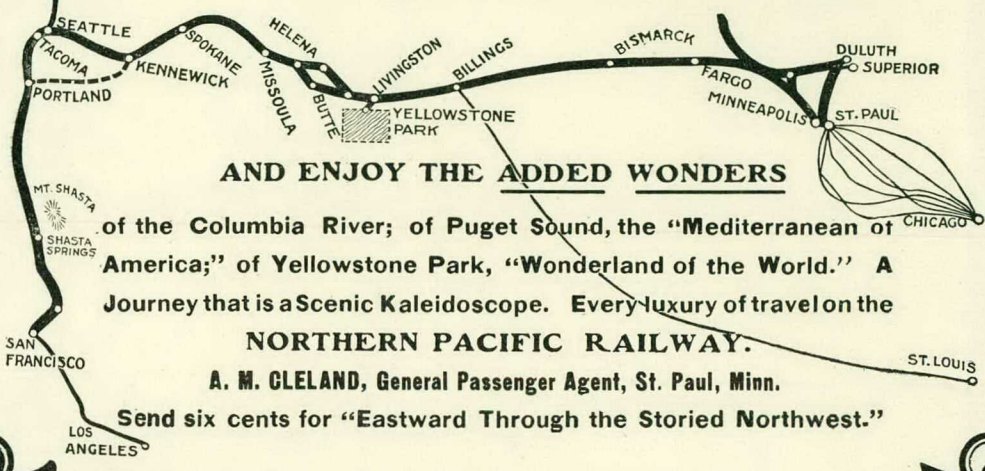
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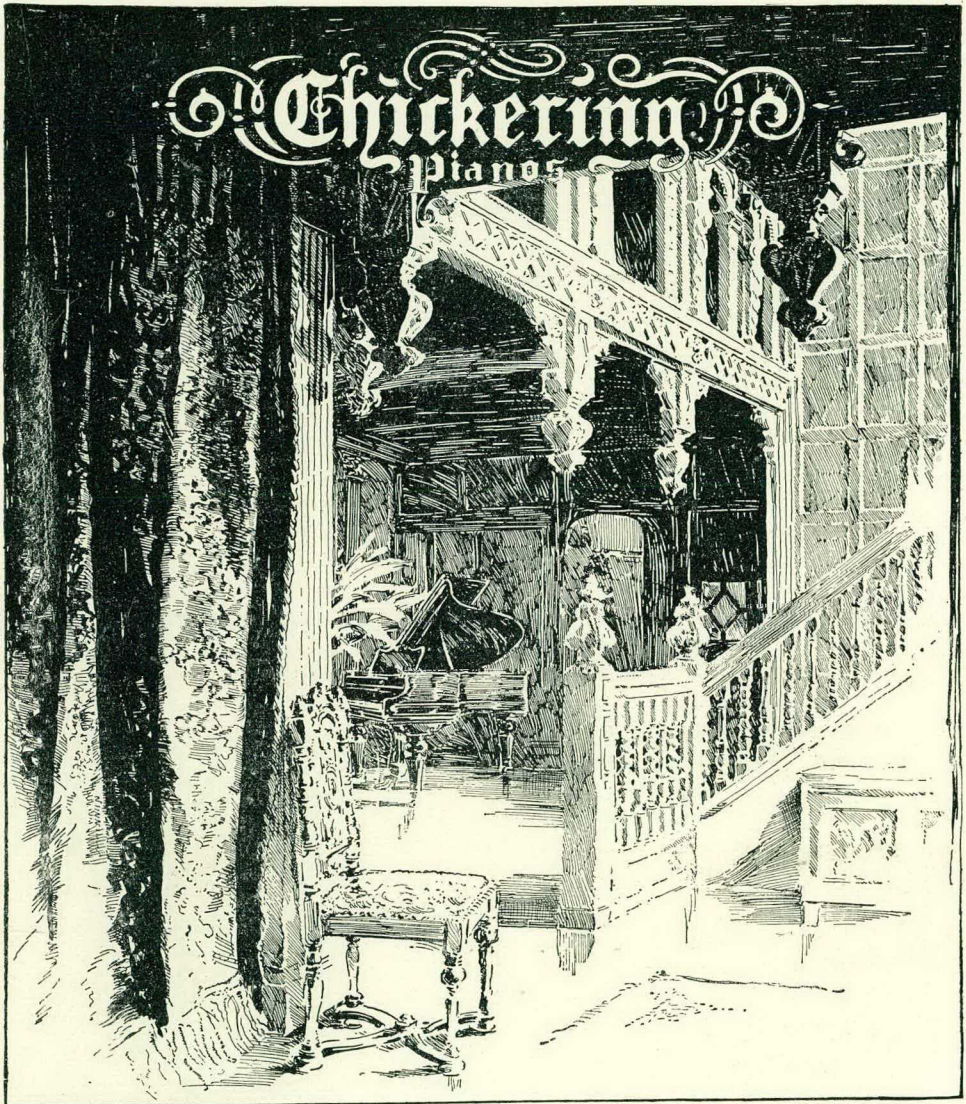


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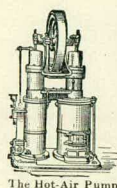
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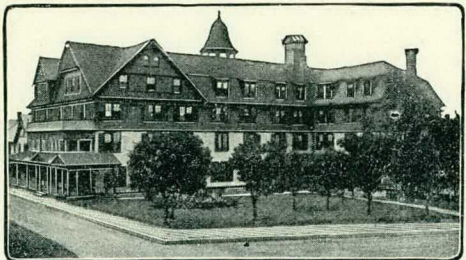
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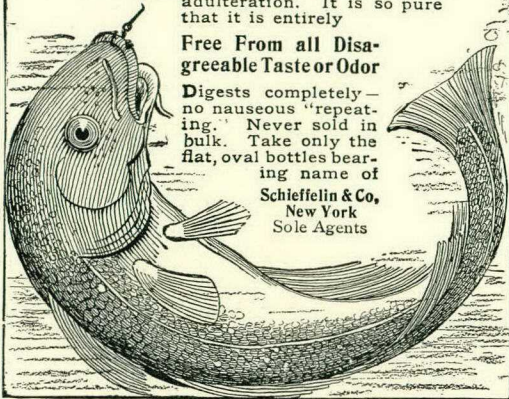
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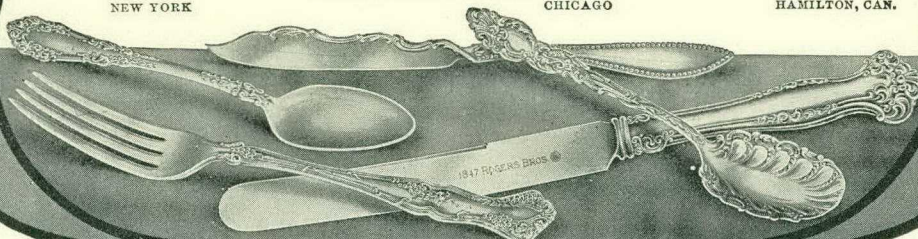
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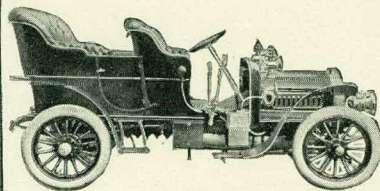
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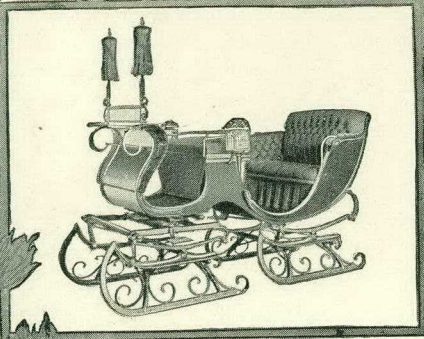
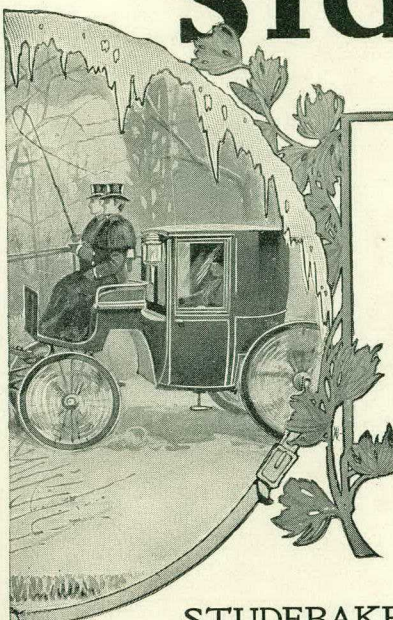
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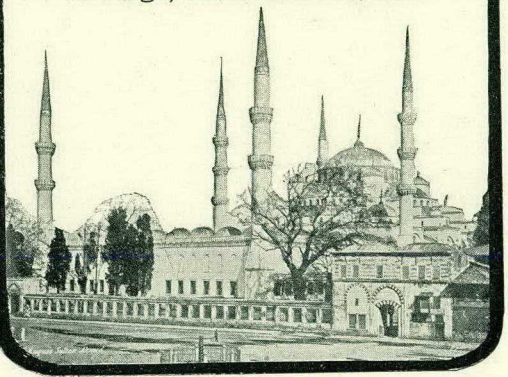
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
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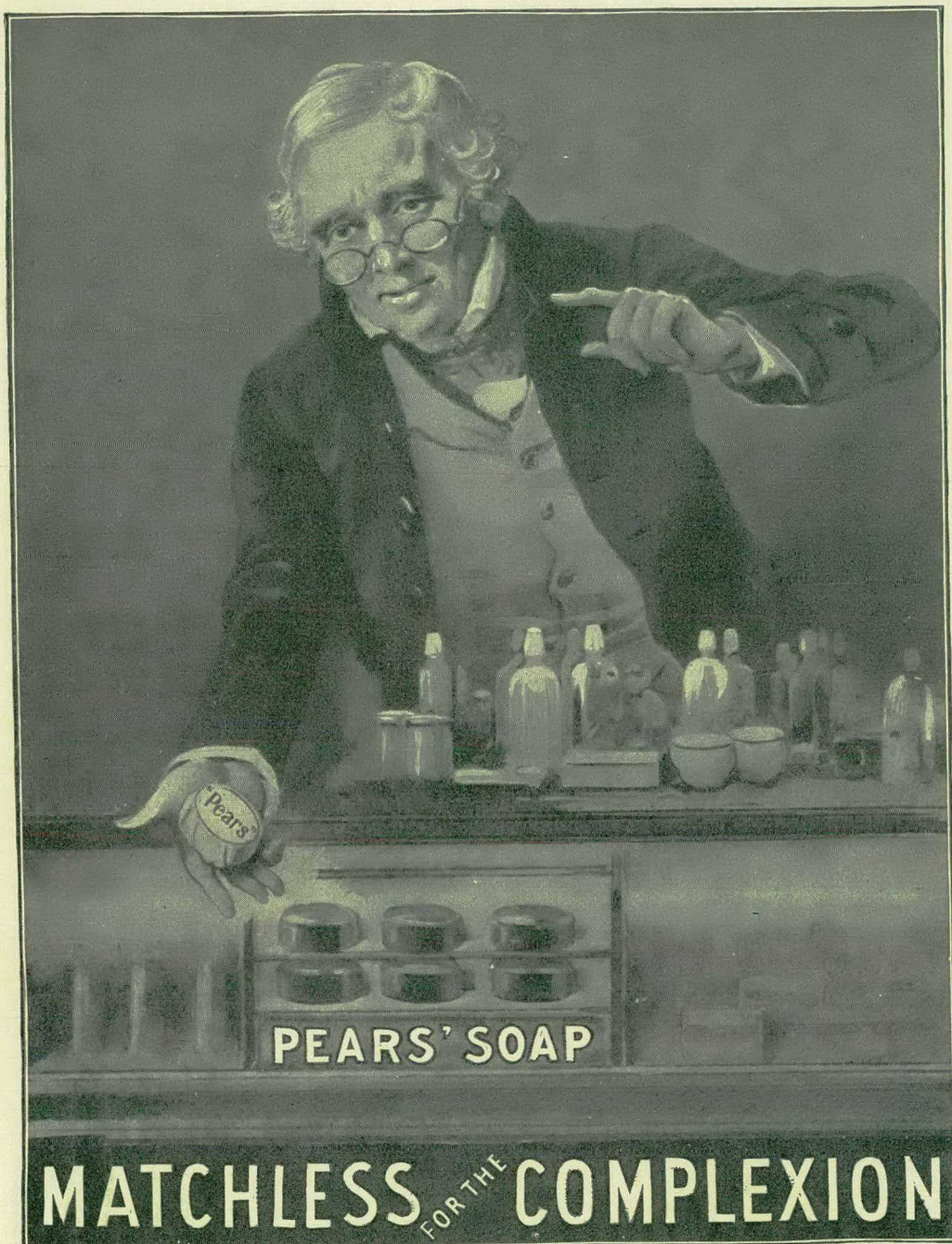
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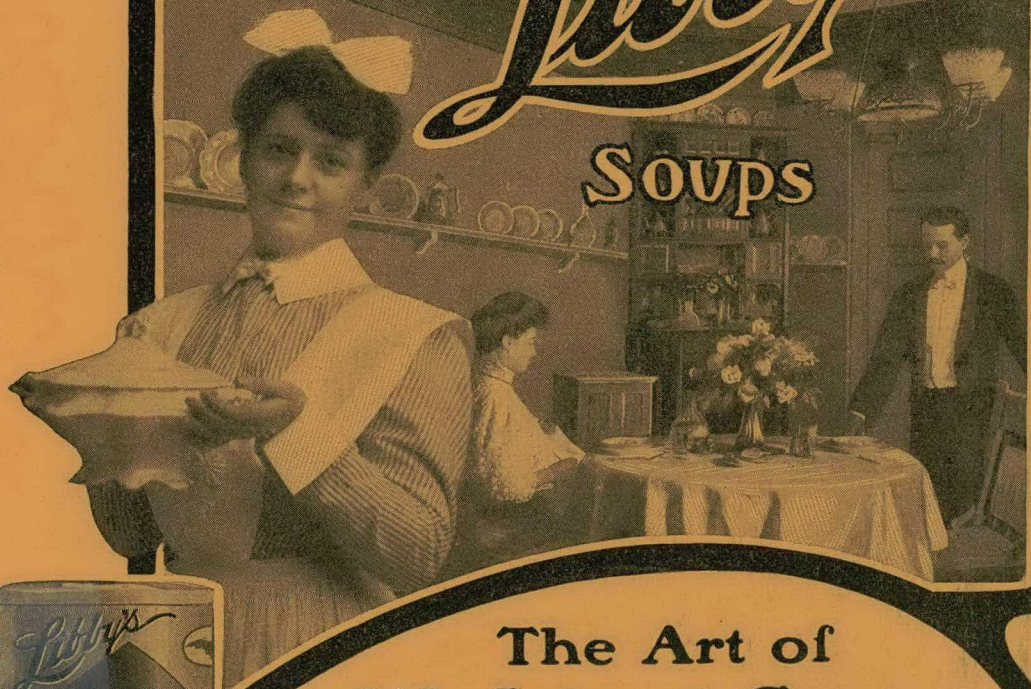
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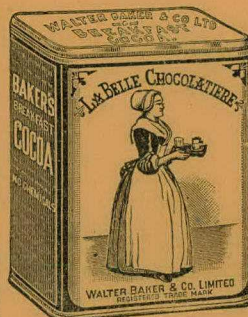
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1906

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

BY FRANCIS C. LOWELL

At home and abroad there has been much criticism of American diplomatic representatives as compared with those of European countries. It is often said that our men are much inferior to their expert colleagues from Europe, and we are urged to adopt a system like the European, for their careful training and due promotion. That this criticism is valuable cannot be denied. The extreme unfitness of some American envoys has discredited us, but there are advantages in our system, or want of it, which we ought not to overlook. In considering them here, we will pass over the consuls and limit ourselves to the regular diplomatic service.

Let us take a concrete case, and compare the American representatives in London with the English representatives in Washington. Since 1850 we have sent to England Joseph R. Ingersoll, James Buchanan, George M. Dallas, Charles Francis Adams, Reverdy Johnson, J. L. Motley, R. C. Schenck, Edwards Pierrepont, John Welsh, J. R. Lowell, Edward J. Phelps, Robert T. Lincoln, Thomas F. Bayard, John Hay, Joseph H. Choate, and Whitelaw Reid. The English have sent to us Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalming), J. F. T. Crampton, Lord Napier, Lord Lyons, Sir Frederick Bruce, Sir Edward Thornton, L. S. Sackville West, Lord Pauncefoot, Sir Michael Herbert, and Sir Mortimer Durand.

Without dwelling on particular names, we see plainly that the Americans have been the more distinguished men. The English representatives have been well educated and trained, and have tried to

do their diplomatic duty, with measurable success. No one of them at any time or in any place made considerable mark of any sort upon the history of his country or that of the world. No one held important office outside the diplomatic service. To establish an accurate standard of comparison is impossible. Distinction and importance cannot be weighed. But of the Englishmen we may say that hardly one was of English cabinet rank, that is to say, had the importance which usually belongs in England to a cabinet minister. Among the sixteen Americans there are found one president, one vice-president, and an unsuccessful nominee of a great party for the latter office. Five served in our small cabinet: two secretaries of state, a secretary of war, and two attorneys-general; two others were lawyers at the head of their profession, one was a historian, and one a poet, both of high rank, and still we have not classified Mr. Adams, who did the greatest service of them all. The difference in the lists is striking.

It may be answered that we send our best men to England, while until lately the comparatively low rank of the British legation at Washington has required the choice of an English minister less distinguished than those sent elsewhere. Let us make a comparison between the Americans just named and the English ambassadors to France, as Paris is the first of English diplomatic appointments. The latter have been Lords Normanby, Cowley, Lyons, Lytton (Owen Meredith), and Dufferin, Sir Edmund Monson, and Sir Francis Bertie. Doubtless Lord Dufferin was a heaven-born ambassador,

whom any country would gladly welcome or employ, but he was hardly the equal of Mr. Hay or Mr. Adams. Like Lord Dufferin, Lord Lytton had been viceroy of India, and had made his mark in literature. But notwithstanding Lords Dufferin and Lytton, the Americans upon the whole exceed greatly in distinction. It has been said that our best men are sent to England, but the list of distinguished Americans who have represented us in other countries is long. To France, we have sent E. B. Washburne and Levi P. Morton, not to mention two unsuccessful candidates for the vice-presidency, William L. Dayton and Whitelaw Reid. To Austria, Anson Burlingame, J. L. Motley, J. A. Kasson, Alphonso Taft (Secretary of War and Attorney-General). To Russia, Simon Cameron (Secretary of War), Bayard Taylor, J. W. Foster (Secretary of State), Alphonso Taft, Charles E. Smith (Postmaster-General), Andrew D. White, E. A. Hitchcock (Secretary of the Interior). To Germany, George Bancroft, Bayard Taylor, Andrew D. White, J. A. Kasson, George H. Pendleton. To Spain, Carl Schurz, John P. Hale, Caleb Cushing (Attorney-General), J. R. Lowell, Hannibal Hamlin (Vice-President), J. W. Foster, J. L. M. Curry. Very few men of this distinction have been sent by any European country to the United States. Not so many, I believe, have served the diplomacy of any one European country during the last fifty years.

Few of these Americans had long diplomatic experience; many of them served with little or none. Hence our range of choice has been much wider than that of those countries which have maintained a regular diplomatic service. Cabinet ministers, historians, poets, lawyers, teachers, are chosen to represent the United States. No country could keep permanently in its diplomatic employ so large a number of its leaders. There would not be enough left for other necessities. The American diplomat is a man of distinction, taken from public life, literature, or the bar,

from a large business, or from a university, and set to a job for which he has had no special training. The typical European diplomat is a man of less ability and less general distinction, trained to a profession from his youth. What are the comparative advantages of the two systems?

The ordinary functions of a diplomat are matters of routine, the observation of proper formalities in public functions and in his official duties. Herein experience tells. Not only has the elaborate etiquette of courts and public offices become second nature to the ambassador who has practiced it since he was a boy, but, apart from the diplomatic career, the bringing up of a European gentleman, especially of a European nobleman, gives him the start of his American colleague, though the latter has grown up in the best society of New York or Washington. But important negotiations are now carried on by foreign secretaries, not by diplomats. The envoy who transmits messages between them is left little discretion. That he should have good manners is desirable, but want of ability and lack of initiative are not serious drawbacks. Thus far the European diplomat has the advantage. Yet emergencies may arise which call for ability in the diplomat himself as well as in his superior, the foreign secretary. There the European is at a disadvantage. His whole life has been given to the study of routine, until his initiative is gone. The American's ignorance of routine may be a positive help. He is accustomed to emergencies where something new and unexpected must be done. Business, politics, the law, literature, sometimes call for originality.

The success of American diplomacy in meeting these emergencies is illustrated by the career of Mr. Washburne as minister to France. He had been a member of the American House of Representatives and an experienced politician of Illinois, with little knowledge of Europe and almost none of the French language. His diplomatic rank in Paris was low. Nuncio,

ambassadors, some ministers plenipotentiary, outranked him. The United States then had little reputation in Europe. But when the political revolution which followed the battle of Sedan perplexed European diplomats, Mr. Washburne made it his business to do the work which lay next his hand, and he found a good deal of it. Within a few weeks the envoy who had stood near the bottom of the list was become in effect the first diplomatic representative in France. How much credit for the gain was due to our Secretary of State, Mr. Fish, and how much to Mr. Washburne, is not known, but much was due to the latter. His protection of the Germans was efficient before and during the siege. When the French government moved to Versailles in consequence of the outbreak of the Commune, Mr. Washburne formally established his legation there, but spent most of his time in Paris. He was helped by his extraordinary courage, no doubt, but courage is not a rare virtue. His common sense, leading him to disregard diplomatic traditions, contributed more than his courage to his success. Thus he was able to save some proposed victims from the Commune, and to comfort in prison the Archbishop of Paris, though he could not save him. Much of his action was irregular, and his establishment in Paris was criticized. Thus he wrote: "This action, it must be admitted, was not entirely acceptable to the government at Versailles, and it was communicated to me, as coming unofficially from that government, that it would have been better for me to have joined all my diplomatic colleagues at Versailles, and not to have kept up any legation whatever in Paris. My answer to all this was that, while I desired to be as agreeable as possible to the government at Versailles, and not to be wanting in my loyalty to it, as minister of the United States, in any respect, yet that there were vast interests with which I was charged at Paris, and, however disagreeable it might be to remain there, I owed a greater duty to the inter-

ests with which I was charged than I did to the mere etiquette which would have required me to remain in Versailles."

That some disregard of diplomatic traditions on his part does not always discredit a diplomatic representative is proved by Mr. Washburne's experience. He had aided and protected the Germans. In this way he had obtained the gratitude of Germany; but the Germans were unpopular in France. He had dealt with the leaders of the Commune, some of them vile criminals as well as armed rebels. If his acts had strained our relations with France, his successes would have been dearly bought. But his tact and common sense conciliated France. Momentary irritation soon disappeared. The French ministers of foreign affairs were persons too considerable not to admire beneficent ability, even if its methods were unusual. Mr. Washburne's habit of dealing with men of all sorts as a man of business, not much troubled by the formalities of diplomatic etiquette, pleased every one. He earned the gratitude of the Germans, while keeping French good-will. His conduct improved our position in Europe. At the other side of the world, nearly thirty years later, America was represented in China by Mr. Conger, an American politician of secondary importance, who had little knowledge of China and no diplomatic experience. An emergency arose, not provided for in the rules of diplomatic etiquette. While Mr. Conger's achievements in the Boxer troubles were not so great as Mr. Washburne's in France, yet it is understood that he was rather more than the equal of his trained brethren from England and the continent of Europe. We have just achieved diplomatic success in Russia, having disregarded diplomatic tradition so completely that our ignominious failure was generally predicted. This was the achievement of a president with neither diplomatic training nor a foreign secretary, speaking through an ambassador trained in business and politics.

Emergencies like these are infrequent,

it is true, and the close observance of due formalities is called for every day. Granted that Mr. Washburne's success was brilliant, yet such instances are necessarily rare, and have grown rarer. If our representatives in England, France, and Germany, can to-day do no more than observe diplomatic traditions, keep posted in the gossip of the capital, and avoid the little blunders upon which their colleagues, their colleagues' wives, and other persons of fashion like to dwell, then perhaps we may admit that emergencies may be left to take care of themselves, and that a trained diplomat may be most to our advantage. But some of our representatives, as it seems to me, have pointed out a new function for the diplomat which is of real benefit to his own country and to that which he visits.

An Englishman wrote at the time of Mr. Choate's departure: "Instinctively we separate the American Ambassador from all his colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps. He is the only one who really reaches the masses. He is the only one in whom the people, as a whole, have any interest. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One never hears of the Russian or German Ambassador being asked to lecture before a philosophical or historical society, or invited to a literary dinner. They and their colleagues are permitted to stand outside all but a fraction of the national life. They may entrench themselves behind the ramparts of society and officialdom, and none will seek to drag them forth. The public at large knows nothing of them, and does not care to know anything. They are what the American Ambassador never is, — they are foreigners, and treated as such. We surrender them cheerfully to Downing-Street, the Court, and the West End. . . . We never really give the poor man a moment's rest. We might almost be accused of trying to kill him with kindness. Even before he lands on English soil he is pounced upon by the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, an address of welcome fired at

him on shipboard, and a speech extorted from him in reply. And that is but a foretaste of what is to come. . . . But as it is, no sooner has he presented his credentials than the bombardment begins. I must admit at once it is most vigorously replied to. England and the American Ambassador set to forthwith to see which can spoil the other the most. Chambers of Commerce swoop down upon him and bear him off in triumph as their guest of honour. The Omar Khayyam Club points an invitation at his head, demanding unconditional surrender. The Dante Society insists on his escorting its members through the infernal regions. The Wordsworth Society, the Browning Society, the Boz Club, the Sir Walter Scott Club, — all press their claims. The Birmingham and Midland Institute insidiously elects him as its annual president, and exacts by way of tribute an address on Benjamin Franklin. The Edinburgh Philosophical Institution bestows the same honour for the price of a paper on Abraham Lincoln. And so it goes on. The big public schools, knowing that he is an American, and therefore wrapped up in education, play upon his weakness and lure him into distributing their prizes. Political leagues expect him to tell them all about the United States Supreme Court. The historic City companies never once let go of him. He is a standing feature on the toast-list of the Guildhall banquet. Charitable and philanthropic societies pursue him relentlessly. Working men's institutes, trading on his democratic sympathies, bid for an evening's loan of his presence and voice. Libraries refuse to be opened except by him. He is the obvious man to unveil a bust or a portrait. The organizers of a dinner in honour of a famous English cartoonist turn to the American Embassy for the orator of the occasion. After all, I suppose it is partly America's own fault. She should not send us such charming, cultivated, broad-gauged men. Adams, Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, Hay, and Choate, — what other country has sent us representatives to

compare with them? The capacity of a long line of American Ambassadors to warm both hands at the cheerful fire of English existence has been so palpable, their interests have so manifestly stretched beyond the humdrum game of protocols and despatches, they touch life at so many more points than the ordinary professional diplomat, that we should hardly know what to do if the United States accredited to the Court of St. James any one short of her best. A tongue-tied, unsociable, purely official American Ambassador has become unthinkable to this country. We calmly take it for granted that the representative of the United States, whoever he may be, will be a first-class after-dinner speaker, and able and willing at any time to deliver an address, preside at a meeting, or unveil a monument. And so he invariably is. Why, then, should we not use him for our profit and entertainment?"

The suggestion thus conveyed is valuable, now that our ambassadors are in hourly connection with Washington, and have become little more than messengers and clerks in their ordinary work. May they not be employed in acquainting people of one nation with the people of another? For this purpose, miscellaneous ability is more effective than training. After he had become famous, Thackeray sought appointment as secretary of legation at Washington. The place was refused him because it had been promised to some one else, and also because some budding diplomat was deemed fairly entitled to it. We make ambassadors of men like Thackeray. To compare with him J. F. T. Crampton, Esq., at about that time British minister to Washington, seems to us absurd.

It is said that training is needed to avoid the blunders often committed by men who are unacquainted with the ways of courts. This is obvious, but how important are these blunders, after all? They give rise to the gossip common in the diplomatic circles of Pumpernickel and elsewhere, but, except in Pumper-

nickel, do the people of importance really care? Those who govern great states, be they sovereigns or ministers, are interested to find intelligence and capacity anywhere. They leave questions of precedence and clothes for the most part to their chamberlains and valets.

We have been successful in interesting the English people in our ambassadors, and their official position has not been much damaged by this interest. We have profited by the transaction, and this profit would have been impossible had we sent trained diplomats to London. In less degree we have profited elsewhere. We have certain advantages in supplying representatives of this sort, besides natural American adaptability. We draw from all the nations of Europe, and ought not to be strangers to any of them. Some of them are ripe for an ambassador who will talk to the people or to large classes of the people as our representatives have talked to the people of England for a generation. That one of our ambassadors appeals especially to men of letters, another to men of business, a third to men in public life, and still a fourth to teachers, but adds variety to the general interest aroused by the succession. In these latter days the people of one country are becoming curious about the people of another. International friendship and international tolerance, both important in their place, are advanced by international knowledge. The exchange of professors between our universities and those of continental Europe illustrates this growing interest of one people in another. Professor Wendell, lecturing last year in the provinces as well as in Paris, owed his welcome to his nationality as well as to his learning and literary skill. This year in Germany Professor Peabody has similar greeting from the Germans, and both will leave behind them sound knowledge and good feeling which the publication of their written lectures could not have effected. To expect our ambassador to open museums and to lecture on politics and literature seems, at first sight, to

be asking him to go outside his vocation; but does not our English experience prove that the service he thus renders is in itself important, and that it does not interfere with duties more strictly diplomatic? Let us suppose, for example, that President Roosevelt, when he leaves his office, were sent to represent us for a while in some continental country. The people of that country would be immensely interested to see him and hear him. Seeing and hearing him, they would be interested in us, and would learn to know us better. With increased knowledge, they would lose some misconceptions and prejudices, and thus we should profit by our representative. That the President is not a trained diplomat is unimportant. It may well be that we can employ him more profitably than as an ambassador, but the suggestion explains my meaning.

Illustration may be found also in the diplomacy of other countries. In the Boxer troubles of 1900, China owed much to her envoy in this country. No doubt he discharged his diplomatic duty at Washington, but he did much more. In the face of the American people, he maintained the Chinese cause under extraordinary difficulties. We did not altogether believe what he said, but we were forced to hear him. He interested us, and, even against our will, made us feel human kinship with his people, while he showed such knowledge of ours.

A trained diplomat, indeed, can be of service to a lawyer, or poet, or college president, sent to represent us at a European court. If the secretary of legation will attend to the routine of the office and will coach the ambassador in the details of behavior and dress, the latter can attend to serious matters with more leisure and effect. But to carry out this plan, the promotion of our regularly trained diplomats must stop short of the highest places in our diplomatic service, and it is doubtful if reasonably intelligent young men will be attracted to a service in which they must remain subordinates. No professional training, however well directed,

no experience, however extensive, will produce men to compare in general ability and distinction with our representatives in England, chosen almost at haphazard, during the last fifty years.

In the matter of payment, we touch upon one of our most serious difficulties. The salaries now paid are too low, especially for married men with considerable families. Private means are now needed to supplement the official salary, and so we are coming to appoint as ambassadors only those men whose private means are large. This may not be absolutely necessary. Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hay might live in London on \$17,500 a year without loss of prestige, but it takes great distinction to make so little money go so far. We cannot expect to get it in every case. As things go, the salary is not ordinarily large enough to enable our representative to live like his diplomatic colleagues. Therefore we appoint rich men ambassadors, to eke out the salary from their private wealth. Not only do they do this, but they outspend their colleagues so lavishly, that soon the merely rich man will be embarrassed by the extravagance of his predecessor. To curtail expense, especially for an American, is difficult. Yet the inability to live on his official salary ought not to lead an ambassador to spend ten times that amount. No nation can pay a salary like that. No nation ought to do so. But few men have that amount of money to spend, and not all the members of the small class of the very rich have the distinction which we ought to find in our foreign representatives. To limit our choice to multi-millionaires would be in every way unfortunate. If an ambassador's expenses are very large, whether he can afford them or not, he makes it harder for his successor to practice economy. To determine what an ambassador ought to spend in one place or another may not be easy, but we should make the best guess possible, fix the salary accordingly, and intimate strongly and officially to our representatives that their style of living should correspond.

That its representatives should vie with princes and great nobles does the United States no good.

Our experience has thus shown that our diplomatic representatives may render us excellent and novel service by talking freely to the people of the countries they visit, to the learned and unlearned

alike, and that we may well hesitate to establish a profession of diplomacy which would at once deprive us of Motley, Bayard Taylor, Choate, Lowell, and Andrew D. White, and before long would probably shut out Bayard, Charles Francis Adams, Washburne, and perhaps John Hay.

OF OUR ANXIOUS MORALITY¹

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

I

WE have arrived at a stage of human evolution that must be almost unprecedented in history. A large portion of mankind — and just that portion which corresponds with the part that has hitherto created the events of which we know with some certainty — is gradually forsaking the religion in which it has lived for nearly twenty centuries.

For a religion to become extinct is no new thing. It must have happened more than once in the night of time; and the annalists of the end of the Roman Empire make us assist at the death of Paganism. But, until now, men passed from a crumbling temple into one that was building; they left one religion to enter another; whereas we are abandoning ours to go nowhere. That is the new phenomenon, with the unknown consequences, in which we live.

II

It is not necessary to recall the fact that religions have always, through their morality and their promises extending beyond the tomb, exercised an enormous influence upon men's happiness, although we have seen some — and very important ones, such as Paganism — which provided neither those promises nor any morality, properly so-called. We will

not speak of the promises of our own, for they are the first to perish with the faith, whereas we are still living in the monuments erected by the morality born of that departing faith. But we feel that, in spite of the supports of habit, those monuments are yawning over our heads, and that already, in many places, we are without shelter under an unconsidered heaven that has ceased to give its orders. And so we are assisting at the more or less unconscious and feverish elaboration of a morality that is premature, because we feel it to be indispensable, made up of remnants gathered from the past, of conclusions borrowed from ordinary good sense, of a few laws half perceived by science, and, lastly, of certain extreme intuitions of our bewildered intelligence, which returns, by a circuitous road through a new mystery, to old-time virtues which good sense alone is not sufficient to prop up. Perhaps it will be curious to attempt to seize the first reflexes of that elaboration. The hour seems to strike at which many ask themselves whether, by continuing to practice a lofty and noble morality in an environment that obeys other laws, they are not disarming themselves too artlessly and playing the ungrateful part of dupes. They wish to know if the motives that still attach them to old virtues are not merely sentimental, traditional, and illusionary; and they seek,

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somewhat vainly, within themselves for the supports that reason may yet lend them.

III

Placing on one side the artificial haven in which those who remain faithful to the religious certainties take shelter, we find that the upper currents of civilized humanity waver, seemingly, between two contrary doctrines. For that matter, these two parallel but inverse doctrines have through all time, like hostile streams, crossed the fields of human morality. But their bed was never so clearly, so rigidly dug out as now. That which in other days was no more than altruism and egoism instinctive and vague, with waves often mingled, has recently become altruism and egoism absolute and systematic. At their sources, which are not renewed, but shifted, stand two men of genius: Tolstoi and Nietzsche. But, as I have said, it is only seemingly that these two doctrines divide the world of ethics. The real drama of the modern conscience is not enacted at either of these too extreme points. Lost in space, they mark little more than two illusive goals which nobody dreams of attaining. One of these doctrines flows violently back towards a past that never existed in the shape in which that doctrine pictures it; the other ripples cruelly towards a future which there is nothing to prognosticate. Between these two dreams, which envelop and go beyond it on every side, passes the reality of which they have failed to take account. In this reality, of which each of us carries the image within himself, it behooves us to study the formation of the morality on which our latter-day life rests. Need I add that, when employing the term "morality," I do not mean to speak of the practices of daily existence, which spring from custom and fashion, but of the laws that determine the inner man?

IV

Our morality is formed in our conscious or unconscious reason, which,

from this point of view, may be divided into three regions. Right at the bottom lies the heaviest, the densest, and the most general, which we will call "common sense." A little higher, already striving towards ideas of immaterial usefulness and enjoyment, is what might be called "good sense." Lastly, at the top, admitting, but controlling as severely as possible the claims of the imagination, of the feelings, and of all that connects our conscious life with the unconscious and with the unknown forces within and without, is the indeterminate part of that same total reason, to which we will give the name of "mystic reason."

V

It is not necessary to set forth at length the morality of "common sense," of that good common sense which exists in all of us, in the best and the worst alike, and which springs up spontaneously on the ruins of the religious idea. It is the morality of each man for himself, of practical, solid egoism, of every material instinct and enjoyment. He who starts from "common sense" considers that he possesses but one certainty: his own life. In that life, going to the bottom of things, are but two real evils: sickness and poverty; and but two genuine and irreducible boons: health and riches. All other realities, happy or unhappy, flow from these. The rest — joys and sorrows born of the feelings and the passions — is imaginary, because it depends upon the idea that we form of it. Our right to enjoyment is limited only by the similar right of those who live at the same time, as ourselves; and we have to respect certain laws established in the very interest of our peaceful enjoyment. With the reservation of these laws, we admit no constraint; and our conscience, so far from trammeling the movements of our selfishness, must, on the contrary, approve of their triumphs, seeing that those triumphs are most in accordance with the instinctive and logical duties of life.

There we have the first stratum, the

first state of all natural morality. It is a state which many men, after the complete death of the religious ideas, will never go beyond.

VI

As for "good sense," which is a little less material, a little less animal, it looks at things from a slightly higher standpoint, and consequently sees a little farther. It soon perceives that niggardly "common sense" leads an obscure, confined, and wretched life in its shell. It observes that man is no more able than the bee to remain solitary, and that the life which he shares with his fellows, in order to expand freely and completely, cannot be reduced to an unjust and pitiless struggle, or to a mere exchange of services grudgingly rewarded. In its relations toward others, it still makes selfishness its starting-point; but this selfishness is no longer purely material. It still considers utility, but already admits its spiritual or sentimental side. It knows joys and sorrows, affections and antipathies, the objects of which may exist in the imagination. Thus understood, and capable of rising to a certain height above the conclusions of material logic, — without losing sight of its interest, — it appears beyond the reach of every objection. It flatters itself that it is in solid occupation of all reason's summits. It even makes a few concessions to that which does not perceptibly fall within the latter's domain: I mean to the passions, the feelings, and all the unexplained things that surround them. It must needs make these concessions, for, if not, the gloomy caves in which it would shut itself up would be no more habitable than those in which dull "common sense" leads its stupefied existence. But these very concessions call attention to the unlawfulness of its claims to busy itself with morality, once the latter has gone beyond the ordinary practices of daily life.

VII

Indeed, what can there be in common between good sense and the stoical idea

of duty, for instance? They inhabit two different and almost uncommunicating regions. Good sense, when it claims alone to promulgate the laws that form the inner man, ought to meet with the same resistance and the same obstacles as those against which it strikes in one of the few regions which it has not yet reduced to slavery: the region of æsthetics. Here it is very happily consulted on all that concerns the starting-point and certain great lines, but very imperiously ordered to hold its tongue so soon as the achievement and the supreme and mysterious beauty of the work come into question. But, whereas in æsthetics it resigns itself easily enough to silence, in morality it wishes to lord over all things. It were well, therefore, to put it back once for all into its lawful place in the generality of the faculties that make up our human person.

VIII

One of the features of our time is the ever-increasing and almost exclusive confidence which we accord to those parts of our intelligence which we have just described as common sense and good sense. It was not always thus. Formerly, man based upon good sense only a somewhat restricted and the vulgarest portion of his life. The rest had its foundations in other regions of our mind, notably in the imagination. The religions, for instance, and with them the brightest part of the morality of which they are the chief sources, always rose up at a great distance from the tiny limits of good sense. This was excessive; but the question is whether the present, contrary excess is not as blind. The enormous strides made in the practice of our life by certain mechanical and scientific laws make us allow to good sense a preponderance to which it remains to be proved that this same good sense is entitled. The apparently incontestable, yet perhaps illusory logic of certain phenomena which we believe that we know makes us forget the possible illogicality of millions of other phenomena which we do

not yet know. Nothing assures us that the universe obeys the laws of human logic. It would even be surprising if this were so; for the laws of our good sense are the fruit of an experience which is insignificant when we compare it with what we do not know. "There is no effect without a cause," says our good sense, to take the tritest instance. Yes, in the little circle of our material life that is undeniable and all-sufficing. But, so soon as we emerge from this infinitesimal circle, the saying no longer answers to anything, seeing that the notions of cause and effect are alike unknowable in a world where all is unknown. Now our life, from the moment when it raises itself a little, is constantly issuing from the small material and experimental circle, and, consequently, from the domain of good sense. Even in the visible world which serves it for a model in our mind, we do not observe that it reigns undivided. Around us, in her most constant and most familiar manifestations, nature very rarely acts according to good sense. What could be more senseless than her waste of existences? What more unreasonable than those billions of germs blindly squandered to achieve the chance birth of a single being? What more illogical than the untold and useless complication of her means (as for instance in the life of certain parasites and the impregnation of flowers by insects) to attain the simplest ends? What madder than those thousands of worlds which perish in space without accomplishing a single work? All this goes beyond our good sense and shows it that it is not in agreement with general life, and that it is almost isolated in the universe. Needs must it argue against itself and recognize that we shall not give it in our life, which is not isolated, the preponderant place to which it aspires. This is not to say that we will abandon it where it is of use to us; but it is well to know that good sense cannot suffice for everything, being almost nothing. Even as there exists without ourselves a world that goes beyond it, so there exists within ourselves another that

exceeds it. It is in its place, and performs a humble and blessed work in its little village; but it must not aim at becoming the master of the great cities and the sovereign of the mountains and the seas. Now the great cities, the seas, and the mountains occupy infinitely more space within us than the little village of our practical existence, which is the necessary agreement upon a small number of inferior, sometimes doubtful, but indispensable truths, and nothing more. It is a bond rather than a support. We must remember that nearly all our progress has been made in spite of the sarcasms and curses with which good sense received the unreasonable but fertile hypotheses of the imagination. Amid the moving and eternal waves of a boundless universe, let us not, therefore, hold fast to our good sense as though to the one rock of salvation. Bound to that rock, immovable through every age and every civilization, we should do nothing of that which we ought to do, become nothing of that which we may perhaps become.

IX

Until the present time, this question of a morality limited by good sense possessed no great importance. It did not stay the development of certain aspirations, of certain forces, that have always been considered the finest and noblest to be found in man. The religions completed the interrupted work. To-day, feeling the danger of its limitations, the morality of good sense, which would like to become the general morality, seeks to extend itself as far as possible in the direction of justice and generosity; to find, in a superior interest, reasons for being disinterested, in order to fill up a portion of the abyss that separates it from those indestructible forces and aspirations. But there are points which it is unable to exceed without denying itself, without destroying itself in its very source. After these points, which are just those at which the great useless virtues begin, what guide remains to us?

x

We shall see presently if it is possible to answer this question. But, even admitting that there is not, that there never can be, a guide beyond the plains of the morality of good sense, this is no reason why we should be anxious touching the moral future of mankind. Man is so essentially, so necessarily, a moral being that, when he denies the existence of all morality, that very denial already becomes the foundation of a new morality. Mankind, at a pinch, can do without a guide. It proceeds a little more slowly, but almost as surely, through the darkness which no one lights. It carries within itself the light whose flame is blown to and fro, but incessantly revived, by the storms. It is, so to speak, independent of the ideas which imagine that they lead it. For the rest, it is curious and easy to establish that these periodical ideas have always had but little influence on the mass of good and evil that is done in the world. The only thing that has a real influence is the spiritual wave which carries us, which has its ebbs and flows, but which seems slowly to overtake and conquer we know not what in space. More important than the idea is the time that lapses around it, the development of a civilization which is but the elevation of the general intelligence at a given moment in history. If, to-morrow, a religion were revealed to us, proving, scientifically and with absolute certainty, that every act of goodness, of self-sacrifice, of heroism, of inward nobility, would bring us, immediately after our death, an indubitable and unimaginable reward, I doubt whether the proportion of good and evil, of virtues and vices, amid which we live would undergo an appreciable change. Would you have a convincing example? In the Middle Ages, there were moments when faith was absolute and obtruded itself with a certainty that corresponds exactly with our scientific certainties. The rewards promised for well-doing, the punishments threatening evil, were, in the thoughts of the men of that time, as tan-

gible, so to speak, as would be those of the revelation of which I spoke above. Nevertheless, we do not see that the level of goodness was raised. A few saints sacrificed themselves for their brothers, carried certain virtues, picked from among the more contestable, to the pitch of heroism; but the bulk of men continued to deceive one another, to lie, to fornicate, to steal, to be guilty of envy, to commit murder. The mean of the vices was no lower than that of to-day. On the contrary, life was incomparably harsher, more cruel, and more unjust, because the low-water mark of the general intelligence was less high.

xi

Let us return to our positivist, utilitarian, materialist, or rational morality, which we have called the morality of common sense and good sense. It is certain that, beside the latter, there has always been, there still is, another which embraces all that extends from the virtues of good sense, which are necessary to our material and spiritual happiness, to the infinity of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of goodness, of love, of inward probity and dignity. It is certain that the morality of good sense, although it may go pretty far in some directions, such as that of altruism, for instance, will always be a little wanting in nobility, in disinterestedness, and, above all, in I know not what faculties that are capable of bringing it into direct relations with the incontestable mystery of life.

If it be probable, as we have hinted, that our good sense answers only to an infinitesimal portion of the phenomena, the truths and the laws of nature, if it isolate us somewhat piteously in this world, we have within us other faculties which are marvelously adapted to the unknown parts of the universe, and which seem to have been given to us expressly to prepare us, if not to understand them, at least to admit them, and to undergo their great presentiments. These are imagination and the mystic summit of our reason. Do and say what we may, we have never

been, we are not yet, a sort of purely logical animal. There is in us, above the reasoning portion of our reason, a whole region which answers to something different, which is preparing for the surprises of the future, which is awaiting the events of the unknown. This part of our intelligence, which I will call imagination, or mystic reason, in times when, so to speak, we knew nothing of the laws of nature, came before us, went ahead of our imperfect attainments, and made us live, morally, socially, and sentimentally, on a level very much superior to that of those attainments. At the present time, when we have made the latter take a few steps forward in the darkness, and when, in the hundred years that have just elapsed, we have unraveled more chaos than in a thousand previous centuries, — at the present time, when our material life seems on the point of becoming fixed and assured, is this a reason why these two faculties should cease to go ahead of us, or should retrocede toward good sense? Are there not, on the contrary, very serious reasons for urging them forward, so as to restore the normal distances and their traditional lead? Is it right that we should lose confidence in them? Is it possible to say that they have hindered any form of human progress? Perhaps they have deceived us more than once; but their fruitful errors, by forcing us to march onward, have revealed to us, in the straying, more truths than our over-timid good sense would ever have come upon by marking time. The fairest discoveries, in biology, in chemistry, in medicine, in physics, almost all had their starting-point in an hypothesis supplied by imagination or mystic reason, an hypothesis which the experiments of good sense have confirmed, but which the latter, given to narrow methods, would never have foreseen.

XII

In the exact sciences, in which it seems as if they ought to be first dethroned, imagination and mystic reason (that is to say, that part of our reason which extends

above good sense, draws no conclusions, and plays an enormous and lawful part in the hesitations and possibilities of the unknown), our imagination, I was saying, and our mystic reason again occupy a place of honor. In æsthetics, they reign almost undivided. Why should silence be laid upon them in our morality, which fills an intermediary space between the exact sciences and æsthetics? There is no concealing the fact: if they cease to come to the assistance of good sense, if they give up prolonging its work, all the summit of our morality falls in abruptly. Starting from a certain line, which is exceeded by the heroes, the great wise men, and even the majority of mere good men, all the height of our morality is the fruit of our imagination, and belongs to mystic reason. The ideal man as formed by the most enlightened and the most extensive good sense does not yet correspond, does not even correspond at all, with the ideal man of our imagination. The latter is infinitely higher, more generous, nobler, more disinterested, more capable of love, of self-abnegation, of devotion, and of necessary sacrifices. It is a question of knowing which of the two is right or wrong, which has the right of surviving. Or, rather, it is a question of knowing if some new fact permits us to make this demand and to bring into question the high traditions of human morality.

XIII

Where shall we find this new fact? Among all the revelations which science has lately given us, is there a single one that authorizes us to take anything from the ideal set before us by Marcus Aurelius, for instance? Does the least sign, the least indication, the least presentiment, arouse a suspicion that the primitive ideas which hitherto have guided the just man will have to change their direction, and that the road of human goodwill is a false road? What discovery tells us that it is time to destroy in our conscience all that goes beyond strict justice, that is to say, those unnamed virtues

which, beyond those necessary to social life, appear to be weaknesses and yet turn the simple decent man into the real and profound good man?

Those virtues, we shall be told, and a host of others that have always formed the perfume of great souls, those virtues would doubtless be in their places in a world in which the struggle for life was no longer so necessary as it is now on a planet where the evolution of species is not yet finished. Meanwhile, most of them disarm those who practice them, as against those who do not practice them. They trammel the development of those who ought to be the best, to the advantage of the less good. They oppose an excellent, but human and particular, ideal to the general ideal of life; and this more restricted ideal is necessarily vanquished beforehand.

The objection is a specious one. First of all, this so-called discovery of the struggle for life, in which men seek the source of a new morality, is at bottom but a discovery of words. It is not enough to give an unaccustomed name to an immemorial law in order to render lawful a radical deviation from the human ideal. The struggle for life has existed since the existence of our planet; and not one of its consequences was modified, not one of its riddles solved, on the day when men thought that they had taken cognizance of it by adorning it with an appellation which a whim of the vocabulary will change perhaps before fifty years have passed. Next, it behooves us to admit that, if these virtues sometimes disarm us before those who do not know of them, they disarm us only in very contemptible combats. Certainly, the too scrupulous man will be deceived by him who is unscrupulous; the too loving, too indulgent, too devoted man will suffer at the hands of him who is less so; but can this be called a victory of the second over the first? In what does this defeat strike at the profound life of the better man? He will lose some material advantage by it; but he would lose much more by leaving uncultivated all

the region that extends beyond the morality of good sense. He who enriches his sensibility enriches his intelligence; and these are the properly human forces which always end by having the last word.

XIV

For the rest, if a few general thoughts succeed in emerging from the chaos of half-discoveries, of half-truths, that beguile the mind of modern man, does not one of these thoughts assert that nature has given to each species of living beings all the instincts necessary for the accomplishment of their destinies? And has she not, at all times, given us a moral ideal which, in the most primitive savage and the most refined civilized man alike, preserves a proportional and perceptibly equal distance ahead of the conclusions of good sense? Is not the savage, just as, in a higher sphere, the civilized man, ordinarily infinitely more generous, more loyal, more true to his word, than the interest and experience of his wretched life advise? Is it not thanks to this instinctive ideal that we live in an environment in which, despite the practical preponderance of evil, excused by the harsh necessities of existence, the idea of goodness and justice reigns more and more supreme, and in which the public conscience, which is the perceptible and general form of that idea, becomes more and more powerful and certain of itself?

XV

It is fitting that we should come to an understanding, once for all, on the rights of our instincts. We no longer allow the rights of any of our lower instincts to be contested. We know how to justify and to ennoble them by attaching them to some great law of nature. Why should not certain more elevated instincts, quite as incontestable as those which crawl at the bottom of our senses, enjoy the same prerogatives? Must they be denied, suspected, or treated as illusions, because they are not related to the two or three

primitive necessities of animal life? Once they exist, is it not probable that they are as indispensable as the others to the accomplishment of a destiny concerning which we do not know what is useful or useless to it, since we do not know its objects? And is it not, then, the duty of our good sense, their innate enemy, to help them, to encourage them, and finally to confess to itself that certain parts of our life are beyond its sphere?

XVI

It is our duty above all to strive to develop within ourselves the specific characteristics of the class of living beings to which we belong, and, by preference, those which distinguish us the most from all the other phenomena of the life around us. Among these characteristics, one of the most notorious is, perhaps, not so much our intelligence as our moral aspirations. One portion of these aspirations emanates from our intelligence; but another has always gone before the latter, has always appeared independent of it, and, finding no visible roots in it, has sought elsewhere, no matter where, but especially in the religions, the explanation of a mysterious instinct that urged it to go further. To-day, when the religions are no longer qualified to explain anything, the fact none the less remains; and I do not think that we have the right to suppress with a stroke of the pen a whole region of our inner existence, with the sole object of gratifying the reasoning organs of our judgment. For the rest, all things hang together and help one another, even those which seem to contend with one another, in the mystery of man's instincts, faculties, and aspirations. Our intelligence derives an immediate profit from the sacrifices which it makes to the imagination when the latter caresses an ideal which the former does not think consonant with the realities of life. Our intelligence has for some years been too prone to believe that it is able to suffice for itself. It needs all our forces, all our feelings, all our passions, all our uncon-

sciousness, all that is with it and all that is against it, in order to spread and flourish in life. But the nutriment which is necessary to it more than all is the great anxieties, the grave sufferings, the noble joys, of our heart. These truly are to it what the water from heaven is to the lilies, the dew of the morning to the roses. It is well that it should know how to stoop and pass in silence before certain desires and certain dreams of that heart which it does not always understand, but which contains a light that has more than once led it towards truths which it sought in vain at the extreme points of its thoughts.

XVII

We are an indivisible spiritual whole, and it is only for the needs of the spoken or written word that we are able, when we study them, to separate the thoughts of our intelligence from the passions and the sentiments of our hearts.

Every man is more or less the victim of this illusory division. He says to himself, in his youth, that he will see into it more clearly when he is older. He imagines that his passions, even the most generous of them, obscure and disturb his thought, and he asks himself, with I know not what hope, how far that thought will go when it reigns alone over his lulled dreams and senses. And old age comes: the intelligence is clear, but has no object remaining. It has nothing left to do, it works in the void. And it is thus that, in the domains where the results of that division are the most visible, we observe that, in general, the work of old age is not equal to that of youth or of mature age, which, nevertheless, has much less experience and knows many fewer things, but which has not yet stifled the mysterious forces foreign to our intelligence.

XVIII

If we are now asked which, when all is said, are the precepts of that lofty morality of which we have spoken without defining it, we will reply that it presupposes a state of soul or of heart rather than

a code of strictly-formulated precepts. What constitutes its essence is the sincere and strong wish to form within ourselves a powerful idea of justice and love which always rises above that formed by the clearest and most generous portions of our intelligence. One could mention a thousand examples: I will take one only, — that which is at the centre of all our anxieties, and beside which all the rest has no importance; that which, when we thus speak of lofty and noble morality and perfect virtues, cross-examines us as culprits, and asks us, bluntly, "And when do you intend to put a stop to the injustice in which you live?"

Yes, we all who possess more than the others, we who are more or less rich, as against those who are quite poor, we live in the midst of an injustice deeper than that which arises from the abuse of brute strength, because we abuse a strength which is not even real. Our reason deplores this injustice, but explains it, excuses it, and declares it to be inevitable. It shows us that it is impossible to apply to it the swift and efficacious remedy which our equity seeks; that any too radical remedy would carry with it evils more cruel and more desperate than those which it pretended to cure; it proves to us, in short, that this injustice is organic, essential, and in conformity with all the laws of nature. Our reason is perhaps right; but what is much more deeply, much more surely right, is our ideal of justice, which proclaims that our reason is wrong. Even when it is not acting, it is well, if not for the present, at least for the future, that this ideal should have a quick sense of iniquity; and, if it no longer involves renunciations or heroic sacrifices, this is not because it is less noble or less sure than the ideal of the best religions, but because it promises no other rewards than those of duty accomplished, and because these rewards are just those which hitherto only a few heroes have understood, and which the great presentiments that hover beyond our intelligence are seeking to make us understand.

XIX

In reality, we need so few precepts! Perhaps three or four, at the utmost five or six, which a child could give us. We must, before all, understand them; and "to understand," as we take it, is scarcely, as a rule, the beginning of the life of an ideal. If that were enough, all our intelligences and all our characters would be equal; for every man of even a very mean intelligence is apt to understand, at this first stage, all that is explained to him with sufficient clearness. There are as many manners and as many stages in the manners of understanding a truth as there are minds that think that they understand it. If I prove, for instance, to an intelligent vain man how childish is his vanity, to an egoist capable of comprehension how unreasonable and hateful is his egoism, they will readily agree, they will even amplify what I have said. There is, therefore, no doubt that they have understood; but it is very nearly certain that they will continue to act as though not so much as the extremity of one of the truths which they have just admitted had grazed their brain. Whereas, in another man, these truths, covered with the same words, will one evening suddenly enter and penetrate, through his thoughts, to the very bottom of his heart, upsetting his existence, displacing every axis, every lever, every joy, every sorrow, every object of his activity. He has understood the sense of the word "to understand;" for we cannot flatter ourselves that we have understood a truth until it is impossible for us not to shape our life in accordance with it.

XX

To return to and sum up the central idea of all of this, let us recognize that it is necessary to maintain the equilibrium between what we have called good sense and the other faculties and sentiments of our life. Contrary to what we used to do formerly, we are nowadays too much inclined to shatter this equilibrium in

favor of good sense. Certainly, good sense has the right to control more strictly than ever all that other forces bring to it, all that goes beyond the practical conclusions of its reasoning; but it cannot prevent them from acting until it has acquired the certainty that they are deceiving it; and it owes to itself, to the respect of its own laws, the duty of being more and more circumspect in asserting that certainty. Now, if it can have acquired the conviction that those forces have committed a mistake in ascribing to a will, to divine and precise injunctions, the majority of the phenomena manifested within themselves; if it has the duty to redress the accessory errors that proceed from this central error, by eliminating, for instance, from our moral ideal a host of sterile and dangerous virtues, it could not deny that the same phenomena subsist, whether they come from a superior instinct, from the life of the species, infinitely more powerful within us than the life of the individual, or from any other unintelligible source. In any case, it could not treat them as illusions, for, at that rate, we might ask ourselves whether that supreme judge, outflanked and contradicted on every side by the genius of nature and the inconceivable laws of the universe, is not more illusive than the illusions which it aspires to destroy.

XXI

For all that touches upon our moral life we still have the choice of our illusions: good sense itself, that is to say, the scientific spirit, is obliged to admit as much. Wherefore, taking one illusion with another, let us welcome those from above rather than those from below. The former, after all, have made us reach the point at which we are; and, when we look back upon our starting-point, the dreadful cave of prehistoric man, we owe them a certain gratitude. The latter illusions, those of the inferior regions, that is to say, of good sense, have given proofs of their capacity hitherto only when accompanied and supported by the former.

They have not yet walked alone. They are taking their first steps in the dark. They are leading us, they say, to a regular, assured, measured, exactly weighed state of well-being, to the conquest of matter. Be it so: they have charge of this kind of happiness. But let them not pretend that, in order to attain it, it is necessary to fling into the sea, as a dangerous load, all that hitherto formed the heroic, cloud-topped, indefatigable, venturesome energy of our conscience. Leave us a few fancy virtues. Allow a little space for our fraternal sentiments. It is very possible that these virtues and these sentiments, which are not strictly indispensable to the just man of to-day, are the roots of all that will blossom when man shall have accomplished the hardest stage of "the struggle for life." Also, we must keep a few sumptuary virtues in reserve, in order to replace those which we abandon as useless; for our conscience has need of exercise and nourishment. Already we have thrown off a number of constraints which were assuredly hurtful, but which at least kept up the activity of our inner life. We are no longer chaste, since we have recognized that the work of the flesh, cursed for twenty centuries, is natural and lawful. We no longer go out in search of resignation, of mortification, of sacrifice; we are no longer lowly in heart or poor in spirit. All this is very lawful, seeing that these virtues depended on a religion which is retiring; but it is not well that their place should remain empty. Our ideal no longer asks to create saints, virgins, martyrs; but even though it take another road, the spiritual road that animated the latter must remain intact, and is still necessary to the man who wishes to go farther than simple justice. It is beyond that simple justice that the morality begins of those who hope in the future. It is in this perhaps fairy-like, but not chimerical, part of our conscience that we must acclimatize ourselves and take pleasure. It is still reasonable to persuade ourselves that in so doing we are not dupes.

XXII

The good-will of men is admirable. They are ready to renounce all the rights which they thought specific, to abandon all their dreams and all their hopes of happiness, even as many of them have already abandoned, without despairing, all their hopes beyond the tomb. They are resigned beforehand to see their generations succeeding one another without an object, a mission, an horizon, a future, if such be the certain will of life. The energy and the pride of our conscience will manifest themselves for a last time in this acceptance and this adhesion. But, before reaching this stage, before abdicating so gloomily, it is right that we should ask for proofs; and, hitherto, these seem to turn against those who bring them. In any

case, nothing is decided. We are still in suspense. Those who assure us that the old moral ideal must disappear because the religions are disappearing are strangely mistaken. It was not the religions that formed this ideal, but the ideal that gave birth to the religions. Now that these last have weakened or disappeared, their sources survive and seek another channel. When all is said, with the exception of certain factitious and parasitic virtues which we naturally abandon at the turn of the majority of religions, there is nothing as yet to be changed in our old Aryan ideal of justice, conscientiousness, courage, kindness, and honor. We have only to draw nearer to it, to clasp it more closely, to realize it more effectively; and, before going beyond it, we have still a long and noble road to travel beneath the stars.

THE WIFE FROM VIENNA

BY E. S. JOHNSON

"VEGETABLES, indeed! American, — American! Such onions, such romaine, such carrots, — huge, wretched, American! Potatoes, always potatoes! And other sweet yellow potatoes. Yet where is the Stecksalat, the cress, the endive, the Blätterkohl, the Kohl-rabi? How can one eat a salad? Without leeks, where is broth to come from? Jan, you grow nothing fit to eat. A year and a half, now, I have starved in America."

Jan Goroby smiled, and hung his mine coat on its nail behind the stove with his usual composure. The rapid flow of Polish and German was Ketta's habitual style of conversation, and scarcely more vehement than usual.

"But there are tomatoes," he observed. "And next year I will try the Eier Pflanzen. I see there is much sale of those. And soon there will be melons, too."

"Melons! If they come, they will be the American kind."

"Naturally — to sell to the Americans." Jan's heavy mouth drew wide in a cheerful grin. "It was a clever plan, Ketta. The farm does so well, and you know how to sell so cleverly. It is not for nothing that one lives in Vienna."

"Ah, ah," cried Ketta fretfully. "Some people are stupid. It is the mind, — the mind does it. Some people might live in Vienna a thousand years, and still have nothing but a silly soft heart to show for it." She tossed the baby abruptly to the other shoulder. The child was weary with the long heat of an August day, and cried peevishly.

"Your uncle is quick and cunning, too. So is the aunt. I saw it while we were on the ship. Vienna had made them so, and they do very well in New York. But it is

the mind, too; there is mind in your family, Ketta."

"I wish I lived in Vienna." The girl's black brows drew together, and the sullen expression grew upon her pretty face. "Hear the baby cry. All day long he snarls, snarls, like a dog, — listen! No wonder. He hates America, like his mother. My aunt and uncle were fools to give up the little restaurant; plenty of money was to be made in Vienna; but no! So I was a fool, too, and I came, and I married you, Jan, my clodhopper. Why I did it I cannot remember, — I think you and my uncle must have persuaded me because none of the others on the ship could talk Polish, and because he saw your purse full of money. Perhaps I thought you would get money and we could go away again to Vienna. But however that was, we come away to the coal mines, and there is nothing but coal and dirt and stupid clodhoppers and selling melons to the Americans! No beautiful city, no pleasure; always the baby cries and cries, because he was not born in Vienna. Dirt and work and dreariness, — Jan, I hate your America! It is time to go back."

Slowly, as he did everything, Jan lifted his bullet head from the tin basin in which he had been washing his face. Tufts of suds were in his hair, lines of sooty grime lay still about his eyes and nostrils, but his wet face smiled.

"No," said he slowly, in English. "Not go back. Me American. Stay American. Good place, God damn!" He returned to the basin.

Ketta stamped her foot as she sat. Jan's English, of which he was very proud, had several times gained him the victory in a conjugal difference such as this one. Slow of speech as he was, in Polish and in German she could outwit him and out-talk him; at times she even exulted over him in the rapid and irregular French which she had learned during her three years in the little restaurant of her beloved city. (This last weapon, however, had neither point nor edge, be-

cause peasant-bred Jan understood not one word of all she said.) His English, on the contrary, was perfectly intelligible to her. A year and a half in the new country had given her quick mind and quick ear some knowledge of the language, shut herself off from it as she might; but not one word would she learn to speak. Listen she must, therefore, and answer she could not, when Jan spoke in the barbarous new tongue.

"The talk of a fool," she cried contemptuously, speaking Polish. The head of the family chuckled, and replied in the same language, —

"You do not understand. At home I work and earn money, — and it goes to the Austrians. I work for my son, and he grows, and when he is grown, he is for the Austrians, too. Then he works, and makes their roads, and marches in their army, and hoes their beets, and grows their fruit, and sweats in their mines, and pays their taxes, — and *his* sons are for the Austrians, in their turn. Whatever the debt was in the beginning, it cannot be paid. There is no end to the paying: the Austrians will never say, 'Enough.' So the wiser men just run away from the debt altogether. Here, the Austrians are nobody. I know some of them in the mine, but they are not the kind that collected taxes and did the governing. They are just peasants, and they are not so smart as the Poles."

"Oxen!" interrupted Ketta tartly. "What is the good of being a little smarter than oxen? Ah, if you had ever been in Vienna, you might not talk so big and proud, fool!"

"In America," he continued placidly, "I get good wages, — so good I can rent an expensive house for my wife and my baby and me to live in. We could eat meat every day, if we chose. I load cars in the mines, but every day I watch and learn how my boss does his work. Then I belong to the Union, — yes, the Mitchell Union, — and I help say if the mine shall work or strike. One day a man says to me, 'Who shall we make governor? Who

do you want this year?' and he told me how to do it. So I went to the government, and the judge talked English to me, and I talked English to the judge, and I got a paper. And by that paper, Ketta, in a little while, — about a year from All Saints' Day, it is, — I have the vote. Sometimes a man can get two dollars for the vote, and go right on to his work the same day. The next year, the vote comes back of itself, and maybe he can get two dollars again. So I help make the government in this America. And it is as if the government paid *me* taxes. Does Vienna do that?"

Politics were beyond Ketta's comprehension, but there was other matter in his long address that touched her nearly.

"Yes, the Mitchell Union!" she cried. "A wonderful thing, — a fine thing, — for somebody. Not for Jan Goroby, though. You talk about the two dollars that you will get by a year from next All Saints' Day: will you tell me how much you will pay your union in the whole three years? You talk about taxes, but you give all that money away when you do not have to."

"Not for long," returned the husband, undismayed. "As I was saying, I can afford an expensive house, here in America. But my wife is very smart, and one day she said, 'Five rooms is too many for us three; we must take a boarder, or even two.' So we took in a Lithuian man who was a miner."

"But he's gone. He went two weeks ago. He was lonesome, and he went to the big boarding-house. Here he talked only German, and he hated German. So it's no use to talk about him."

"Every day I watched to see how my boss worked, till I knew. One night the Lithuian miner and I sat talking, and he told me how he became a miner and how much better the pay was. I knew very well for myself how much less work there was, and how early a miner could go home and leave the laborers to finish for him. Then he and I went down to the post-office, and he took a pen and changed

my union ticket a little where it was needed. I listened to his good advice. One day I went down to a man who sells papers, and bought a writing that says Jan Goroby has worked three years and become 'ex-perience min-er' and can make more money. So last week a man was hurt, and I go to the office and put my head up to their wire window and show my writing and talk. I said 'That man will dead. Give me dead man job.' They laugh inside there, and read my writing from the inspector, and read my union ticket, and talk English to me and to themselves, and soon one man said, 'Alright.' So I become miner. To-day I boss two laborers, two Dägos, who obey me in English, because they cannot understand German nor Polish. Very good; all very good. Now I am miner, and I speak English, and have plenty of friends, and I have a house and money in the bank. That is enough; that is all the union can do for me; so I shall not pay any more. I belong to the union, yes, but I do not pay; I put that money in the bank. Beside, I can work more in the field, since I come home early."

"So now you will boast, boast, — boast!" cried Ketta, in a burst of nervous fury. "I tell you, I hate this country. It drives me wild. Go out to the field, quick, — go!"

"I will take the Little Son." He held out his arms for the child; but as the girl sat with drooping lids, unheeding the gesture, he laid one great hand fondly on her hair. His was the huge frame of the plain-dweller, toughened by centuries of labor in the fields; but the peasant mind within him came of the most restless, sanguine race in Europe. Things were going well, must go even better; and Ketta's wild words were nothing more than "the Vienna way." This girl with the bitter tongue was Ketta, his beauty, mother of the Little Son; and from that first meeting upon the pier at Bremerhaven his heart had lost the trick of being angry with her.

"Give him to me. He can lie in the

grass; I know a shady place. He likes it."

She handed over the child without looking up.

"How clean you keep him," spoke the father admiringly, fingering an edge of the pink print frock between powder-stained thumb and finger. "It is a good plan, this keeping children clean. I was like a pig, myself, when I was a child. Most of the American children that you see in the little wagons have not a spot anywhere; they are as clean as ours, for I looked as I came down the street yesterday."

At the gate he turned again, facing the door, the six-months'-old infant balanced carefully across his arms as a man would carry a keg of powder.

"Cook supper early, Ketta. Afterwards we will go up to the town and buy a coat for Little Son. A white coat!"

The girl watched him swing away down the street, with the stupid, leaden, tireless swing of the Emperor's army. When he was out of sight, she bowed her face in her hands.

"A white coat! An *American* white coat! Holy Mother, what a heart-breaking country!"

As the six o'clock whistles blew, Jan Goroby came back from his vegetable garden, a cabbage in one hand, the baby asleep upon his shoulder. A thunder-cloud had piled up in the west, and its shadow darkened the rooms of the little house; but there was light enough to see that Ketta sat where he had left her. She did not move. He drew the door close behind him to shut out the scurrying storm wind.

The low room was darker than ever, with the strange yellow dusk of an afternoon shower. He laid the sleeping child and the cabbage side by side on the kitchen table before he spoke.

"Ketta! Wake up."

"I was not asleep. I was thinking." She lifted brilliant, angry eyes to his face. "Ah, you may say what you like! I cannot stand it! I must go back!"

"But I don't want to go back," echoed

Jan, in amazement. "I told you to-day."

"Who wants you to go? I will go by myself."

Gust upon gust smote the low walls of the dwelling. The hot yellow gloom paled to gray, deepened, and paled again, as the swollen clouds first broke, and then withheld their deluge for a greater effort. A long lull; then the doubled fury of wind and rain. Still Jan did not speak.

Ketta eyed him from her low seat. She had formed no idea of what he would do or say when the truth came home to him. Yet it was strangest of all to have him do nothing, say nothing. In the dimness his bulk towered before her, very near, huge, angular, menacing. He swayed sometimes, but again stood motionless. Once his arms twisted upward, then fell; he shook his great shock head, — but all in the same silence. For the first time in her life, Ketta knew fear of her husband.

"You go back, — without me?" The great fellow used an absurdly small, weak voice.

"To Vienna."

Then the endless, threatening pause, the swaying figure in the dark, — the writhing arms, the hard breaths, — the rush of the rain. There came a yellow flash from without, and lit up the man's face; she knew the look, — a great patient beast, impatient at last of pain. That his hurt was half sorrow, and not anger only, seemed to lay some new weight on her bitter heart.

"You go back?"

The repetition held a threat. The next flash showed the heavy arm upraised with a light sledge ready to strike. Ketta raised her forehead for the hammer.

"Beat me if you like. I do not care if you kill me. I do not care. Anything would be better than to live here."

Jan hurled the sledge from him. A fury of weeping fell upon him; on hands and knees at her side he beat his face on the floor, torn with sobs; he snatched at the rounds of her chair, the hem of her dress; over and over he cried her name.

"I could not kill you! I could not hurt you! Ketta, Ketta!"

"Kill me if you like. If not, give me some money for the steamer and let me go."

"No, no, I cannot kill you. I have never killed any one; naturally I could not kill you, Ketta."

"To-day is Thursday. There is a steamer on Saturday, — the very same I came on. The butcher over by the railroad sells the tickets, and I saw a paper, a printed sign, in his shop. The *Königin* sails Saturday, at New York. I know that is a good ship, so I will go on that one. You have money enough."

"You shall have the money," promised Jan, at length. Strangely enough, Ketta almost hated him for his generosity.

"You will leave" — He spoke in a broken whisper. "At least you will — give me — the Little Son?"

This time the fury was Ketta's. She snatched the child from the table, folded him to her body with one arm, and stood at bay. Curses, pleas, entreaties, promises, abuse, in Polish or German as the first word determined, poured from her in a ceaseless flood.

"But I cannot let him go. He is all I have, when you are gone. Give me Little Son. Give me the child, — show me some mercy, Ketta."

"Mercy, indeed!" cried the exasperated mother. "To go away and leave my baby an American, — to leave my lamb alone! What would the Blessed Virgin and the saints think of such a mother as that, do you suppose? No, my baby, my precious one! Mercy, you call it! You don't deserve a child, Jan Goroby."

The one window was small and strongly barred; she could not escape that way. A sudden rush gained the inner room, and she bolted herself in.

The dark storm blurred insensibly into the seasonable blackness of night. She crouched upon the bed, supperless, frightened, angry, listening for a rush against the door. There came no sound. The long night through, she dozed and

wakened watchfully, but Jan gave no sign.

The happenings of the next morning were vague and indistinct, like dreams that come when the sleeper's head aches. Jan dressed himself in his Sunday clothes and sat in the house until half-past eight, silent, doing nothing, carrying his savings pass-book in one hand. When he came back from the bank, Ketta's little tin trunk was locked; it only remained for him to shoulder it and set out.

"Where are your good clothes? Those are the old ones."

"They are where I choose to keep them. Shall I disgrace myself with American clothes, in *Vienna*? I am not a fool; these will do until I can get more."

"You had better wear the American hat, at least," urged poor Jan wearily. "It is handsomer than that one."

The American hat was a particularly splendid creation, having lace, ostrich tips, flowers of several colors, and a moderate allowance of velvet ribbon, superimposed upon a broad foundation of white straw. Ketta possessed it through Jan's extravagance; and secretly she admired it as much as he did.

"Very well, then," she returned haughtily. "I will wear it, since I have no better. My poor Vienna cap is not fit to show my aunt and uncle, now that they are growing rich." This change effected, she turned her back upon the little drab house and strode away without one look. Jan followed with the tin trunk.

The eleven o'clock express for New York stopped only at Batesborough, the county town. Ketta with the baby and the steamship ticket, and Jan with the tin trunk, traveled the intervening six miles by electric cars. Everywhere, Ketta took the lead, and Jan paid.

One could find the railway station easily enough, but one could not buy tickets except in English. Here Jan stepped forward and carried matters with a high hand.

"Going New York. And to come again back. How much?"

"Six-fifty," said the man behind the wires.

"I take um. Nur eins." He counted out the money and received the return ticket.

To Ketta, superb in the American hat, though somewhat cramped and constrained in the "Vienna clothes" of her girlhood, Jan presented the double ticket. She looked at it curiously while he explained.

"Half of it will take you to New York. Keep the other piece safe; it will take you from New York back here, if ever you want to come. No, no, I suppose not. But it is a wide world. One can never tell. The Little Son — he travels without a ticket."

"You throw away your money. You ought to be more careful, and save."

"What for?" asked poor Jan, with a choking throat.

Ketta was nonplussed, and did not answer. Foremost among her confusion of wishes, hopes, regrets, stood an idea that Batesborough was a hateful place and the New York train far too long in coming.

"Go over the ferry and go straight to your uncle's house," advised Jan. "You have it written down, and the people will tell you where to find it. Here is money, a hundred dollars. Hide it now and do not tell any one. Your uncle will change it into Austrian money for you. Come! There is your railroad train."

They hurried down the long platform. "Hide your two tickets, also," Jan advised, breathless, apparently, from the short dash. "In here, — so."

Ketta clambered into the car alone. The seat nearest the door was fortunately vacant, and she deposited the baby there. Going out upon the platform again, she received her tin trunk and Jan's last bit of advice, in spite of the brakeman and the dozen or so of passengers who dodged and scrambled between.

"Take care of the Little Son; be good to him. I want him to go to school. Do not let the Austrians get him for the army. And now, keep well!"

The blue-clad brakeman laid threatening hands upon the tin ark. Ketta drew it up and retreated the width of the platform. Jan also fell back. Hitherto, he had spoken in Polish, and very low. Now he raised his voice and cried out solemnly in English, —

"You come back, mebbly; some day, some day. I go home. I wait there that house. I wait for you. So long."

The exigencies of American travel drove the girl within. She sat by the window, with the baby on her lap and her feet propped up on the trunk; outside, drawn up with military stiffness, his eyes fastened upon her, a slow tear working down his cheek, stood poor Jan. There was a long, long minute before the train moved. Then the bell rang and the cars felt a preliminary jolt; Ketta smiled a brilliant, if somewhat forced, greeting to the world at large; and they were off on their travels. The Little Son appeared perfectly indifferent about both of his parents.

Unfortunately for Goroby, Saturday is a half holiday at the mines. Going out from his desolate, echoing house into the glare of the summer morning, he longed to hide himself from the light. His work in the cool, windy darkness, the smell of his lamp, the smoke of powder, the thousandfold noises of work underground, pleased him; his hurt grew duller as he gave a lesson in English to his two "Dägos." But at one o'clock, work was over. He slunk through the streets, reflecting that Ketta's ship had sailed at twelve.

Friday afternoon, when he had sat alone, wearing his best clothes on a working day and learning the weight of every idle, empty hour, had taught him a lesson. Company of some sort he must have; Saturday must be enlivened in some fashion. Human companionship, however, would make demands that he could not meet. He dropped into a convenient saloon on his way, and provided himself with that truly American drink, a fifty-cent quart of whiskey.

The first swallow of this refreshment

was so little alluring that he hesitated long before lifting the bottle for a second. He washed the soot from his face, then drew more water, stripped off his shirt, and bathed. This done, he eyed the comforter once more, but found its charms grow less in retrospect. His hoe stood behind the door, and the instinct of a thousand peasant generations awoke at the touch. One works in the daylight, — the night is good enough for drinking. Jan went out to his vegetable-field.

Sunset came, but darkness lagged behind; it was late when he returned to the expensive house. He was hungry and tired, but there was nothing to eat in drawers or cupboard. The kitchen fire had gone out on Friday. He split some kindlings on the doorstep, and broke some lumps of coal with the hammer that had threatened Ketta; a cabbage that lay on the table and some meal from a bag were presently stewing together in an iron pot.

The unshaded lamp threw sharp-edged shadows on the walls and floor. Jan applied himself to the bottle again, but the first sip discouraged him anew; the stuff was nauseous to a hungry man. As the fire grew hotter, the stuffy little kitchen reached an unbearable temperature; he took the lamp and went into the bedroom to wait for supper.

He had not entered the room since Ketta packed her trunk there. Now the lamp wavered in his hand so that he was forced to set it on the floor. For on the nails around the room hung a woman's garments, — Ketta's purple dress, Ketta's blue lawn, Ketta's Easter Sunday dress with the brown satin ribbons, a sun-bonnet that she wore when she sold vegetables up in the town, — two shirtwaists, — two gingham aprons. Ketta's American clothes, that he had given her, that he had been so proud to see her wear! She had disdained them in the hour of her freedom. She had cast them off, with him, — with all that belonged to the hated new country. She would take nothing with her that might remind her of the things she loathed.

A rush of bitter pain overwhelmed him. He threw himself on his knees by the wall, burying face and hands in the purple skirt. He groaned, sobbed, prayed to it; he bit the insensate stuff between his great teeth, then, weeping, kissed the marks and begged Ketta's forgiveness; he cursed her name with a man's passion; he wailed for her with a lonely grief like that of a little boy. Then the door opened, and Ketta came in.

Bareheaded and panting, her shawl dragging behind her, she stood on the threshold: he did not turn.

"Jan!" She threw herself beside him, beseeching hands upraised. "Oh, Jan, Jan, Jan! Ketta is only a fool, after all. I could not do it. I ran off the ship. Beat me — beat me, — but only forgive thy fool!"

With a wordless cry, he turned and snatched her in his arms. Her pinioned hands struggled to reach his neck, but could not. They swayed together dizzily, both sobbing.

"Beat me!" cried Ketta again. "I deserve it, let us have it over. Perhaps I should have behaved better if you had done it before."

"No, no. Where should I get strength to hurt you?" Jan held her off to look at the flushed, tear-stained face, then crushed her close again. "So small, so weak, — no, no."

"My father used to beat my mother," Ketta argued. "With a long stick. He said it did her good."

"It is not the American fashion, I have heard," responded the master, with a grand air. Thereat, Ketta hid her face, and laughed a little, and mingled kisses with her tangled words and sobs.

"Here is the money." She drew a tightly rolled handkerchief from her dress, and threw it chinking on the floor. "That is the hundred dollars, the Austrian money that my uncle got. You see, I did not tell him I was running off; I said you were so rich that you had given it to me to go back and visit my brother till the winter. And I said the trunk was

full of splendid American clothes, all so good I could not waste any on the ship."

"Very true. Thus, — and put your head closer, poor, bad child! So. And what about the ship?"

"Yes; it was very lucky. I got back the money for the ship ticket, too, though at first they would not give it. But the cross gray-haired young man made them give it up. Then he gave me more money of his own, ten dollars, when I told him about the ticket to come back on the train. I did not tell him you gave me money, too, for that would do nobody any good. So here is all that money, more than we had at first." She dropped the notes, rustling, in a little heap, but Jan did not stir nor look.

"What gray-haired man? What was he?"

"How do I know? Some great official of steamboats, possibly. He was very cross, and sat in a great office with glass doors, and all the men feared him and tried not to catch his eye. He had no German, and he spoke French very slowly, and as if it tired him. I notice that you never can tell what languages an American will speak; there is no reason about them. So when he came out and saw me holding the baby and crying because they would not give me back the money for the ticket I did not use, he called out something very loud. Everybody kept silence, and a clerk near me whispered in German very softly: 'Tell him the whole. He knows the capers of young wives.' Presently I went in the glass room and told him all, — even losing my trunk."

"What did he say to you?"

"He did not talk much. When I told how you got the ticket for me to come back on the train, he said, 'A good idea,' and as I was saying how I felt, sitting on my trunk there on the ship, with the baby, and thinking that you were not there, and how I felt when I ran off just at the last minute before the ship moved, he made a noise like a growl. Still, he did not seem angry. Then he asked how I found that one office out of a whole city,

and I told him about the fat blue *gendarme* who understood German and sent a girl to show me. At last he said, 'You shall have your money back,' and gave it to me out of a little trunk. Then I asked him not to tell my aunt and my uncle the truth about my running off the ship, because they had said good-by to me on the deck, and would not know. He said he would be careful not to. Then at the very last, after he had gone over on the ferry and showed me the steps of the car in which I was to sit, he gave me some good advice. He said, 'Go home and behave yourself. Remember, a foolish, giddy wife can draw the living blood out of a man's heart.' That was it. After that he went away."

"That is very true. 'To draw the living blood out of a man's heart,' — yes, that is true. I have felt it for two days. He knew that."

"What is that dreadful smell?" cried Ketta, springing up, but still clinging to his hand. "Vaugh! Cabbage scorching! Is it your supper? You have not eaten? No more have I. Well, I will begin by getting you a supper. Come and bring the lamp."

Jan followed her about her preparations, treading in her very footsteps, his eyes ever wistfully upon her. At length, he was sensible of a want, a lack; something was missing. Ketta had come back: what was it? Suddenly he knew.

"The child?" he cried. "Where is the child, — the Little Son?"

Ketta laughed, a long, most musical, girlish ripple. She put down the kettle of porridge to come and lay both her hands on his shoulder.

"I left him behind. He is quite safe. I left him with my American hat. Shall we go and get him? There were several reasons."

"With your American hat?" exclaimed the mystified father. "There were reasons?"

"I thought when you saw me you might strike without waiting. You might not think of the hat, or the baby. I

thought you would be so angry, at first. I did not know you were so kind. So I put them in the butcher's shop down at the corner of the street, — all safe and off at one side, on the clean sawdust. There is plenty of time. The shop is open late to-night; it is Saturday."

You left him in the butcher's shop!" Jan gasped, in breathless astonishment. "Who would have thought of that?"

"The other reason," said Ketta, moving closer, "was a good reason, too, though you would never think of it. If you were kind, — if you forgave me, and said, 'Stay, Ketta; you are welcome,' —

I wanted to know why. I wanted to know that it was Ketta that made me welcome. I did not want to think that it was the baby. Do you see?"

"I understand," Jan whispered gravely. "But who would have thought of that? Ah, well, certainly the people of Vienna are very clever! You must stay, Ketta; you are welcome."

Flushed and frightened, she slipped from his clasp, then held out her hand shyly.

"Come; there is time while the potatoes boil. Shall we go and get the Little Son?"

AT EBB-TIDE

BY JOHN FINLEY

My spirit's at its ebb, —
With tangling silvern web
The moon is drawing me,
Is drawing me a-sea.

The tide seeks out the deep
And leaves the shores to sleep,
To sleep and dream once more,
Quit of the surf's long roar,
Nor caring what has been
What is to be, nor e'en
What is; like lotus-men
Tired of the wave, and then,
Propt in their dreamful beds
With poppies at their heads,
Tired of the memories
Of all things else than ease;
It seeks the ocean's heart,
Out where the waters part,
Going in pulsing flood
To bear the new brine-blood,
The channel's empty cup
With ichor to fill up, —
Out where they meet again
When mist and snow and rain
From watering the earth
Have come, from staying dearth,

At Ebb-Tide

From making deserts bloom,
From turning lathe and loom,
Nor void returning thence
To Him who sent them hence.

All day with busy hand
I've shifted silt and sand,
I've beaten 'gainst the rocks,
Carried the ships to docks,
Or ferried others forth
To East and South and North;
Or else I've sought surcease,
List'ning my hour of peace
The brooklet's cadences,
The marshes' silences.

But lifted, as on wings,
I seek again the springs,
The fountains of new life,
Far from the rocks of strife,
Far from the 'plaining beach,
Far from the shallows' speech, —
I seek the deep profound,
With only sky around
And only stars above,
And His o'er-brooding love.

'T is ebb-tide where to-day
I fought in noisy fray;
The vagrant sands are still;
The rocks have their own will;
The battle's left no trace,
Save scars upon their face;
Only the pools have kept,
Each in its tiny sept,
Some portion of the wave
That but this morn did lave
A thousand shores, and hide
Them, naked, with its tide.

'T is ebb-tide there and neap,
But here the waves are steep,
Heaped as an ocean hill
With new desire and will,
Waiting but heaven's call
To hail them back to fall
Again upon the coasts,
Where they shall fling their boasts,
And strive with ancient stone
Till all the caverns moan,

Happier here to wait,
To lie and meditate,
Than o'er all coasts to roam,
Than dash myself to foam;
And happier the sands
Untroubled of my hands,
The rocks free of my fret,
The silent shoals — and yet,
And yet the shores were dead,
Save they were daily fed
By what these ravens bring
To them with tireless wing.

So let me be of those
Who make the rocks their foes,
Striking with fearless fist
Tho' eyes be filled with mist;
Who stir the sands of time
Each day to some new rhyme
Till they shall slowly raise
New temples to the praise
Of sun and moon and Him
Who set them in yon rim,
And all the land shall hear
Their singing, and have cheer;
For life — for life were death,
If it had not the breath
Of struggle in its throat,
Fearless of wall or moat;
And life — and life is life
Only if there be strife.

So fling me back, I ask,
I'll take again the task,
Rend ever and be rent,
Spend ever and be spent,
That He who sets the lights
To rule the days and nights
May have His high behest
Done of my doing's best, —
E'en as the tides have done
The will of moon and sun.

IMPRESSIONS FROM CHICAGO FACES

BY LOREN H. B. KNOX

WERE we an imaginative people, or were this an age free to indulge its fancy in symbolism, we no doubt should possess the beginnings of a mythology of Chicago. Though little more than two generations of its municipal life have passed, this city, from its quick vicissitudes, presents the perspective of antiquity. True, the masses of Chicago care nothing for its history. Yet if they were not such harrowed devotees to the ritual of commercialism they might pause to marvel at the unique record which this city has made in the annihilation of the customary duration between the birth and maturity of ordinary municipalities. Leisure to reflect would lend an astonishing dignity in the eyes of its inhabitants to the fact that its present pride of towering granite and brick is as distant from its humility of mud and marshes in the thirties as is the London of to-day from the city of the Trinobantes in the time of Caesar. Its annals abound in the germs of fable and allegory. White men toiling over leagues of prairies or breasting the waves of three inland seas, to settle in a swamp by the side of red aborigines; the felling of the fragrant pines of the northern forests to rear the city; the first railroads bringing hosts to aid in the conquering of the wilderness; the exuberant growth of a vast commerce; the radiation from this city of steel highways to every point of a mighty empire; its function of feeding the world with the cattle, sheep, hogs, and grain from the greatest pastures and gardens of the earth; the stately dignity in which the city rose from the quagmire; the fire which wiped it from the earth, and left it a melancholy name; its phoenix-like rebirth and almost instantaneous development to a mightier state than before; its

creation of lofty, steel-ribbed temples of trade; its welcome to the hundreds of thousands of liberty lovers from the oppressed lands of the Old World; its transformation of them into American citizens; its marvelous epitome of the progress of humanity in its great exposition,—these are themes as fruitful of personifications by the high priests of poesy as were the vague social movements interpreted to us in such characters as Æneas, Evander, Hercules, Theseus, and Romulus.

But Chicago is so preëminently a type of the commercialism of the age, so feverishly hostile to the fanciful, that none of its chroniclers have successfully departed from that style adopted by statistical historians of its Board of Trade, its First National Bank, its Union Stock Yards. It has always been a city of opportunity. Formerly this was not merely the opportunity of making a steady livelihood, but it was the possibility of a quick fortune characteristic of all the boundless realm of our Western states. Men were spurred on by such chance to a restless search for new fields for development, new avenues for gain, and there was scarcely more repose and content in Chicago in 1870 than there was in San Francisco in 1850. Now, though the opportunities of this city have changed, as they have throughout the whole trans-Mississippi region, from individual to corporate and capitalistic chances, the same eagerness for money-making, as a heritage, extinguishes all sentimental fondness for tales of its origin, and drives the community exclusively in channels of facts and figures.

Indeed, tradition seems to count for less and less with its inhabitants as the years go by. A generation ago its pregnant history inspired a hundredfold more self-glorification among its citizens than

the story of achievement does now. This has become an old byword. Probably the change in the character of Chicagoans in that time, from natives to aliens, has counted strongly in this apparent lapse of civic patriotism, but as adequate an explanation is that its people now struggle wearily for a supremacy in money-making which formerly they maintained with ease and pride. Business worry, keenest competition, meagre returns for effort expended, instead of encouraging jubilant retrospection, keep the anxious thoughts of merchants on the future.

Yet, in spite of the nerve tension their surroundings create, Chicagoans possess a distinctive freedom in not being trammelled by a conformity to the imperious domination of the bygone. In talking with inhabitants of historic Massachusetts towns, such as Plymouth, Concord, Salem, and Gloucester, the writer has detected a note of impatience in their replies to words of appreciation of the significance of the past of those interesting spots; they seemed to feel those memories as a burden, and gladly turned conversation from them to the output of cordage factories, the number of new houses built, the prospect of increased shipping, or the present market for fish. The people of the Western metropolis enjoy the present opportunity of notable achievement which has passed away from the historic hamlets of the East. That opportunity has not the distinction of the birth throes of a mighty nation, nor the first call to arms in an epoch-making war, nor the conservation of the choicest in a country's literature, nor the sending of pioneer fleets to unknown lands, but it is consonant with our present life. Its mission is to be the central forum for the strife between capital and labor, to be a chief arbiter of the issues of the competitive system, to overcome old prejudices against certain broad socialistic doctrines, and, in the solution of industrial problems, to refine, as in a crucible, the drudges and serfs of Europe, the "emptiness of ages" in their visages,

into the similitude of intellectual and physical freemen.

Perhaps it is because its life is entirely in the present, and its activity bent toward the clearing from the future of the ugly difficulties of to-day, that Chicago is spoken of as a typical American city. Certain it is that it does not deserve that title because it possesses a predominant American population. Unquestionable American countenances are comparatively rare on the streets in the heart of the city, where are daily assembled a proportionate representation of Chicago's entire population. But this metropolis is performing the characteristic American labor of assimilating all nationalities, of doing something toward making the world American. It is the great social alembic of this republic, the grand consolidator of diversity into unity. To what may be generously called the refined and semi-refined product of this distillation, the city holds alluring prizes of American citizenship. All municipal and county offices, save possibly the mayoralty and the judgeships, are easily accessible to, one might almost say exclusively reserved for, the quickly stimulated political ambition of the first or second generation of aliens who are eager to turn their suffrage into material gain.

These positions of honor and emolument are not free-will offerings of friendly welcome, but are the fruits of coercion by dictating nationalities in the muddy arena of local statecraft. Germany, Ireland, Bohemia, Sweden, Italy, — these exotic units, learning the power of compromise and combination with outer forces, here in Chicago project themselves with telling effect into our political life. Doubtless this is a more or less transient phenomenon, for immigration laws in the future must exclude like inferior classes, and descendants of these cohesive countrymen will in time be scattered and absorbed in broader social bounds. But at present this process is probably the most concrete example extant of the unimpeded development of the alien under

our government. A unique dignity attaches to this distinction of being a centre toward which the great anabasis of nations, the migratory flight of discontented populations, the unparalleled hejira of fortune seekers and liberty worshipers, has flowed.

Probably in no city in the country do the masses show by their countenances fewer traces of Anglo-Saxon blood than they do in Chicago. On the thoroughfares, in the street cars, in the parks, in the public libraries, in the City Hall, in the Court House, in railway stations, on excursion boats, there is the unmistakable, universal foreign cast of physiognomy. These are not so conspicuously the raw countenances of new arrivals, but they are those variously modified by a longer or shorter identification with our social customs. Only the faces tell the general truth, for, of course, here, as everywhere else in this country where these exiles have settled, all national distinction of dress, all individuality and picturesqueness of costume, is obliterated in a dull and cheap conformity to American standards. Yet in this multitude the observer sees the wonder of the evolution of minds and souls in all stages, from the vacuity of animalism to maturity of the higher faculties. Chicago's great mission of uplifting the lower strata of races is broadly evident in the faces of its masses. Of course, only by viewing the multitude as a whole is the effect recognizable. The observer can know nothing of individuals, but looking into the countenances of hundreds of Teutons, Jews, Celts, Scandinavians, and Slavs, the prevailing types seen daily on the streets, he sees the American quality, in varying degrees, creeping in to supplant some of the more marked native lineaments. A distinguishable homogeneousness is working out of the heterogeneous human compound. Even two or three years as janitor, teamster, gardener, junk dealer, or hod-carrier in a large American city have an effect in moulding away the original inertness and depression from the features of an alien.

Though units of the throng may owe their advancement to other influences, the throng itself is a true criterion of the power of Chicago in modifying diverse peoples toward one standard. Not that even the grandchildren of Irish, German, or Bohemian immigrants are rid of the facial stamp of their progenitors; but easier environments, broader companionship, and the public school have placed on them the indelible superscription of America. Time and again one sees here beauty and intelligence in the countenances of the sons and daughters of apparently the dullest pack brutes of humanity.

Yet the influence of Chicago on its people, foreign and native alike, is in a sense perhaps more depressing than that of any other community in the United States. In degrees the same results are seen in all our large cities, but here the effect is well-nigh universal. Materialism, drudgery, and worry are written on the faces of the crowd. Unrelieved toil, weariness in money-seeking, rivalry in display, artificial, soulless flat life, the monotonous surroundings of numberless miles of commonplace, indistinguishable brick and stone dwellings, seem to have their effect in denying lightness, happiness, and peace of soul to the municipality. Back of these, industrialism — rampant, triumphant, unlovely, universally oppressive — is the primal cause. Young men, college graduates, in professions and business, to whom life should present a spiritually inspiring aspect, are surely overcome by the dragon of money-getting, and fall into its procession of careworn captives. Since the enterprise of trade gave Chicago birth, no power has prevailed against the consuming ambition for gain implanted in the bosoms of its citizens, which is the only reason for their domicile here, — the only reason, indeed, for the existence of the city.

From the general apotheosis of materialism, which is declared to be a characteristic of the republic in general, there are of course select dissenters in this city,

who seek to allay the ravages of the organic ailment by such antidotes as libraries, orchestral music, art exhibitions, university influences, and social settlements. Chicago, however, is fundamentally true to the principles of its origin. Its typhoid business temperature, its worship of the dollar, are not perceptibly mitigated by a contemplation of the highest things in life, nor even the beautiful objects of sense. Its buildings reflect the mentality of the people, being purely utilitarian, imitative in design, dull brown, dull gray, and dull red in color, to match the sooty air. Its famous sky-scrapers, quickly growing, vast and box-like, in scarcely a single instance are distinguished for architectural grace or adornment. All these structures epitomize the population, great and strong, but only emerging from the crudity of haste and necessity. Yet the perceptible evolution of the Chicago masses is always suggestive of that piece of statuary by Barnard, inspired by Hugo's words: "I feel two Natures struggling within me," in which the uprising, intellectual man is leaving his prostrate, brutish self. But in this community one feels that on the animal side, aiding it against the aspiring spirit, is the thralldom of unceasing toil. Few of its inhabitants are more than one degree removed from lifelong, soul-deadening strain and effort after a livelihood. Overwhelming numbers are fast in these bonds to-day, but happily they are not resigned to their state. Everywhere the observer gets the idea that the local body politic is looking and growing upward. Those animal likenesses which Emerson saw reflected in human features are here preëminent to the imaginative eye, but the totality of faces shows that they are becoming overcast and rendered normally obscure by soul germinations and florifications.

We are not speaking of the lessons to be drawn from the activities of Chicagoans, but of deductions springing from a cursory view of the expression of the crowd. Though coarse lineaments, or a

nervous tenseness of eye and mouth, which are the heritage of work and worry, appear on ninety-nine in a hundred faces, there is also there, in a large proportion of them, clear as a written page, the capacity for boundless absorption of ennobling ideals. In studying the physiognomies on the streets the thought recurs again and again that here is a midway poise in social evolution, a multitude of tremendous potentiality for a higher life, which cannot receive the inspiration according to its ability because there is no great force to overthrow the absolutism of the material. In the faces of many laborers are suggestions of the highest traits shown in the features of illustrious jurists, philanthropists, philosophers, and educators. But with these appear the cunning engendered by getting a dollar by hook or crook, the resignation to poverty, the hereditary subservience to wealth, the indulgence in the coarse pleasures which are the only recreation of this class of men.

In this panorama of character growth Chicago differs from other large municipalities of this country in the fact that the developing peoples are here in larger proportion than elsewhere. Unlike the general aspect of the throngs in the largest cities of the East, those of Chicago show small admixture of the educated, refined native element. Nowadays a stranger on the street does not pass the type of man which fits his ideal of the originators of the city's greatness. Only in a few localities of its business district are American faces so numerous in the streets as to be continuously evident. Four blocks on the east side of State Street adjacent to the great retail emporiums of the higher grade, four blocks in Wabash Avenue where are art, music, and book stores, and three blocks in Michigan Avenue from the Art Institute southward, are the channels where, like those immemorial, stationary hillocks of water in the whirlpool rapids of Niagara, Americans are prominently and perpetually thrown out of the seething currents of aliens

which flood the other highways. But in spite of the fact that in the native minority most clearly is moulded the outward token of intellectuality, it, as well as the foreign majority, is conspicuously in a state of flux. Though highest in the mental plane, it bears the characteristic Chicago stamp, — the business countenance, clear, alert, but hardly indicating anything beyond a contemplation of profits, markets, and securities. One thinks how resourceful, how unrivaled such men are in a business setting, with a fitness for their environment like that of a cow puncher for his on the great plains; yet this hypercritical reflection intrudes, — how utterly they in their self-satisfaction would suffer intellectual abasement in the air of Oxford, Baireuth, or Florence.

Men might be expected to display this badge of their servitude, but the women, who, by the way, outnumber the sterner sex on the portions of the thoroughfares mentioned, portray in their faces suggestions of similar qualities. A summary of blurred, routine panoramas of passing femininity, extending through years, would emphasize, as traits of American women of Chicago, calculation, independence, shrewdness, experience of the world, love of the insignia of affluence. Certainly women of wealth, as well as the hosts of salesladies and female clerks and stenographers, are often imprinted with these designating marks, or at least disclose in their features or expressions clues to a paternity of tradesmen whose intellectual range has been limited to trade.

It is hard to write of one's impression of the mental unfolding of a multitude whose composite expression is of the earth earthy. Alike behind the knit brows, arithmetical eye, material nose, close, thin lips, and practical chin of the higher order of Chicagoans and the animalized features of the lowest class, there is a sure though changeable sign that these folk are living up to the best of their opportunities. The correctness of this facial interpretation is borne out by

the eager patronage of all elevating agencies by the varied elements of the fermenting mass: the arts of social settlements by localized aliens; the public libraries by the thousands of poor and moderately well-to-do workers; and the exhibits of paintings at the Art Institute, and the numerous concerts, by every type of men. It is a fancy, of course, but a fancy which leaves a conviction, that in the masses, as noted before, one constantly catches comparisons between the commonplace individual and characters of high renown. Suggestions come from the stream of countenances of resemblances to people of commanding gifts. Ascending degrees of this similarity are apparent to the observer who looks at physiognomies with that curious purpose. Natives lead in the upward drift, but the remade assimilated denizen is growing into the traits and marks of the New England stock.

Add to these the children of immigrants, who, while inclined to certain customs of their parents, as the observance of Old-World festivals and the patronage of band concerts and beer gardens, yet, unconsciously perhaps, affect superior airs, pride themselves on their Americanism, and eagerly imitate the pleasures and habits of the city at large. They learn the latest comic opera tunes, shout themselves hoarse at baseball games, imitate cheaply the prevailing styles of dress, go by boat in summer with the crowds on dollar excursions to Michigan resorts. Hungary, Poland, Italy, Germany, fade from the faces and the hearts of such youth. They are now as characteristically Chicagoan as are the children of Vermonters who came here before the Civil War. Indeed, they are so in a truer sense, for their greater numbers make them a more prominent type.

No doubt abundant exceptions could be taken to these generalizations. Such impressions, it might be said, do not comprehend the vast number of Americans who have left former homes in the heart of the city, and now dwell in a mighty

periphery of Chicago's environs. Here, as in most of the great cities of the United States, the native element, except a small hotel population, is moving steadily outward toward the suburbs, leaving old aristocratic neighborhoods to the successive occupation of progressive settlements of immigrants. But the double attraction of business and bargains brings men and women alike into the downtown district every day, thus mixing the mass of natives and aliens in a just abstract of the whole population of Chicago.

Chicagoans now sigh for the boundless individual opportunities of forty years ago. The present influx of population seems the momentum of human sheep who follow their leaders after the latter have long since devoured the substance of the land. In passing in and out of our marts of trade, a stranger would know from the strained, eager visages that here was a people aiming singly at material opportunity. But were he of an analytical cast of mind, he would not be long in recognizing the stupendous capacity and need of this people for intellectual and æsthetic opportunity, — something to broaden life and make it worth living.

One cannot but feel that the coming of these powers for cosmopolitan culture to Chicago will be in abundance, perhaps in greater proportion than in New York or Boston. Chicago in its diversity is, nevertheless, in a negative sense at least, unified; that is, distinctive social strata do not here so entirely segregate classes as they do in the East. Neither society nor politics in this city is organized for that long-established, oppressive domination which is a distinctive feature of the oldest municipalities. Commercialism alone is the great incubus. Democracy in its free self-assertion is not repressed, and the Demos halts in its measures for self-improvement only at the limits of its education. Those bettering instrumentalities no doubt will come according to the capacity of the entire population. It is not one portion of the city which needs them, but the whole. An insight into the

VOL. 97 - NO. 1

capabilities of this multitude for improvement is seen in the almost complete reform of the city council within the last ten years, and the recent overwhelming verdict for the municipal operation of the street railways. If internal factors are not so thoroughly consolidated for aggressive and overawing power in Chicago as in communities like New York and Philadelphia, where the inevitable tendency of humanity toward caste and monopoly has for a long period had free play, yet the very absence of a blue blood aristocracy and of a thoroughly entrenched political machine gives this city a freedom to express itself in its entirety with virile power.

Where we find such potentiality the elevating agencies can hardly be remote, nor long delayed. Already they appear in embryo in the public schools, the unrivaled Thomas orchestra, the libraries, the great university, the museums, the academies, the art institute, and in many social settlements. No city of similar age has done so much for the higher life of its citizens. Yet the effect of this leaven is so far seen only in the suggestions in the faces of the people of refining powers at work under the imperious sway of commercialism. It is true, moreover, as has been charged, that certain of these potencies named, themselves compromise with the reigning autocracy of the material, and are thwarted of their highest effect. But influences are mutual, and the æsthetic cannot always be the vanquished side. Let us indicate a few touchstones of the larger, better era to come. When a person may not frequently, nay, commonly, overhear at a restaurant of the better class conversations exemplified by that of one well-dressed salesman explaining to another how he rebuked and humiliated a rival vendor of dress goods who intimated that he was not a gentleman; when the typical, prosperous-appearing youth on the sidewalk does not pause in his hurry to gaze long and steadfastly at a man who has accidentally jostled against him, so as to mark well the

unconscious culprit for future vengeance; when two business men can chat socially without getting on the price of stocks or provisions; when such art exhibits as the "Damm Family" cease to hold gaping knots of pedestrians at store windows;

when the people of the community eradicate the trait of speaking at all times of everything and everybody in terms of money, then we may know that the intellectual reclamation of Chicago is at hand.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENCY

BY ANDREW S. DRAPER

THERE are at least four features which distinguish university work in America and exercise a decisive influence upon the form of government in American universities.

The first grows out of the universal democracy of the country and the common ambitions of the people. Every one who shares in the spirit of the country wants to go to the top, and continually hears that he may, if he will seize his opportunities. He has no thought of following his father's work, unless, as is quite improbable, it is in line with his special ambitions. The need of the higher training for all kinds of work involving mental aptitude is now everywhere recognized. The secondary schools have become a part of the common school system, and every teacher in high school or academy leads his students very near to the point of thinking that they will lose their chance in life, and even be discredited, if they do not advance to college or university. The university life is now specially attractive to the young, and they want a share in the pleasure and enthusiasm of it. This brings to the universities great numbers who in other days never went to college; who in other lands would not go now. Many of these must be both led and pushed.

Then, the common thought about liberal education has changed. It is no longer only classical, culturing, disciplinary: it must prepare students not only for the

multiplying professions, but for the multiplying industries. It trains one for *work*, but work which may distinguish him. Cultivated aimlessness is no longer the accepted ideal of American scholarship. Culture which is not the product of work, either mental or manual, with some definite point to it, is held to be at second-hand, only skin-deep, and not to be taken seriously. It must not be said that mere strength and steadiness in holding down a job are the marks of an educated man. There must be native resourcefulness and versatility, sound training and serious study, discrimination in means and methods, and rational applications to real things in life, in ways that bring results of some distinct worth to the world. It makes little difference *what* one does, but he must do something. The all-important fact is not that real learning may now be found in all businesses, — though that is important, — but that one must do something of recognized value, to be held a scholar. It may be not only in letters, or science, or law, or medicine, or theology, but it may be also in administration, in planning and constructing, in mechanics, in agriculture, in banking, in public service, in anything else worth while.

If one's powers of observation, of investigation, of expression, and of accomplishment, lead him to do something of real concern, to do it completely and quite as well as, or better than, others can do

it, and impel him to open up new vistas and methods of doing other things of larger moment, he has a better right to be held an educated man than he who incubates the unpotential and brings forth nothing. And not only have educational values changed, but educational instrumentalities have changed. Books and academic discussions have their part, but in many directions it is now a minor part. Things are taught and learned, new insight and the power to do are gained, through actual doing. And not only is the training through doing rather than through reading and talking, but the opportunity of selection extends to every subject and every study. It requires buildings and equipment and teachers never before within the means of an institution. It has revolutionized the scope, the possessions, the plans and methods, the offerings, and the outlook of the universities. While this is coming to be true in a measure in other countries, the unconventional freedom, the industrial aggressiveness, and the unparalleled volume of money going into university operations in this country have given us the leadership of a New-World movement in higher education.

Again, university revenues come from men who have done things and want other things done. It is exclusively so in the private institutions, and the people and their representatives who vote appropriations to the state universities have no other thought. While few are so shortsighted as to be opposed to a balanced and harmonious university evolution, still, money is provided more freely for the kinds of instruction in which the providers are most interested. This, of course, gives shape and trend to the development. But it does more: it creates the need of teachers not heretofore adequately prepared or not prepared in adequate numbers. The vastness, the newness, and the unpreparedness of it all create the need of general oversight and close administration. Even more, when teachers are not supported by student fees, but

are paid from the university treasury without reference to the number of students they teach, or very sharp discrimination about the quality of work they do, there is no automatic way of getting rid of teachers who do not teach or of investigators who do not produce. Some competent and protected authority must accomplish this and continually reinforce the teaching staff with virile men. The competition between institutions rather than between men, and the natural reluctance at deposing a teacher, are producing pathetic situations at different points in many American universities, and are likely to become the occasion of more weakness in our university system than has been widely realized.

Yet again, the sentiment of this country does not agree, and doubtless will never agree, that American universities shall stand for mere "scholarship" without reference to character, or that boys shall be allowed to go to the devil without hindrance, for the lack of university leadership, or to accommodate administrative cowardice or convenience. Students will have to be controlled and guided in this country, and American universities will have to have leaders who are leaders of morals as well as of learning, and who will stir the common sense, and use the common sentiment, through the authoritative word spoken in the crowd.

One may lament that our universities are not copied upon German or English models; that overwhelming numbers of students are going to them; that not all who go are serious students; that we are moving in new educational directions; that our professors are not made to live on fees; and that there is neither a care for superficial culture without much regard for true scholarship, nor a vaunting of mere scholarship without reference to moral character. The labor is lost. These things are so: they are right because they are so; because they are the outgrowth of the compounding of a great new nation in the world, and because they are the logical outworkings of a marvelous

advance in the thinking of men who are free to do some thinking for themselves.

It is hardly worth while to be troubled because we cannot see the road beyond the turns that are ahead. There *is* a road beyond the turns, — or one will be made. President Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a recent address at the University of Michigan, published in the September *Atlantic*, discusses, without answering, the question, "Shall the University become a business corporation?" Dr. Pritchett ordinarily does things exactly and completely. He can answer questions, — particularly when he asks them of himself. He did not answer this one because the answer is so obvious. He used his question to express a very common skepticism. Of course the university cannot become a business corporation, with a business corporation's ordinary implications. Such a corporation is without what is being called *spiritual aim*, is without moral methods. Universities are to unlock the truth and turn out the best and the greatest men and women; business corporations are mainly, if not exclusively, to make money. If this is a harsh characterization, it cannot be denied that it has been earned by the great business corporations with which the great universities must be compared if they are to be compared with any. A university cannot become such a corporation without ceasing to be a university. The distinguishing ear-marks of an American university are its moral purpose, its scientific aim, its unselfish public service, its inspirations to all men in all noble things, and its incorruptibility by commercialism. But that is no reason why sane and essential business methods should not be applied to the management of its business affairs. It is a business concern as well as a moral and intellectual instrumentality, and if business methods are not applied to its management it will break down. If they are not to be employed, the university, with its vast accumulations of materials and men, must

be a mistake, or, worse yet, a wrong. It is neither a mistake nor a wrong, or it would not be here. It is neither an accident nor an impulse; it is a growth, the deliberate product of conditions, of means, and of thought. It is a great combination of material resources and moral forces essential to modern competitions, the needed inspiration of all factors in the population for large areas of territory, and its usefulness depends upon giving the management both moral sense and worldly knowledge.

The responsible authorities in the management of a university are the trustees, the president, and the faculty. Legal enactments settle in some measure the exact functions of each, but common knowledge of the kinds of government which succeed when much property and many interests are involved, as well as the imperative necessities of the particular situation, have gone much further to establish the governmental procedure in the university. While the immediate purpose is to exploit the functions and powers of the university president, some reference, necessarily brief, must be made to the prerogatives and duties of the trustees and faculty.

A vital principle in all government involving many cares and interests is tersely expressed in the statement that bodies legislate and individuals execute. It goes without saying that legislation must be by a body which is both morally responsible and legally competent, and common observation proves to us that it must concern an actual situation, to be of any real worth. If it involves special knowledge, it must be by men who have the knowledge or who will respect the opinions of others who have it.

Trustees, as the representatives of the founders or donors, or of the state, are practically, if not altogether, unknown to foreign universities. Those universities are managed directly by the government, or by the faculties, or by both. The introduction of trustee management into American universities has resulted neces-

sarily from their more democratic character, from their different manner of support, from their independence of the government, and from the difference between the political systems and popular purposes of the New World and the Old. With the early development of American universities it was obvious enough that they could not be left to the management of political officers; that they must be managed without partisanship and governed by law rather than supervised by legislatures; and as they have taken shape it has been equally clear that the appointment of teachers and the assignment of resources to departments could not be left to the faculties. The special circumstances of the universities, and the practically uniform plan of corporate management in America, developed the board of trustees in our universities, with functions and powers subordinate to and consistent with, and exercised in a similar manner with, those which are held by the sovereign legislative authority over all corporations. Trustees stand for the legislature so far as the law permits.

The trustees of a university are charged by law, either statutory or judge-made, or by widely-acknowledged usage, with that general oversight and that legislative direction which will assure the true execution of a trust. They are to secure revenues and control expenditures. They are to prevent waste and assure results. They are never to forget that they represent the people who created and who maintain the university. They are not to represent these people as a tombstone might, — but as living men may. They are to do the things their principals would assuredly do if in their places, to enlarge the advantage to the *cestui que trust*. This is a heavy burden. It must be assumed that it is given to picked men who are specially able to bear it; who would not give their time to it for mere money compensation, but are happy in doing it for the sake of promoting the best and noblest things.

The trustees do not live upon the cam-

pus, and they are not assumed to be professional educationists. Their judgment is likely to be quite as good as to the relations of the work to the public interests, and as to what the institution should do to fulfill its mission, as that of any expert would be. To get done what they want done, they must enact directions and appoint competent agents. The individual trustee has no power of supervision or direction not given to him by the recorded action of the Board. What they do is to be done *in session*, after the modification of individual opinions through joint and formal discussion. It must be reduced to exact form and stand in a permanent record. Trustees make a mess of it when they usurp executive functions, and they sow dragons' teeth when they intrigue with a teacher or hunt a job for a patriot who thinks he is in need of it. They are bound to regard expert opinion and to appoint agents who can render a more expert service than any others who can be procured. They are to keep the experts sane, on the earth, in touch with the world, as it were. They are to sustain agents and help them to succeed, and they are to remove agents who are not successful. From a point of view remote enough and high enough, they are to inspect the whole field. They are bound to be familiar with all that the institution is doing. They are to be alert in keeping the whole organization free from whatever may corrupt, and up to the very top notch of efficient public service. There is too much money involved to permit of idle experimentation, too high interests at stake to allow of vacillation and uncertainty. Under a responsibility that is unceasing and unrelenting they must learn the truth and never hesitate to act upon it. And they must find their abundant reward, not in any material return to themselves, but in the splendid fact that the great aggregation of land and structure and equipment, of great teachers and aspiring students, of sacred memories and precious hopes and potential possibilities, is doing the work of God and

man in the most perfect way and in the largest measure which their knowledge and experience, their entire freedom, and their combined wisdom and forcefulness can devise.

The business of university faculties is teaching. It is not legislation and it is not administration, — certainly not beyond the absolute necessities. There is just complaint because the necessities of administration take much time from teaching. It lessens the most expert and essential work which the world is doing. It seldom enlarges opportunity or enhances reputation. It is true that teachers have great fun legislating, but it is not quite certain that, outside of their specialties, they will ever come to conclusions, or that if they do, their conclusions will stand. The main advantage of it is the relaxation and intellectual dissipation they get out of it. That is great. And, in a way, it may be as necessary as it is great. Of course teachers could not endure it if they were always to conduct themselves out of the classroom as most of them seem to think they are obliged to do in it. Perhaps others would also have difficulty in enduring it. They are given to disorderliness and argumentation beyond any other class who stand so thoroughly for doing things in regular order. It is not strange. It is the inevitable reaction, — what some of them would call the *psychological antithesis*, I suppose. Nor is it to be repressed or regretted, for it adds to the effectiveness and attractiveness of the most effective and attractive people in the world. All this is often particularly true of the past masters in the art. No wonder that Professor North, who taught Greek for sixty years at Hamilton College, — "Old Greek," as many generations of students fondly called him, — wrote in his diary that it would have to be cut in the granite of his tombstone that he "died of faculty meetings," for he was sure that some day he would drop off before one would come to an end.

But the needs of the profession ought to be met by directing the surplus of

physical and intellectual energy into really useful and potential channels, such as sports, or battling over academic questions with the doughty warriors of other universities.

Speaking seriously, university policies are not to be settled by majority vote. They are to be determined by expert opinion. The very fact of extreme expertness in one direction is as likely as not to imply lack of it in other directions. Experts are no more successful than other people in settling things outside of their zone of expertness. Within that they are to have their way so long as they sustain themselves and the money holds out. But the resources are not to be equally divided for mere convenience. University rivalries are not to be adjusted by *treaties* between the rivals. More of university success depends upon keeping unimportant things from being done in a mistaken way than upon developing useful policies and pursuing them in the correct way. Men and work are to be weighed, not counted. Department experts are to determine department policies, college experts college policies, and university experts university policies.

What the President of the United States is to the Federal Congress, the president of the university is to the board of trustees. It has not long been so, because American universities are recent creations. When colleges were small, when the care of their property was no task, when all of a college were of one sect, and theology was the main if not the only purpose, when there was but one course of study, and the instruction was only bookish and catechetical, administration was no problem at all. There was nothing to put a strain on the ship. Even though there was no specific responsibility and no delegation of special functions, with immediate accountability, possessions did not go to waste, frauds did not creep in, and injustice and paralysis did not ensue. It may easily be so now in the smaller colleges; it cannot be so in the great universities. The attendance of thousands of

students, the enlargement of wealth and of the number of students who go to college without any very definite aim, the admission of women, the more luxurious and complex life, the greater need of just and forceful guidance of students, the multiplication of departments, the substitution of the laboratory for the book, the new and numberless processes, the care of millions of property and the handling of very large amounts of money, and the continual and complete meeting of all the responsibilities which this great aggregation of materials and of moral and industrial power owes to the public, have slowly, but logically and as a matter of course, developed the modern university presidency. It is the centralized and responsible headship of a balanced administrative organization, with specialized functions running out to all of the innumerable cares and activities of the great institution. It is the essential office which holds the right of leadership, which has the responsibility of initiative, which is chargeable with full information and held to be endowed with sound discretion, which may act decisively and immediately to conserve every interest and promote every purpose for which the university was established.

It may be well to specify and illustrate. Conditions are not wholly ideal in a university. Men and women not altogether ripe for translation have to be dealt with. Real conditions, often unprecedented, have to be met. Not only effectiveness within, but decent and helpful relations with neighbors, constituents, and the world, are to be assured. Some authority must be able to do things at once, and some word must often be spoken to or for the university community. When spoken, it must be a free word, uttered out of an ample right to speak.

An American university may be possessed of property worth from three to fifty millions of dollars. This is in lands and buildings and appliances and securities. These things may be legislated about, but that alone is not caring for

them. To keep them from spoliation and make the most of them, there must be expert care through a competent department, but in harmonious relations with an ever-present power which has the right and responsibility of declaring and doing things.

The very life of the institution depends upon eliminating weak and unproductive teachers and reinforcing the teaching body with the very best in the world. Unless there is scientific aggressiveness in the search of new knowledge, some very serious claims must be abandoned and some attitudes completely changed. No board ever got rid of a teacher or an investigator — no matter how weak or absurd — except for immorality known to the board and likely to become known to the public. The reason why a board cannot deal with such a matter is the lack of individual confidence about what to do, and of individual responsibility for doing either something or nothing. But, with three or four hundred in the faculty, the need of attention to this vital matter is always present and urgent. No board knows where new men of first quality are to be found; no board can conduct the negotiations for them or fit them into an harmonious and effective whole. The man who is fitted for this great burden and who puts his conscience up against his responsibility can hardly be expected to tolerate the opposition of an unsubstantial sentiment which would protect a teacher at all hazards, or the more subtle combination of selfish influences which puts personal over and above public interests when the upbuilding of a university is the task in hand.

Not only must the teaching staff be developed, — the work must be organized. It must develop a following, connect with the circumstances and purposes of a constituency, and lead as well as it can up to the peaks of knowledge. It is not necessary that all universities cover the same lines of work or have the same standards. It is not imperative that all have the same courses or courses of the same length. It is necessary that all serve and uplift their

people. But how? A master of literature will say through classical training and literary style; a scientist will say through laboratories; a political economist will say through history and figures and logic; an engineer will say through roads and bridges and knowledge of materials, and the generation and transmission of power and skill at construction; and a professional man will say through building up professional schools, providing no mistake be made about the particular kind of school. Some one of wide experience, having a scholar's training and sympathies, possessed of a judicial temperament and of decision as well, must have the responsibility and the initiative of distributing resources justly as between the multifarious interests, and binding them all into an harmonious and effective whole.

Difficult as that is, it is not the heaviest burden of university leadership. Ideals must be upheld and made attractive: they must be sane ideals which appeal to real men, — and not only to old men, but to young men. There must be no mistaking of dyspepsia for principle, no assumption that character grows only when powers fail; but a rational philosophy of life by which men may live as well as die.

Nor is this all. There must be forehandedness. Some one must be charged with the responsibility of peering into the future and leading forward. New and yet more difficult roads must be broken out. Some one in position to do it must be active in initiating things. He must see what will go, — and, quite as clearly, what will not go. Subtle but fallacious logic — and a vast deal of it — must be resisted, greed combated, conceits punctured, resources augmented, influences enlarged, forces marshaled for practical undertakings, and the whole enterprise made to give a steadily increasing service to the industrial, professional, political, and moral interests of a whole people.

Then there is the management and guidance of students. One may as well complain because this country is a de-

mocracy as repine because the sons and daughters of the masses want to go to college. There is no ground for regret in the fact that our universities are not just like some universities over the seas. We have much to learn from them and we are likely to learn much. We have quite as much to avoid. It seems too much to expect to work un-American ideas, and perhaps loose habits, out of American students who study in Europe, when they come home. Our universities are different from the universities in other countries, because of our circumstances and political history, because of our spirit and outlook. That is reason enough why they should be different.

It is useless to question whether all who come to the higher educational institutions are wise in coming. They *are* coming. The work will have to be broad enough and adaptable enough to meet their needs. Nor is it worth while to bewail the fact that not all who come are serious students. Their purposes are good enough and serious enough according to their lights. Their preparation is what has been exacted by the university and provided by the high school. Some of them have to be pulled up and pushed along, but the process often brings out most unexpected results. Students are not all angels, but every student is worth being helped by an angel up to an angel's place. The task is upon the people who undertake to manage universities.

Students have to be directed in companies, but dealt with individually. They may be directed by a rule; when they break the rule they must be dealt with by a man. It must be a man who can stand pat for all that ought to inhere in a university; but such a man will get on best if, in addition to being able to stand pat, he is able to like boys; he is likely to get on still better if he was once a rather lively boy himself; or, at least, if he is a kind of man for whom a boy with some ginger in him can find it in his heart to have, not only considerable respect, but some regard and admiration.

This is not saying that college students are to be treated like children. It is not implied that they are to be excused for being ruffians. Quite the contrary is true. They are to be held exactly responsible to law and rule and all well-known standards of decent living. There must be less viciousness in the life of American universities, or they must and ought to suffer seriously for it. It is to be resented and punished far more forcefully than it has been. Students who get into this kind of thing and persist in staying in are to be punished, even to the point of being thrust out — and even though it changes the course of their lives and breaks the hearts of fathers and mothers. The good of all is the overwhelming consideration. A university is to be a university, and not something else. Of all institutions, it is to stand for character and ideals. The universities are not to be closed and all youth denied their advantages because a few abuse their privileges. The punishment of the bad, if there are any bad, is the protection of all the rest. It is an essential safeguard to safe administration and the wholesome living of the crowd. But is it not better to go farther and hold all the boys we can from going to the dogs by keeping in sympathy and touch with them, than it is to encourage them into devilry through the coldness or the downright dullness or nervelessness or cowardliness of an administration?

The logic of the situation puts this burden upon the president, or upon one working with singleness of purpose with him. Perhaps the president cannot deal with all directly, but that is no reason why he should not go as far as he may. He must assume responsibility for management, giving the right turn and inspiration to it. It is essentially an executive function. The sun may well avail himself of the help of a cloud to save his face when a board of trustees begins to make preachments filled with benevolent advice to a body of students; and even the man in the moon may be excused if he shuts one eye in contemplation at the spectacle of

a university senate of many members undertaking to deal with a college boy in a scrape.

So much in reference to routine. The president who only follows routine, of course falls short. He is to construct as well as administer. He must initiate measures which will result in larger facilities, in added offerings and enterprises, in searching out new knowledge, in the wider application of principles to work, and not only in the usual, but in the better training of men and women for distinct usefulness in life. He is not only to see that plans are within the limits of revenues, that the physical condition of the plant improves, that everything is clean and attractive, that the faculty is scientifically productive, that the instruction is exact and the spirit true; but he is to take the steps which will keep the whole organization moving ahead. He must adopt and promote and give full credit for movements initiated by others when their propositions are safe and practicable, — but he must also be alert in stopping movements which will not go.

Perhaps more important than all, the president is to declare from time to time the best university opinion concerning popular movements and the serious interests of the state. He must connect the university with the life of the multitude, and exert its influence for the quickening and guidance of that public opinion which, as Talleyrand said, is more powerful than all the monarchs who ever lived or all the laws which were ever declared.

The unity and security of a university can be assured only through accountability to a central office. While every one is to have freedom to do in his own way the thing he is set to do, so long as his way proves to be a good way, the harmony of the whole depends upon the parts fitting together and upon definiteness of responsibility and frequency of accountability. No self-respecting man is going to administer a great office, or an office responsible for great results, and have any doubt about possessing the powers necessary or

incident to the performance of his work. He will have enough to think of without having any doubt upon that subject. There need be no fear of his being too much inflated with power. There will be enough to take the conceits out of him and keep him upon the earth. If he cannot exercise the powers of his great office, and yet keep steady and sane, there is no hope for him and he will speedily come to official ruin. It is not a matter of uplifting or of inflating a man; but of getting a man who can meet the demands of a great situation.

One fit to be trusted with large powers does not boast of them, and he does not need to exercise them very often. He will not go swaggering about, as the beadle does in Dickens's story, always pounding with his staff and proclaiming that the supreme occasion has now come for which he was created a parochial beadle. If large powers are over-used or abused, the man who does it comes to an early official end. The fact of the presence of such powers makes the occasions for their exercise less frequent than they otherwise would be. There is, happily, a higher law in administration, as in everything else, and it both supports and limits the use of means to the accomplishing of ends.

Distinct and decisive authority in both the legislative and executive branches of university government is vital to peace and productivity. Nothing is so disheartening as chaotic conditions without law and leadership. There is small danger from autocrats in America or tyrants in American universities. There is more danger from mistaken reasoning about the means and methods by which the sentiment of a democratic people may have its expression and their wishes have result. Decisive executive authority is not at all inconsistent — it is thoroughly consistent — with democracy in government and freedom in universities. Democracies are as much entitled as any other form of government to have their purposes executed and get things done. Objections to this are sometimes offered, and then, of

course, they are placed upon public grounds, but in fact they rest upon personal considerations. The men who see dangers in leadership, and in the supports which aid leadership, are the men who find it in the way of their peculiar views or personal ambitions; and rather singularly they are also the men who, having any measure of independent control themselves, bloom into as sizable specimens of the species martinet as can develop in purely democratic conditions.

Of course, no one can realize the hopes which centre in a university presidency, without being able to work harmoniously with others. There must be true deference to the opinions of many, and scrupulous recognition of the just, though unexpressed, claims of all. But we must never forget that administrative freedom is quite as inviolable as any other freedom, even in a university. The president must mark out his official course for himself, and bear the responsibility of it without cavil. He must expect to suffer criticism and opposition, even contumely. He cannot expect that the work he has to do will make every one happy. It will discomfit many. In one way or another they will give him all the trouble they can. The protests will be loudest because of the very acts for which his office has been developed. But he may comfort himself with the reflection that if the job were not so heavy there would be a cheaper man to manage it, and that the extent of the opposition is often the measure of real presidential business that is being performed. In any event, his only hope is in success, and he cannot go around the duty which confronts him without inevitable failure. Conditions may easily make a mere compromiser of him. If they do, the waves will speedily close over his official remains forever. Some choice and magnanimous spirits will help him; but he need entertain no doubt that there will be plenty more on every side to try out the stuff that is in him, and that they will diligently attend to the trying-out process until enough

occurs to convince them that his wisdom, his rational conception of his task, his love of justice and sense of humor, his constructive planning, his independence, and his fearlessness, are sufficient to ignore little people and prove him worthy of as great an opportunity for usefulness and honor as ever comes to any man.

All this calls for a rare man. He ought, in the first place, to be reasonably at peace with mankind and in love with youth. He must have the gift of organizing and the qualities of leadership. He ought to have been trained in the universities, not only for the sake of his own scholarship, but that he may be wholly at home in their routine and imbued with their purposes. He must be moved by public spirit as distinguished from university routine or mere scholarly purpose. He must be a scholar, — but not necessarily in literature or science or moral philosophy. It is quite as well if it is in law, or engineering, or political history. He must be sympathetic with all learning.

He can no longer hope to be a scholar in every study. He can hardly hope to administer such a trust or fill such a post without some knowledge of and considerable aptitude for law. His sense of justice must be keen, his power of discrimination quick, his judgment of men and women accurate; his patience and politeness must give no sign of tiring, and the strength of his purpose to accomplish what needs to be done must endure to the very end. Yet he must determine differences and decide things. He must have the power of expression, as well as the more substantial attainments. Beyond possessing sense, training, outlook, experience, resistive power, decision, and aggressiveness, he ought to be a forceful and graceful writer and at least an acceptable public speaker. In a word, the president of an American university is bound to be not only one of the most profound scholars, but quite as much one of the very great, all-around men of his generation.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS

BY MARY MOSS

THROUGH its unconscious exaggeration of superficial, temporary traits, even the ephemeral fiction of any period, taken in mass, may end by producing an entirely genuine record. To give an example, Thackeray in the most general way tells how Colonel Newcome lost his money, and then goes on to explain in detail how that loss affected him. But after reading a half dozen recent specimens of American business novels, you feel like a graduate from some hideous commercial college. You could fleece the good Colonel and evade jail without further instruction. A dozen such books as *Le Nabab* would not equip you with so intimate a knowledge of the Bourse; yet succeeding gen-

erations can enjoy Daudet's story, while to risk prophecy, will any but future ethnologists find their account in our sordid tales of rapine?

*The Memoirs of an American Citizen*¹ is a serious study of the kindly, unscrupulous man of affairs. He starts as a penniless boy in Chicago, and, narrowly missing prison, ends as a United States senator worth countless millions. The story is told in clear, personal narrative which never strays into a false key. The robber captain is dishonest only in a big way. Far more conscientious than a promoter

¹ *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*. By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

like Caesar Birotteau, he sells good sausage. His only temptation is to bribe, and to this he perforce yields, consoling himself with the exercise of family virtue, generosity, and loyalty to friends. His preference would be for flawless honesty, but the choice lies between bribery and unmerited ruin. The book is intelligent, not very vivid. It deals with common people, without being in itself in the least common.

*The House of Cards*¹ shows a young lawyer from Boston, inspecting Philadelphia under the wing of a philosophic and benevolent Asmodeus. Elliot Gregory's ability recommends him to certain powerful financiers, who of course control politics. They offer him instant success and riches; he comes quickly to the parting of the ways: shall he compromise with his scruples and join them, or deliberately destroy every chance of a career by refusing, merely for the abstract comfort of knowing his soul to be white? It is of course fully understood that in case of his not "coming into line" that white soul is certain to be his only asset. It is choosing martyrdom without a mediæval saint's comfortable assurance of halo and heaven! At this juncture, he is swayed by the noble and heroic history of an uncle killed in the Civil War, and you leave him dedicated to exalted failure. If the anonymous author be a young beginner, the story shows promise, if only in imagining a contrast between the youth of today, and his forbears of sixty-one. Also, he betrays a sense that all of life is longer than his own particular decade.

In *The Plum Tree*² Mr. Phillips sticks closely to the matter in hand. For him there is no past, no future, merely an absorbing present. *The Plum Tree* is a complete specimen of the impersonal American novel. Truly, novel it is not, but the literal record of a politician's start, rise,

and triumph. Types are broadly indicated; only one man meets individual treatment. The others, corporation magnates, bosses, heelers, are all capable generalizations, in no way differing from others of their species. Here again we have an honest youth browbeaten and boycotted into accepting conditions as he finds them, with the mental reservation that when he can afford it, he will revert to decency and patriotism. All this is clearly and soberly told. At times there is grim humor in the very absence of comment. Mr. Phillips suggests no remedy; he draws his picture, blaming no one. The politician's lot is not held up as easy or attractive. He must trim between corporations who control all legislation and apply all funds to their own uses, and the people, who cannot be openly robbed beyond a certain limit. Let him displease either, and he is knifed without pity. Here again, as the people incessantly change, as their interests may at any minute merge in those of the corporations, or rather, since there is constant migration from their ranks into the moneyed ranks, the people's power cannot be accurately gauged. Nor can they be counted upon to strengthen an honest man's hand against corruption, since interest alone guides them, neither conviction nor principle. Their interests are also less easily predicted than corporate interests; consequently, besides immediate temptation to side with wealth and power, the politician is farther tempted to join with issues which are conveniently focused for future use. It is easier both to further them, and to be on guard against treachery. Mr. Phillips lays this bare in a simple, readable narrative. Story, in a sense, there is none; style, in a literary sense, there is none; merely a serviceable prose, straightforward and energetic. Although the hotel, parlor car, telephone, and elevator are omnipresent, they serve to clothe an idea, the idea of degradation. They are accessories, part of a demonstration, not the substance of the book. The only living human being is Burbank, the figure-head

¹ *The House of Cards*. By JOHN HEIGH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *The Plum Tree*. By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1905.

president, whose appearance, platform manner, and domestic virtue endear him to the public. I have dwelt upon this at length, because *The Plum Tree* sums up a quantity of books, all more or less ably telling the same story. The wonder is that the public read them with complacency. When a Russian so relieves his mind in print, one set of citizens weld chains upon his ankles, and make him walk, fasting, to Siberia, while the others uphold him as a sacred example to their sons and daughters. An uncomfortable condition, but on the whole healthier than ours, where we have been content to treat corruption like climate, finding it horrid, but inevitable.

With some rawness of execution, Mr. Mighels, in *The Ultimate Passion*,¹ shows welcome vitality, and also introduces a real innovation. We here meet the American-born adventuress, the lobbyist who is not Greystone's wife. With her comes a hint that Tartuffe may also exist in our virtuous country, a move from the accepted position that, whatever his methods in business, the American is always an example to Sir Galahad. This is axiomatic. We value it so highly that we forgive everything else on account of it; so highly, in fact, that at a pinch we assume it. On the whole, comparing these four stories, *The Ultimate Passion* alone suggests a possible reversion to the old-fashioned novel about people.

Following this, in *The Road Builders*,² Mr. Merwin breaks the terrible monotony of deals and watered stocks, by putting his transaction in the open air, in a dimension of toil, sweat, and motion. Instead of the sky-scraper, you are at least given engineers' shanties, surveyors, laborers in the desert. Their water supply (drinking water) is cut off by a rival railway, their lives are threatened. The principle is unchanged, but you see it through

a less sordid medium. You have fewer restaurants, frock coats (such a chapter as could be written on the new financier's clothes!), but the element of primitive adventure breaks in upon the dreariness of tickers and script. Women are left out; there is a hero, but he loves a line of rails and ties.

To review the whole array of these novels, their literary quality, to be polite, is not striking; but however different the treatment or show of capacity, two points are common to them all. Without exception they state that to-day, in America, no able man may find play for his powers, and stay honest. Also, one and all, these novels have really ceased to treat the individual. They abandon men and women for a condition. It is not how your hero manages his fight, it is how his fight manages your hero. They are recording the history of organization; they sing no longer the man, but the arms. Formerly the hero fought one enemy, a whole tribe of enemies, but still he might win through, join his friends, turn the tables, and conquer in the name of God and the right. Nowadays, however, St. George would either have to go virgin-hunting with the dragon, or be gobbled up. He fights a system, with never an open mesh for him to slip through. Moreover, as it is the able and ambitious who are marked for moral bankruptcy,—those whose personal influence is powerful,—and as they may not exercise it for good, they are forced into active proselytism for evil. Even the most modern Frenchmen (as in Fabre's *Ventres Dorés*) feel bound to give a sinister turn to pictures of dishonesty, an apoplexy or a suicide, some faint note of retribution. In our novels, however, only the man who persecutes the hero comes to grief, unless, indeed, the pair end by going into partnership.

To feel the contrast between these and a real book, you have only to open *Nostromo*.³ Money again is the basis, but with a difference. It is the story of the effect

¹ *The Ultimate Passion*. By PHILIP VER-RILL MIGHELS. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

² *The Road Builders*. By SAMUEL MERWIN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

³ *Nostromo*. By JOSEPH CONRAD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

of a silver mine upon the people coming under its spell, the Old-World romance of treasure. Mr. Conrad unravels the bewildering threads of a South American republic seething with revolutions. He clothes in palpitating flesh and blood the things we read in headlines for a day and forget. But here is no melodrama, no opera bouffe with serious moments. It is all deadly earnest. Mr. Conrad gives not only sensational events, war plots, counter-plots, but preëminently and always he is occupied with character. His grave patriots, his bombastic half-breeds, his Europeanized, debased savages, fanatical priests, English Creoles, the old soldier of Garibaldi, are all human beings. Nostromo himself, who might easily have been a cheap swashbuckler, is studied from within. His subtleties and simplicities, the key to his actions, are understood and laid bare. You have to pay close attention. Things happen which you do not fully understand. The story is involved, the movement seems to go backward; it is clumsy. Then suddenly you discover that this is his method, the most extraordinary blending of mystification and revelation. Episode by episode, he positively begins by telling you the end of each adventure, then at his leisure, how it came about. This he does habitually and with good effect. He baffles you with no tawdry mystery, you are not constantly guessing. He frankly tells you "the man was dead," or "in the end, this was successful;" then, having fully posted you on other pressing matters, he lets you know how it happened. The result is that you live his story. When you come down from the mountains into Sulaco and find — all manner of things, you gradually catch up with events as if you had missed your newspaper and dropped a few days behind the world. At first this method bewilders you, but you quickly grow used to it, grow saturated with the place, the people, with the stern, pessimistic morality of the whole. Before long, out of confusion, tumult, and a sense of labor, you emerge into one of those marvelous pas-

sages where Mr. Conrad has no rival; passages in which you live his scene, you taste, smell, and hear with his people. The very elements come at his call. In chapters seven and eight, there is an episode described with such genius that, reading it under a blazing noonday sun, I felt only the midnight darkness of Mr. Conrad's tropic sea. Loneliness, isolation, and fear obliterated the people moving about me. Aching silence drove out the sound of crashing trolley cars. What he willed to tell became more potent than fact. The stimulated imagination controlled actual bodily impressions. Such passages are necessarily rare, but his sense of sustained excitement does not depend on the picturesque setting. The setting merely helps with those of us who find more charm in the pink-tinted, palm-shaded streets of Sulaco than in a Chicago office building. Do not understand me to say that the very greatest kind of novel may not be written, to-morrow, on — an issue of bonds. With Saint-Gaudens's noble Lincoln to disprove it, who can deny that a truly great statue may be wrought in senatorial frock coat of Sunday broadcloth? But I do say with conviction not only that statues so attired are usually ugly and stupid, but that they unpleasantly impoverish the imagination. Possibly Mr. Conrad could put life even into a fraudulent transaction in stocks, but while, no doubt, he could do this, let us be thankful that he still finds matter in the high seas, the islands, and the snow-capped Cordilleras.

Finance among the short story writers takes a deplorable turn. Several volumes lie before me, actually dedicated to certain trades and professions. Their business accuracy is beyond my field of judgment, and upon other ground they have no possible existence. The blight of money once laid aside, you find a number of excellent collections. Mr. Colton's *Belted Seas*¹ is as pleasantly entertaining as if some of Mr. Jacobs's home-

¹ *The Belted Seas*. By ARTHUR COLTON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

biding captains had venturesomely gone to sea with a ship's company recruited by Stevenson, Conrad, and Louis Becke. Not that Mr. Colton plagiarizes. As Anatole France points out, ideas, like air and riparian rights, are common property. The use to which they are put is individual. If another man makes the sun ripen his cucumbers, you are bound to let his harvest alone, but you may capture the same rays for the benefit of your own garden patch. Mr. Colton's stories are hearty, again I must say readable (perhaps no one who has not just been through a hundred and forty perfectly new novels can appraise this quality at its true worth), with that flavor of spicy islands which acts as a welcome condiment.

To a land-lubber, Mr. Colton's seafaring technic sounds as convincing as that of *The Deep Sea's Toll*,¹ by Mr. Connolly, which, though applauded by all true sailors, is a trifle too special for a general reader.

On the contrary, though nothing could be more specialized than *The Smoke-Eaters*,² to appreciate its merits you need not belong to the New York Fire Service. Mr. O'Higgins creates a human interest, in showing the mental attitude of firemen to one another, to the city, to the ward boss. A fireman regards his public much as a shepherd dog looks upon his flock. He feels the same imperative call to save life, the same contempt for the silly sheep. The author brings out the development of this special instinct by environment, the fostering of a useful brutality, the gladiatorial thirst for a fight. He describes a body of men living in the city, an outcome of civic needs, yet strangely isolated by their hours of work, their barrack life, their plunges from tense inactivity into the fiercest danger. This is given as a picture, vividly, with movement, and, from first to last, not one word of explanation.

¹ *The Deep Sea's Toll*. By JAMES B. CONNOLLY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

² *The Smoke-Eaters*. By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS. New York: The Century Co. 1905.

Thanks to a 'distinguishing personal gift, in *A Yellow Journalist*'³ Miss Michelson also writes of her special field in a way to interest people whose closest tie with yellow journalism may be the habit of reading a worthy morning paper. The gift is dash, unsurpassed, undaunted dash. Her gay, emotional, unscrupulous little girl-reporter, listening at doors, lying, cheating, keen as a rat terrier, looks upon life as war. She bows to a code of strictly professional ethics, but it sanctions behavior of which you cannot approve. Nevertheless, upon laying down the book (and you do not lay it down unread) you have finally come to be more edified than disgusted. Moreover, you have been in interesting places. In Chinatown, in convents, you have a whiff of that queer San Francisco world; not a conscientious exposition, but breathless glimpses, as you scurry along on a "beat" with Miss Rhoda Massey. The book overflows with robust gayety, with the quality of sentiment that goes with beat of drum, with the spirit in which combatants kill but do not hate one another. Miss Michelson is as popular, as "catchy" as ragtime, but she always credits you with average intelligence. Like Mr. Kipling, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, she expects you to understand.

Mr. Huneker also takes for granted that you have a normally receptive adult mind. In his *Visionaries*,⁴ he uses the slang of art and literature, as effectively as Miss Michelson employs the startling idiom of yellow journalism, but the pace differs. In fact, there is none. These are pictures, thoughtful, intricate pictures, with a tinge of morbid mysticism, better to be enjoyed by reading one, at intervals, than devoured wholesale at a sitting. The point is that Mr. Huneker studies real states of mind, and the contortions of various temperaments under characteristic modern conditions. Music, poetry, and

³ *A Yellow Journalist*. By MIRIAM MICHELSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

⁴ *Visionaries*. By JAMES HUNEKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

the plastic arts form his field, and in spite of an over-precious vocabulary, he cannot fail of appeal to people who feel no rooted antipathy to bookishness in books.

Mr. Hunecker's stories seemed so far above the average that only after embarking upon Miss Cather's *The Troll Garden*,¹ did I realize his temptation to be almost too clever. This young lady is fully as clever, even more so, I suspect, but she is so much in addition that no single quality predominates to the hurt of an harmonious whole. Not one of these six stories but is full of observation in which a keen eye for accessories merely aids the expression of a deep feeling for meanings. Each little vignette is a delicate and complete study of some phase of an artist nature in contact with the outside world. I am tempted to point out in detail the tenderness of "The Sculptor's Funeral," the insight of "A Garden Lodge," the humor of "Flavia's Artists," the sympathy of "A Death in the Desert," with its incidental touches of that wisdom which, although only a repetition of world-worn facts, is ever new when it comes as personal revelation to any one of us. Miss Cather's discoveries, though seldom gay, are always colored with gentleness, as when she says, "Discerning people are usually discreet, and often kind, for we usually bleed a little before we begin to discern." Each story is entirely reasonable, probable, happening any day under our unseeing eyes. No new ground has been broken, yet they are fresh, unhackneyed. They reassure you on the point that true imagination does not depend upon fantastic flights; it may even, as in "Paul's Case," play upon an unpromising schoolboy in a back street. For cultivation and distinction of style, Miss Cather may even rank with Mrs. Edith Wharton, but she is far more sympathetic, far deeper; not in the sense of being obscure, — she is above all simple, — but deeper in feeling; yet she occupies your mind as fully,

looking out upon the passing show with much discernment, with humor, and with a sense of beauty. Although her stories are short and unpretentious, they seem to me quite the most important in recent American fiction, and I hasten to note (in view of what follows) that the author hails from a part of the country which our grandmothers used to call "the West."

After studying a shelf-full (I decline to name them) of novels portraying fashionable, aristocratic, high-society Western life (I have their word for it), with their dreadful colored frontispieces of self-satisfied young ladies, their hopeless superficiality, their sameness and trashy knowingness, I honestly tried to find whether the antipathy they aroused sprang from prejudice or just cause. Why, to take a sentence chosen at random, is this so offensive? "A tall young man sped swiftly up the wide stone steps leading to the doorway of a mansion in one of Chicago's most fashionable avenues." Suppose Mr. Hichens were to write the same, merely substituting the word "London," for "Chicago"? To begin with, it is un-supposable. He would find another way! When a man writes of "fashionable" society anywhere, he must either do so from the angle of an observer (a kitchen observer, if you will, like Chimmie Fadden or Jeames Yellowplush), or in such style as to make you confident that he knows what he is talking about, that he is of it. Such a sentence as the above shatters your trust. The author probably believes the maiden his hero is speeding towards to be a high-born lady. You suspect her of chewing gum, of lately discovering her finger nails, of using active-transitive words without their lawful objects. Yet you know, as a fact, that the West does contain people with all the hallmarks of universal civilization. Is it snobbish to judge by these trifles? That question belongs rather to life than literature, or would if the two were separable. How can it be snobbish, when the race track, the theatre, the newspaper, are all al-

¹ *The Troll Garden*. By WILLA SIBERT CATHER. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

lowed their special vocabulary? If a laureate of the prize ring were to say, "The Black Bantam then passed a little way to the east and slapped the Pink Chicken's right limb," we should doubt his authority. Trollope fully understood the common streak in dear Lady Glen-cora, Duchess of Omnium, and his frank acknowledgment of this gives you faith in his judgment when he implies the good breeding of Lady Mary Palliser and Miss Violet Effingham. On the whole, I can find no reason that Society should not have its accepted formula, and that all lapses should be laid to imperfect observation on the chronicler's part, or leave him under the suspicion of having strayed in upon a "fake" performance.

Such objection in no way applies to Mr. Jack London's excellent novelette, *The Game*.¹ With entire skill he gives the idyl of a shop girl and a prize-fighter. If the idyllic side makes a perceptible demand upon your credulity, the result is at least attractive. If the young man's defense of his craft recalls Cashel Byron's, it is only because both are correct. Indeed, word for word, I was privileged to hear exactly such a plea from a prize-fighter's girl who was not idyllic, nor could she by any chance have quoted Bernard Shaw.

Mary Austin's *Isidro*² is another readable California story, a not too probable Spanish-American romance, gaining color from a picturesque setting.

A judicious use of setting also forms the value of *The Girl from Home*,³ a sketch of court life in Honolulu, when Kalakaua was king. Mrs. Strong's story is of the slightest, but it leaves you with a cheerful sense of having lately picnicked in some pleasant spot where a perpetual sun shone with pure benevolence.

Local New England novels, with few exceptions, for the time being, suffer from inanition. The younger writers

¹ *The Game*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *Isidro*. By MARY AUSTIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

³ *The Girl from Home*. By ISOBEL STRONG. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

there seem hemmed in by crystallized and immortal types, till their productions irresistibly suggest those gentle birds cherished by Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, the proud and pathetic survivors of an illustrious race.

A year ago the South was in much the same state. Until the Civil War, life was being lived there much too passionately to favor literary expression. Following the war came a time when the mere struggle for daily bread absorbed every energy. Finally the ripened emotion found outlet, and we enjoyed a flood of Southern novels, all teeming with vivid, first-hand experience. With the exception of Miss Grace King, who has ever written purely as an artist, all these talented men and women had a message for the world, and sadly, humorously, or passionately, they hastened to tell it. Then the emotion set into a convention. A generation grew up who received it second-hand from their parents, from their grandparents! Instead of that revolt from the immediate past, that healthy attrition, which makes the breath and pulse of art, the Southern novelist rested content with looking out through his grandmother's spectacles, until each successive impression seemed a fainter shadow of the last. Now, suddenly, the New South looks about for itself. The new story-tellers suffer from a tradition of florid writing, from diffuseness; they have not laid hold upon their characters; but they face the South to-day as people to whom life is real, and to whom the war, the Lost Cause, has become a beautiful and stirring memory.

The mere fact of this forward mental step must of necessity refresh the literary movement. *The Northerner*⁴ is a perfectly candid, courageous picture of Southern life to-day. If Miss Davis condemns lynching, discusses aspects of the color question hitherto ignored by Southern women (always excepting Miss King), none the less she is full of sentiment for her own birthplace. If she lavishes orna-

⁴ *The Northerner*. By NORAH DAVIS. New York: The Century Co. 1905.

mental words, she is never common. Although a street railway plays a large part in *The Northerner*, it never monopolizes the stage. If she plainly sees local faults, her hope and affection lie in the New South, with its unforgettable background, a background which her heroine thus charmingly explains to a stranger from the North:—

"How can I put into language that which has neither speech nor language of its own? I could not define Dixie any more than I could explain nostalgia. I could not even tell you . . . that it extends from the Ohio River to the Gulf — for it does not. There are great tracts within that area which are just simply — Florida, Texas, Georgia. Not Dixie at all! Dixie is a feeling — you know — a belief, a sentiment. Like the German Vaterland. And where those currents set strongest and swiftest in the Sargasso Sea of feeling, as it were, there — there is Dixie!"

*The Master Word*¹ possesses much the same quality of straightforwardness. The troubles arising from an unfortunate mulatto girl are not met as if she alone were responsible for her mixed blood. Taken for itself, *The Master Word* is not perhaps a better book than many I am passing without mention. Taken in its place, it is full of significance, and should be neglected by no one who wishes to follow contemporary conditions.

Whether it be that American humor is merely lying fallow, or whether it seeks a field other than fiction, I have lately found few sensations so rare as a smile. Mr. Chambers, however, in *Iole*,² opens with a very taking humor. This is a slightly fantastic satire, told with all his skill and sureness, but unfortunately he has expanded a short skit into a book, by a perfectly apparent and mechanical device. The fun really ends with Iole's marriage, at which point a wise reader, grate-

ful for a smile, will move on to other pastures.

Fiction immemorially supplies two kinds of Venus, the serious and the — tinted. *The Venus of Cadiz*³ is tinted with a refreshing gayety. I began it, tuned for one more tale of rustic life, sad or sweet, but slightly monotonous; and behold, a laugh! Richard Fisguill's book is as rational, earnest, plausible, and full of purpose as an Offenbach libretto. But please remember, those librettos were written by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy! Having staged his piece in a Kentucky cave among moonshiners, the author troubles himself not at all about his plot. That may (and in a fashion does) take care of itself. He is quite too light-hearted for troubles of any kind, spontaneously reeling off his ideas, ridiculous or witty, as they bubble up within him. Take him very gravely, and he evaporates in your clutch. Read him sympathetically, and he will reward you with the next best thing to tears, — a laugh.

In a former paper, I spoke rashly of the historical novel as being on the wane. I was much astray! In America alone, the past six months have given birth to six thick novels upon European and Asiatic history, covering the Second Empire, Roundhead and Cavalier, Saladin, Charlemagne, the Danish invasions; one even undauntedly describes a scene with which most of us are familiar in the twenty-second chapter of St Luke! On American history before the Civil War, I have no less than eight volumes, of which the most readable is *The Reckoning*.⁴ The British occupation of New York is an interesting period, and not overworked. It is also free from Quakers, who have sunk to be the accredited bores of our patriotic fiction. Mr. Chambers's richly dressed puppets move briskly through their many trials to a happy end, and the author, as I before said, is a competent story teller.

¹ *The Master Word*. By L. H. HAMMOND. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *Iole*. By ROBERT CHAMBERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

³ *The Venus of Cadiz*. By RICHARD FISGUILL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

⁴ *The Reckoning*. By ROBERT CHAMBERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

Novels dealing with the Woman Question grow very rare. To follow the course of this movement, with which fiction was once so busy, Woman first wished to repudiate, then ignore her sex. She is now excitedly rediscovering it! The tyranny of Man has, however, ceased to be an active grievance. *The Wine Press*¹ alone hovers about this, but without acrimony. The real onslaught here is upon the early tendencies of women's colleges. In *Amanda of the Mill*,² Marie Van Vorst attacks the treatment of factory girls, but this is only a part of her very striking indictment of labor conditions, applying almost equally to men.

The theme of labor has also fallen into disuse. Although it is touched on by Mr. Pier in *The Ancient Grudge*,³ his special bent lies in quite another direction. While lacking the swing and vitality to animate large issues, he possesses, perhaps unknown to himself, a fine personal gift. This is a delicate sensitiveness to the feelings of very young people. He sees the relation of youth to youth, of the shy lad to the pretty girl; he understands the tie between college life and manhood. These things he sees not childishly, but in a fashion to suggest that he may become the poised and intelligent interpreter of his own generation.

To go back to the Question of Woman, how Harriet Martineau and Mary Wollstonecraft would have rejoiced at two stories which vividly portray woman's tyranny over man! In *Constance Trescott*,⁴ Dr. Mitchell gives one female cannibal, from whose all-devouring love her husband happily escapes by being shot. Unable to satisfy her appetite upon his memory, her passion finds outlet in ven-

geance. After hounding his murderer to suicide, her ferocious egotism looks for sustenance to a healthy-minded relative. Susan, however, finds refuge in marriage, upon which Constance turns professional hysteric, and preys upon herself. At this juncture we leave her, with regret that Dr. Mitchell should stop at this point in a study which he could so well push to its instructive end.

Perhaps, on the whole, he was only merciful, since the spectacle afforded by *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*⁵ is almost more than flesh and blood can bear. Mr. Howells's whole ability (and in reading "all the new novels" one learns the worth of such skill as his) is called forth to show three hapless men in three stages of engulfment by affectionate boa-constrictors. Miss Bellard, whom he disguises as a good, pretty girl, is merely at the stage of fascinating her victim, while Mrs. Crombie surrounds and assimilates her husband so smoothly that the wretched man is smothered before he knows it. Mrs. Mevison, however, painfully mangles hers, with a frightful crunching of bones. Meeting in a lonely country house, these three situations produce a book which should certainly be kept from thoughtful young men contemplating matrimony.

Curiously enough, the most conservative story upon divorce comes from a very young writer, Miss Frances Davidge. *The Misfit Crown*⁶ is the history of a woman who does not leave her husband, merely because she finds him dull and another man the reverse. This makes perhaps as telling a plea for steadfastness as any sensational picture of the horrors of divorce. It all goes back to the insoluble question as to whether it is more useful to show virtue as lovable, or vice as odious. In spite of certain pardonable defects of inexperience, Miss Davidge shows

¹ *The Wine Press*. By ANNA ROBESON BROWN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

² *Amanda of the Mill*. By MARIE VAN VORST. New York: Dodd Mead, & Co. 1905.

³ *The Ancient Grudge*. By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

⁴ *Constance Trescott*. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. New York: The Century Co. 1905.

⁵ *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

⁶ *The Misfit Crown*. By FRANCES DAVIDGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

marked talent. She is thoughtful without heaviness; she is clever without the thinness which too often goes with cleverness, and she bids fair to have an excellent style.

If Miss Davidge prefers to applaud a good example, Judge Grant is as usual scourging the wicked, in *The Orchid*,¹ a sharp diagram of all such rich communities as cluster about suburban country clubs. It is all as explanatory as "Seeing New York." Consequently you merely feel that he is stating a condition, never that he tells you the story of one person or group of people. It is the difference between a showman and an improvisator, — Barnum or Sheherazade. His problem is not clothed with humanity; it stalks abroad, not only naked, but as a skeleton, with every correct articulation exposed to view. Only, when you find a woman sitting on a garden bench with a lover at her side, you really wish to see two people having, or pretending to have, certain sensations (emotions would be inappropriate). You do not care to be told, "This is the way they do it." Imagine reading about Becky Sharp, and thinking, "Yes, the formula is probably correct!" You are breathless to know how the individual Becky managed; later you may generalize upon the type. Now could any one possibly think of Judge Grant's Lydia as a separate person, as other than the kind of woman who brazens it out and pulls through? The women oppress the men with all the inevitable movements of automata; while with living creatures there is almost sure to be a possible alternative. And this is all the more provoking, since Judge Grant stands for everything we most value, and reaches so far that there is ingratitude in quarreling with him for not reaching farther.

In *The House of Mirth*,² to the contrary, Miss Bart's actions not only surprise you, but you are even ready to dis-

pute Mrs. Wharton's knowledge of what her heroine really did do. Lily is a very complete study of the siren of a girl, too poor to keep up with the set in which she moves, who is unfortunately too radically snobbish to cut free from it. Her hold upon this society lies in beauty, elegance, adaptability, and willingness to amuse superfluous husbands (here again woman is the aggressor). Yet under this pliability, she is victim to a self-indulgence so boundless that, at last resort, it amounts to a fair imitation of principle. To be consistent, with her utterly sordid ideals, Lily should promptly knock herself down to the highest bidder. Yet at the very moment when the dull, eligible suitor has finally come to terms, Miss Bart must always see the sweetness of frisking off with a detrimental. She is too fastidious for the life she is leading, but unfit for any other available one. As a point of probability, would not Lily either have early succumbed or managed her way to better things? But when you find yourself discussing the truth of a novel, you are really paying it high tribute. Moreover, such inconsistencies are perhaps likely in a person whose conduct is guided entirely by taste, without a shadow of conviction. Lily is no more deliberately venal than she is deliberately decent. Certain surroundings and a comforting sense of being "in things" are necessary to her existence. A balloon may not scheme to get gas; it merely collapses without. On the whole, I believe that Mrs. Wharton knows the truth about Lily. She was as incapable of meanness as of any other form of economy. She only wanted a pretty gown, fresh flowers, a roll of dollars in her pocket for bridge, a pleasant companion, and all doors hospitably open to her. Simple, rational needs! That her income, though ample for a plainer life, was quite unequal to the pace of her friends naturally plunged her into trouble. As for the society in which poor Lily moves, Mrs. Wharton has no colors too black, no acid too biting, for its unredeemed odiousness and vulgarity. She

¹ *The Orchid*. By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

² *The House of Mirth*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

shows its sensuality to be mere passionless curiosity; she displays its cautious balancing of affairs so that reputations are preserved, not lost, in the divorce courts; her people, with regard to the quality commonly known as virtue, resembling rich defaulters who are lucky enough through a technicality to miss a term in jail. The whole is brilliantly well conceived, brilliantly executed. Facets of light glitter before your eyes at the mere thought of it. No cheap sacrifice is made to the buying public's supposed craving for sweet pretty endings. There is but one lack. Read it with approval, with enjoyment. Put it down and go your way refreshed by a novel that held your attention unflaggingly to the end. That is exactly the crux! After finishing *Diana of the Crossways*, did you tranquilly proceed with the business of life? Did you not, at least, need — a dry handkerchief? Diana committed a far baser act than any of poor Lily's, yet we love her! Diana betrayed a friend for money, yet we love her! For all its brilliancy, *The House of Mirth* has a certain shallowness; it is thin. At best, Lily can only inspire interest and curiosity. You see, you understand, and you ratify, but unfortunately, you do not greatly care. There is more pathos in what befell Miss Cather's wretched little degenerate Paul than in the pitiful fate of a beautiful girl like Lily Bart!

Indeed, after the somewhat arid glitter of *The House of Mirth*, you turn with a sense of comfortable repose to the seasoned solidity of the average English novel.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Mayor of Troy*¹ is a broadly humorous tale of old Cornwall. The mayor has a vague likeness to Tartarin, but he is of course slower and stolider than his French equivalent, and I can even imagine elderly ladies wondering what their husbands find in him to provoke such satisfying chuckles. *Shakespeare's Christmas and Other Sto-*

*ries*² shows far more quality. Whether the time be Elizabeth's or Napoleon's, "Q" knows his facts well enough to subordinate them to his story. Nor do you feel as if the historic setting had been for him a deliberate choice. Grim or gay, — and these genre pictures are both, — you no more see him staging them in modern scenes than you can imagine a group by Vibert or Zamacois subdued to golf costume or dinner coats.

Mr. Hewlett's *Fond Adventures*³ is also untransposable. Here again he shows his virtuosity in creating a magic haze, beyond which his mediæval figures move upon their fate. You feel less that he is copying Froissart, De Commynes, the Heptameron, the Chronicles of Margaret of Valois, than that you have fallen upon an eye-witness who tells of events still fresh in his memory, but not altogether contemporary. To make this middle distance, this perspective, is Mr. Hewlett's secret, his successful method of sustaining an illusion both of remoteness and reality. You imagine his fancy being caught by a face in an illuminated missal, a name or title in a black-letter volume. He ponders what manner of man or woman, lad or maid this may have been, — a silent, secret creature, more discreet than true, more wise than loving? Or may be a blowsy, full-blown piece of sensuality, reddening and glowing at a touch. Against whatever background Mr. Hewlett puts his Florentine clansmen, English followers of Jack Cade, Angevin lords, always these figures are live human beings. Even if his types be ever so slightly conventionalized, it is as invariably conventionalizing the proven personality, never animating his picture with a suitably dressed marionette. Edwin Abbey could never paint these people, though it might have been possible to Couture, had Couture's heart been — black! Not

² *Shakespeare's Christmas and other Stories.* By QUILLER-COUCH. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

¹ *The Mayor of Troy.* By QUILLER-COUCH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

³ *Fond Adventures.* By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

that Mr. Hewlett at all resembles the actual Couture; he is less golden. He enjoys the plunge of sharp poniards into white, wincing flesh. He seldom loves, never pities. His is no genial talent; he has no such tender melancholy as Maeterlinck in his precious, morbid, mediæval poems. *The Fool Errant*¹ is a picaresque Candide, straying through Eighteenth-Century Italy; a minor poet, the most foolish of his race. Can it be that Mr. Hewlett after all grows genial? One would as soon suspect Mr. Eden Phillpotts of that weakness, although neither *The Secret Woman* nor *Knock at a Venture*² suggests this calamity as imminent.

Not that Mr. Phillpotts lacks humor in his legendary tales of a Dartmoor village. In *Knock at a Venture* he occasionally gives vent to a grim playfulness kin to the little sardonic jests of Nature, when she overturns a nest, flattening the delicate bodies of unfledged birds upon hard, stony ground. His usual theme is one woman and two men, with the troubles which come when there is not enough of anything to go round. *The Secret Woman* is a long story of the same type, a striking example of fine character-drawing revealed through a highly trying medium. It is as though a man with absolute knowledge of drawing and composition should paint in a color as frankly artificial as that of Mr. Watts's Hope. The people, in the way they talk, are quite unlike any living creatures, — certainly this is true. Their whole external atmosphere is blatantly impossible. But their minds, passions, and impulses are real. You reach their inner workings through the subtlety of Mr. Phillpotts. He finishes the convolutions, untwists the coils. He makes them speak the windings of their tormented souls. Not the most practiced creatures of civilization could formulate their mental processes as subtly as these rough peasants. Nor does

he avowedly interpret them, but makes them speak for themselves. In fact, he is the exact antithesis of the many clever Americans whose people talk verbatim like "the man in the street," whose type is perfectly clear in every superficial detail, but whose deeper natures are unfelt, unprobed. Consequently, in *The Secret Woman*, while battling with an odious dialect, while convinced that no peasants could so have voiced their souls, you never doubt the genuineness of either characters or emotions. You believe that the same tragedy, with purely external differences, could be enacted in any class of life. The physical violence would be differently expressed; the foundation might be the same in Paris or New York. It differs from Grazia Deledda's sombre Sardinian story, *After Divorce*,³ in that her people do not unravel themselves for your benefit. You are given the outward descriptions, her admirable interpretation, their tense, undeveloped speech. Mr. Phillpotts must of course suggest Thomas Hardy, but it is Hardy unrelieved. He is as gloomy as if a Millet laborer should suddenly become voluble on the passionate side of his nature. There is never a cheerful gleam of red cloak in sunlight, no comfortable encampments by the wayside, no Constable or Chrome effects, but moody nights, rising winds, and rebellious spirits in poverty-haunted bodies. Another contrast to the American writers is that, although Mr. Phillpotts brings in most of the cardinal sins, it is the emotions concerning murder and a few others which absorb him, rather than the actual horror. Another point, perhaps the most important, whatever its drawbacks, — you will never dream of laying down *The Secret Woman* unfinished.

Something of the same sadness pervades Frennssen's *Jörn Uhl*,¹ a broad,

¹ *The Fool Errant*. By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

² *The Secret Woman*. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. *Knock at a Venture*. By the Same. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

³ *After Divorce*. By GRAZIA DELEDDA (Translated by MARIA H. LANSDALE.) New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

¹ *Jörn Uhl*. By GUSTAVE FRENNSSEN. (Translated by F. S. Delmer.) Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1905.

leisurely epic of German farm life, national as a folk song, as comprehensible, as simple. But where in country toil Sudermann sees only Frau Sorge, Frennssen finds fulfillment as well as struggle. Pain, poverty, and death are there, and grossness, but also love, devotion, and wholesome joy of the good old earth. Humor is absent, but in Frennssen's geniality, you hardly miss it. He concedes the facts of vice and passion as frankly as Phillpotts, but without giving them such prominence. He is tolerant to man the animal, yet pins his faith to the soul of man. *Jörn Uhl* is long, at times more than a little dull, but you willingly read it to the end, because, to quote his own comment on a German landscape, "It was all clearly and finely and most lovingly painted, with a touch of plain rustic honesty, and rough, hearty fruitfulness in it."

Turning to English novels of society, *The Marriage of William Ashe*¹ strengthens a purely imaginary theory, suggested by Mrs. Ward's recent books. I can almost swear to a busy coterie of friends and well-wishers discreetly whispering, "Such a pity dear Mary hampers her genius by writing problem novels." Not satisfied with the fact that *Robert Elsmere*, *Marcella*, and *Helbeck of Bannisdale* are achievements with which one might well rest content, they have, I firmly believe, badgered the poor lady into trying plain novels, ignoring the chance of her talent being one which needs a special condition to vivify it. Deprived of the stimulating problem, reaching about for a *clou*, Mrs. Ward then fell upon her present method, in which, for all her established excellence, she suffers chill and loss of flexibility. She is rigidly bound to characters already developed. Rails are laid upon which she needs must travel. It may be very cultivating for the people who are thus first aware of Lady Caroline Lamb; but think of a Byron enthusiast's feeling toward such an incarnation

as Geoffrey Cliffe! Although in William Ashe Mrs. Ward really had a problem made to her hand, she goes little into the rights and wrongs of marriage, consequently it does not afford her that sense of personal exasperation upon which the born *Tendenz* writer must ever depend for a supply of heat and movement.

Another problem writer who sticks to her last (does not Mr. Benson point out that the shoemaker only grows tiresome when he will talk chiffons?) is Miss Elizabeth Robbins. Although this lady is an American, I group her with the English, because she apparently belongs there. *The Dark Lantern*² abounds in the kind of plain speaking which makes some people shiver, and affects others as a wholesome breath of fresh air. The problem in this is far less woman's attitude towards man, than her voyage of discovery in certain regions within herself. If her pursuit of man is less italicized than in Mr. Shaw's plays, the fact is never questioned. An inexperienced girl's first love affair is a tragic failure. The passion thus aroused and cheated turns in upon her destructively. We have of course had every variation of this theme a thousand times before, every variation, that is, but the one chosen by Miss Robbins. We have long heard of young ladies falling into a decline for love, but never, at least in English fiction, of — of — I am unequal to going farther. Suffice to say, Miss Robbins, with many inequalities of workmanship, is never dull, and never coarse. She treats the problem in the only way which is neither empirical, nor childish, merely stating it, never risking a solution. As we have so few novels which deal with woman, it is interesting here again to see that, her economic independence of man being more or less settled, woman and her chroniclers find themselves faced by a baffling fact. After all, the economic independence seems a small fraction of the trouble. Cure that, and enough dependence still remains to create a problem

¹ *The Marriage of William Ashe*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

² *The Dark Lantern*. By ELIZABETH ROBBINS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

capable of the very simplest solution — or none!

Entirely grown-up people of steady nerves will find this whole situation most happily taken off in Von Wolzogen's burlesque on the New Woman in Germany, *Das Dritte Geschlecht*.⁴

Twenty-five and odd years ago, Mr. Shaw was naturally in full swing of deploring woman's gilded dependence upon man. *The Irrational Knot*⁵ could only be made to his taste by instant cutting, and there can be few sensations more piquant than meeting his personal point of view clothed in a language which, to quote his preface, "makes all the persons in a novel, except the comically vernacular ones . . . utter themselves in the formal phrases and studied syntax of eighteenth-century rhetoric." In fact, his own narrative in this early work would not disgrace Miss Edgeworth, which makes it a curious medium for theories of which that lady could never have been guilty. As the story goes on, Mr. Shaw better masters his pen, and epigram at no time fails him. In brief, it is the raw, inexperienced venture of an immensely witty person, formless in a way, full of pith, full of promise. The characters are clearly seen, not always well expressed. Connolly himself, the master figure, is, at a first glance, hardly convincing. Yet his behavior is not really unlike the height of sublimity urged upon Minna Wagner and Otto Wesendonck by Richard Wagner and Otto's wife. True, Minna proved recalcitrant, but Wesendonck bowed beautifully to the needs of another man's genius. If this be true in life, it certainly is not new in fiction. Goethe, in *The Elective Affinities*, merely gave an eighteenth-century variation on the same question of conjugal liberality, differing from Mr. Shaw's rather in manner than in intrinsic impulse. In *The Irrational Knot*, then, our author was only following the steps

of other romantics in riding a tilt against the bourgeois custom of marriage, delightedly and irresponsibly putting his lance in rest and cantering into the ring. Be these giants or windmills, there is always the fun of a scrimmage, and the grinding of corn is after all highly unimportant. Naturally, you compare his attitude toward marriage in this work to that in *Man and Superman*. Whereas in his youth, the human, legal institution was the subject of his revolt, we now see the touch of middle-aged conservatism, in that he apparently has come to accept marriage as a necessary evil, while his real quarrel appears to be with something ineradicable, — how can one say it? — with the fundamental arrangement of which marriage is an outcome. A positively mediæval asceticism has taken possession of him, with the morbidity which, as cause or consequence, always accompanies that asceticism. But is not this being very solemn over a clever and amusing story? Read it by all means; buy it even, and enjoy it as a stimulant for the young, a rod to chasten the old, set, and pompous, and give Mr. Shaw all admiration, not as a prophet, but as incomparably the most brilliant writer of our day, a dazzling, irresponsible, destructive Irish wit, whose opinions, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Anthony Hope, are largely formed by hating those of other people.

There is nothing in the least erratic about *Belchamber*.¹ This is simply one of those substantial, leisurely English novels for which we have no American equivalent. The invalid hero, of delicate perceptions and timid unfitness for a great position, is fairly real. The suffering of a too just-minded, rational creature among a company of greedy instinctives is only too probable. In fact, *Belchamber* presents an odd example of character-drawing above the average, a plausible situation with a rather foolish plot. That is, the people are like real people, but at crucial moments their behavior becomes

⁴ *Das Dritte Geschlecht*. By ERNST VON WOLZOGEN. Berlin: Rich. Eckstein.

⁵ *The Irrational Knot*. By G. BERNARD SHAW. New York: Brentano's. 1905.

¹ *Belchamber*. By HOWARD OVERING STURGIS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

quite fantastic. Now in real life unimaginable things are done every day, but in the novel of manners the novelist must be chary of taking this license, since he is obliged to prove his people's reality through their actions. Still, whatever its shortcomings, *Belchamber* belongs among those books which are good enough not only to read, but to discuss, and it leaves you hoping that Mr. Sturgis's next story may show as great a gain over former work as Mr. Locke has reached in *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*.¹

My notes upon this story are fairly spattered with delighted adjectives, proclaiming the kind of novel for which we are all grateful. It is brisk, witty, gay even, with a minor modulation for relief. Undoubtedly Marcus Ordeyne, the ineffectual and well-bred scholar, is placed in a position which slightly taxes your credulity. But on the other hand, is anything too strange to happen in London? Only a few years since, was not a fascinating rumor current of disloyal Chinamen being tortured in the cellar of the Chinese embassy, while English guests were unconcernedly dining overhead? Doubtless pure legend! But the fact of its being whispered abroad proves that the romancer has infinite scope in the matter of situations. That his plot should be probable matters less than nothing; that he should make it appear so is the question at issue; and long before the adventure befalls Marcus, you have put your hand trustingly in Mr. Locke's and have decided to believe all he tells you. Now how has he gained your confidence? Simply by a lively, entertaining style and by the naturalness of Ordeyne's character and speech. The two women are equally well realized. Judith is put in with a light and sure touch upon the woman of refined but imprudent emotions, driven to find sanctuary in a queer borderland, like the debtors' Alsatia of ancient days. But Carlotta is a much more difficult achieve-

ment,—the harem-bred girl of European blood, with her ignorance, her amazing knowledge, and her frank, soulless animalism. Mr. Locke works out his situation fluently, and while it is by no means easy to accept Carlotta, who can disprove her? As Mark Twain says, never having seen a buffalo try to climb a tree, how do I know that it cannot? Never having seen anything dimly approaching Carlotta, I can only be certain that she is a live, exciting, and at times an almost touching creature; also that when she and "Seer Marcous" undertake to discuss the affairs of the universe, you may look for considerable diversion.

"What is sex?" Carlotta asks, in one of these improving debates. "It is the Fundamental Blunder of Creation," Marcus replies; from which you may see that, if Mr. Locke does not put on the airs of a solemn philosopher, it is not for lack of a neat and pretty wit.

No English novel by a new writer, for serious, restrained ability, bears comparison with *The Apple of Eden*,² the study of a young Irish priest in his struggle of adjustment to the renunciations of his calling. *Although less picturesquely staged than Anatole France's *Thaïs*, with its holy anchorites and demoniac jackals, the theme is identical. Mr. Thurston's treatment, however, more resembles the work of certain younger Frenchmen, without the exception which may at times be taken to their over-thoroughness. In their conscientious sociological novels, the new French writers barely make a concession to please you; consequently their books, though edifying, are apt to be a trifle dull. Edmond Haraucourt has lately touched the same subject (except that a layman, not a priest, undergoes the trials), without a tithe of Mr. Thurston's humanity. In *Les Bénédict*³ you face an unpleasant problem. It is stated with dignity and decency, but quite baldly.

² *The Apple of Eden*. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

³ *Les Bénédict*. By EDMOND HARAUCOURT. Paris: Librairie Universelle.

¹ *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. New York and London: John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1905.

In *The Apple of Eden* you read the moving story of a live man, in which that problem plays its part. The story, moreover, is told with infinite delicacy, and with that respect for form which makes a novel something other than an abstract of facts, a mere physiological document. If Mr. Thurston's subject does not legitimately admit of gayety, he contrives at least to color it with human kindness. You feel and see his father, Michael, with understanding sympathy. You do not merely enjoy old father Conolly's horse sense tinctured with tender wisdom, but you look upon him with affection. In fact, if Mr. Thurston sees the points of his story like a showman, he tells it with the skill of Sheherazade.

To praise Mr. Swinburne's prose would savor of impudent patronage, though its quality adds greatly to the pleasure of *Love's Cross Currents*.¹ Except as all truth must be serious, in this group of portraits Mr. Swinburne has taken life somewhat lightly. He is not aiming at reform; he is delightfully amoral. Look, gentle reader, upon the spectacle; divert yourself or weep, according to your nature. If you find it surprisingly modern for a book written in the seventies, only remember that good work bears no date, that a Tanagra figurine seems more modish to-day than an angel by Canova. If Lady Midhurst's letters might have been written by a kindly Lady Kew, their sentiments would also be quite in place in an effusion from "Elizabeth's" mother; you would merely note a gain in depth and finish. Clara Radworth is entirely the Englishwoman of later fiction, of our own time, cool, flinty, but craving perpetual excitement. Amicia, Lady Cheyne, is the *grande passionée* of all time, lovely, lovable, even in the hasty glimpses we have of her. She suggests one of Mr. Mallock's heroines — born good! Very truly good, with all the temptations of a sinner! Reginald's

outbursts to his grandmother, extolling his ill-chosen lady, are models of generous folly. You yourself writhe with all the hapless wrath of an elderly relative who watches a favorite child hypnotized into seeing only nobleness in palpably inferior behavior. There is no exaggerated satire, only a whimsical understanding of the way people live side by side, blind to one another's inward throes. It is as clever as Mr. Hichens or Mr. Benson at their best, as amusing. It is full of charm, breathing cultivation, and whets your curiosity with a fear that you are not always quite fine, quite perceptive enough to catch what is passing under your eyes. You are plunged among a set of strangers, you hear what they say over their gregarious afternoon tea cups, but have no idea what turn their conversation may take when they stroll off in lonely couples by the river. Are they discussing the latest novel, or sobbing in one another's arms? For all its slightness, the book leaves an impression. You remember! You have a far clearer vision of every person than of the elaborately explained Lady Kitty, in *William Ashe*. There is much that you have not been told; no fear of your neglecting any crumbs which have been vouchsafed you.

Mr. Anthony Hope's method is quite different. *A Servant of the Public*² is crystal clear, from cover to cover, — no elisions, no inferences. Not that he dwells upon superfluous detail (how little he tells of Ora Pinsent's past life, yet how completely you realize it!), but simply that he employs that restrained knowledge of anatomy which enables a painter to give his figure legs to stand on, without exhibiting a chart of bone, muscle, and nerve. However laboriously he may have gained this knowledge, you merely see a charming actress, and the disturbance to be looked for when abnormally developed creatures of the stage are let loose upon conventional society. There is no

¹ *Love's Cross Currents*. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1905.

² *A Servant of the Public*. By ANTHONY HOPE. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1905.

striving for sensation, no attempt to instruct, no hinting at what might have been. A very discreet book, yet losing nothing by perfect decorum. It must always be a thousand pities that memories of *Zenda*, *Hentzau*, and *The Princess Osra* constantly prevent Mr. Hope's being discovered by many people as one of the best of our wise and witty chroniclers of contemporary life. *A Servant of the Public* naturally suggests comparison with Mr. Henry James's *Tragic Muse*. Mr. James cuts deeper, reaches dimensions at which Mr. Hope is not even aiming. If Mr. James bewilders you with the extent of his understanding, you may end by suspecting that Mr. Hope, on the other hand, is deliberately suppressing huge ramifications of knowledge, in order to leave a

direct, crisp narrative, sound enough to appease the fastidious, yet sufficiently simple to reassure the most superficial reader.

If the thing any longer happened in America, I should expect every young man who read of her to lose his heart to Mr. Hope's beguiling heroine. But if our current fiction is to be credited, with few exceptions young people no longer fall very badly in love. To believe this testimony (which heaven forbid!), if you should chance upon any young gentleman seasoning his bread with tears and passing troubled, sleepless nights, be very sure that the next morning will find him briskly motoring down town, with the firm resolve to have wrecked at least one rival — corporation by lunch time.

A VILLAGE DRESSMAKER

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THEY might have reminded one of the chorus of old voices in a Greek play, — the two old women in the last daylight, with but one thought between them; their interest was so impersonal. Life was to them a grave affair; they regarded its slow unfolding with serious, apprehensive eyes. Its tone was that of the dull russet of the long fields and round-backed hills that made their dreary outlook most of the year. They expected nothing fortunate. Their dead level of monotony was disturbed by only one ray of sunshine, — the going and coming of Susanne.

"I do'no' but it makes me feel real young again, ter see Susanne come along," said one of them, her needle in the air. "She rises the hill like a bird. There's a color in that face, and a touch and go in them feet, thet puts me in mind o' myself fifty years sence. It's a gret while ago. Oh, I'd liketer be young again. But there, what's the use!"

"No use at all," sighed the other, holding at a new angle her needle's impossible flower. "No more'n ter run ef ye see the sky a-fallin'. I'd 'a' made thin's diffrent, seems ter me. Leastwise so fur's a woman's growin' old comes to."

"There would n't be gran'mothers an' gret-aunts, ef they did n't grow old."

"I guess the gran'mothers an' gret-aunts might be considered. You better believe they don't like it. I guess the children can go 'thout gran'mothers better'n the gran'mothers can go 'thout youth."

"I think it would be good to be a gran'-mother."

"I'm 'shamed on ye, Cely! I'd liketer be Susanne's age forever!"

"That's askin' tew much, Ann. I do'no' but w'at I'd liketer stayed — say forty, a hunderd year. W'en yer forty, ef you was pretty you're pretty still, and ef you was n't you're jes' beginnin' ter be; an' you've got real common-sense fer the

fust time. Yes; I'd liketer've stayed forty a hunderd year, an' then be blowed away."

"You'd be dreadin' the blow dretfle, come the ninety-ninth," said Miss Ann, with an absent look.

"I'd feel I'd hed my sheer. As 't is, you don't no sooner sense thin's, 'n puff, they've gone by!"

"Wal, I'm glad Susanne's young, any way. It makes me ache sometimes ter think on her growin' old like us."

"She won't grow old like us," said Miss Celia, bringing her gaze back from outdoors. "Don't ye see w'at makes thet step so light? Her heart jes' lifts her feet. He ain't wuth it, ef he is Squire's son. Lor,' I knowed his mother! But gels will be gels to the eend o' the chapter."

"To the eend o' the chapter," sighed Miss Ann again. And she threaded her needle and went back to her tambour-work. "Don Davison's a takin' feller," she said. "His father was afore him. Seems ter me my spettacles ain't no kind o' good!" And she glanced furtively at her sister.

"Any how," said Miss Celia, "I s'pose we've gotter be content 'ith thin's as they're ordered."

"Content's one thin', an' happiness is another," said Miss Ann, snipping her thread.

"Then, ef we can't hev happiness of our own, we've gotter git it makin' the happiness of others. An' for my part I'm happy w'en I see Susanne happy."

"So be I, so be I! There she is now;" as Susanne came in with her arms full of parcels.

The eyes were bright, large soft hazel eyes. But the seashell color on the cheek was the work of the wind, and already fading. The smile, however, made the face luminous. If they had not loved the girl neither of the old sisters would have liked that madonna type; but a painter might have called her beautiful. A certain serenity of nature, apparent in the quiet face, made you think of the shrine where a lamp burns on a windless night.

Don Davison himself thought Susanne only pleasant-looking. But he had known her since childhood; and at last he had decided that, in default of better, her companionship for life was his desire. And Susanne, whose emotions had revolved around him silently for years, went walking on air.

It was agreed that nothing should be said of the affair at present, except to the old aunts. Her happiness was so great, Susanne would keep it to herself a while before the village picked it to pieces. The village would think Susanne was doing very well for herself, — she the dress-maker of the region, he the son of Squire Davison, but lately come into his inheritance.

"Wal, Susanne," said the old aunts in chorus, "Mis' Pinckney satersfied? Pay ye?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Ann. More than I expected, Aunt Celia. She said she'd never had one set so since the gown she stood up to be merried in!"

"Sho!"

"And that put me in mind — and what do you guess I did? I'm most 'shamed to tell! I walked clear 'way over to Riverport, so't the store-folks here would n't know." And the blush mantled her face again as she unrolled first a piece of sheer muslin, and then a roll of net, and then a cloud of tulle.

"For the land's sake, Susanne!" cried Miss Ann.

"A wedding-veil!" cried Miss Celia.

"Yes. It warn't dear, either. The other thin's were cheap. I'd always thought they cost lots more. I'll embroider the musling," fluffing it over her hands, "and let in the net in sprays an' branches, and it'll look like frost on the pane —"

"T will be reel lace," said Miss Celia.

"But, my gracious, child, the time it'll take!" said Miss Ann.

"I shall do it in the odd minutes. I would n't think of it, only — you know, — his — his wife" — and the blush followed the word again, — "ought to come to him in the best." In the fullness of her

heart she must speak to some one — and the old chorus was, after all, a part of herself. And then, to take their eager eyes from her face, she threw net and tulle over them, as they held their heads together, till they looked as if a snowstorm had fallen on two gnarled and withered trees. And she lifted a corner, and fell upon them with kisses, and gathered it all about herself in surprise, as Don came in and stared at her, having no idea Susanne could ever look like that!

She hurried her finery away before she went out into the orchard with Don. But when later she took it up to the spare room, where she did her sewing, and planned the way she would cut and let in the lace for the garlands of flowers, she was in such an ecstasy as painter or sculptor knows over the dream of his ideal, and it seemed to her that beauty could do no more.

The orchard was always a treasure-house to Susanne. After long wintry weather the first swelling of its buds was like the promise of a friend; and when the twisted boughs were wreathed in bloom, she felt the presence of sweet unknown force, and walking under the fragrant boughs she often impulsively and unconsciously lifted hand and face to caress them. "I shall work apple-blossoms," she said. "I owe it to them. The dear apple-tree stands by the door, and is a part of home, and stretches its boughs like a great brooding mother-bird. There could n't be anything better for a wedding-gown."

It was very inexpensive stuff, the muslin, the bobbinet; but the art of her fancy and her fingers would make it something fine, as the woman marrying Don ought to wear. She knew nothing of mighty Chapman's Helen of Troy, "shadowing her beauty in white veils," but the picture she had of herself when Don should see her arrayed in this snowy cloud, — no, the picture she had of Don, at that future moment, made her heart stand still with joy.

How long she had loved him, — with what worship! And no one had ever

guessed it. He had never known it till now. She had never let her thoughts dwell on it an instant, till its compressed intensity startled her into blushes whenever Don was near; blushes that made her all at once so radiant that he wondered at himself for dallying, — and dallied then no longer.

Susanne would have plenty of time for the work she planned; her aunts, who added to their little income by transferring the French embroidery on old capes and collars and kerchiefs to new ones, having long ago taught her all their pretty open and closed stitches. Don was starting for the West, where were some doubtful mortgages of his father's, and it would take time to adjust affairs there. And although Susanne would cut and baste most of the summer and fall gowns for the upper and lower parishes, she would have this also done by October. And it was then that she would go to the old place under the sycamores where Don was born and where she meant to make his life as happy as a fortunate dream. What hopes, what prayers, what tenderness, what faith went into those odd moments of her weaving flower and leaf and stem, while her flying needle left the trail of snowy bud and bloom behind it! You, who have ordered your wedding splendor from afar, can guess of it. You who have wrought with your own hand, counting the threads, can feel the old thrill in thinking of it. And neither of you can have had anything much lovelier than the mimic frost-work fallen on all the folds when the task was finished.

Don wrote from the West, of course. If the tone of quiet affection in the first letter touched her passionate adoration with a chill, she rebuked herself. She said that was Don's way; he had always found it difficult to express himself fully. She knew he loved her; he had said so. That was enough. She read and re-read what he did say, and carried the letter next her heart till another came. But she answered it in the same tranquil phrase; anything else she felt indelicate.

As time went on, to be sure, another was slow to arrive. But what of that? He trusted her to understand; it was all the more welcome when it did come, even if brief, and, as she might have thought, a trifle cool.

It was long past the promised date when Don himself arrived. Being in the West it had seemed worth while to see it and have its experiences. At last he wrote that all was done for the present; but he would have to go out again some day, and then he would be taking his wife with him. The phrase made Susanne's face burn and ripple with smiles, and tears of pure happiness overflowed her eyes like live crystals.

She could not help showing that letter to her aunts; and the old chorus trembled and fluttered and exclaimed together, and felt the action of the drama, and went secretly to break off a fragment of the remnant of the wedding-cake, baked in a saucer, and taste it with deliberation and chirping, and pronounce it as good as that of Susanne's mother, — "at least, if there had been just one drop more of the O-be-joyful in it!"

And while they were doing that, Susanne went and looked at the wedding-gown overlaid with the veil, finished and put away in one of the deep drawers of the old armoire, with a reverent joy. It was the outward and visible token of Don's love and of all her blest future.

And after that a week passed, and other weeks. There was a light then in Don's room in the old mansion; a light in the dining-room there, too. Don would be with her presently. She kindled a fire on the hearth of the keeping-room, and waited. The clock in the other room struck nine; a long hour, and it struck again. She heard her aunts make ready for the night, and go creaking up-stairs, glad in what they thought her gladness. And still Don did not come. The fire threw strange shadows about the dim place, — disquieting shadows; they seemed to threaten her. An owl in the beechwood thicket at the foot of the orchard began to

shrill his unearthly laughter as if he were mocking her.

There were no lights now in the Squire's house. It must have been a mistake; probably the housekeeper had been arranging the rooms for him. She went to the door and looked out at the night, the soft purple starry night across whose deep a meteor slipped. It gave her a strange sensation of change, — how soon gladness and grief would be gone, — and the stars above still there! She could not have told why it impressed her with foreboding and dull terror.

But the next day she knew that without doubt Don was at home. The postmaster had seen him going into Captain Mayhew's. Then he would certainly be with her before night, she said. It was impossible to sew. She went joyously down the orchard, that he might come after her there in all the spicy odors of the apple heaps; and she sat looking out at the champaign country that stretched below and beyond till lost in violet vapors. But although she lingered till the red sunset burned like a coal in the ashes of the mists, and the smoke of burning woods and stubble was heavy and pungent on the air whose evening chill wrapped her like a cold cloak, Don did not come.

Susanne rose with a heavy heart in the morning. The bright blue garish day made her dizzy. She knew she had no right to feel so, but something told her Don would never come again. She assorted her patterns, and sharpened her scissors, and went to work.

"Cely," whispered Miss Ann, her eyes looking as if they had seen a ghost, "did you know Don Davison was to home?"

"I seen him ten days ago," said Miss Celia. "He was along 'ith that Mayhew gel, — the one thet's jes' home fum the 'Cademy. An' he was lookin' s ef he never see blue eyes an' yaller hair afore."

"Rony Mayhew is kind o' pretty, — peaches an' cream sort. Should n't you 'a' thought he'd 'a' ben ter see Susanne fust thin'?"

"Certain."

"S'pose she knows he's back?"

"Look an' see," said Miss Celia.

"Oh, Cely! Oh, Ann!" sighed the old chorus, as at some remembrance too remote for tears. "You rekerlek his father!"

Yes, Susanne knew. She was going about in a half bewildered way. Her face had grown pallid, her features sharp, her wide-open eyes had the gloom of eyes that look into a bottomless abyss.

"She's thinner 'n her own shadder," said Miss Ann.

"Don Davison don't desurve no sech feelin'."

"An' his father did n't afore him." they sighed together again in chorus.

One day came a last letter to Susanne. Don told her that it was best he should be frank. That he had thought she was the one he would take home, and with whom he should live his life. If she held him to the bond, it should be so now, and no more said. But when he made the bond he had not seen Rowena Mayhew. Now, life would hardly be worth living without Rowena. Of course he was not sure; but he thought Rowena felt as he did. He was glad no one had been told of their past relations. He would never speak of them, — not even to Rowena. He was fond of Susanne; but he hoped she would see there had been a mistake, and remain his friend, as he was always hers.

His friend! The great tide of love surged back upon her heart, a frozen flood. To be thrown away like a leaf withered in one's hand! To suppose she could hold him to his bond! And for that child! She walked the room as if driven by a whirlwind; and then she sat among her threads and thrums and patterns, turned to stone. But at last the drop of angry blood fired all the rest; she tore the letter, whose only warmth was that she had given it, from its resting-place, put it with this and with the others, with the pencil case he had given her, with the slender gold chain that had been his mother's, and that she had taken with a double love, his dead mother having to her a certain reli-

gious sanctity. And she took the ring, that she had worn on a ribbon round her neck, the little plain band that was to have been her wedding-ring, and to be buried with her that she might rise with it on her hand the last day; and she made a parcel and went out after dark, her head wrapped in a shawl, and left it in the hands of the old woman who opened the Davison door and peered after her. "Looks like Susanne," muttered the old housekeeper. "But can't be. 'T aint jes' her size, neither. Can't be thet Mayhew gal, meb-be? They're about of a talth." And her old heart leaped with hope; if the Mayhew girl had brought back Don's presents, she, who had grown gray in the place, would not be leaving it.

And Susanne, hurrying home in the black night, with the wind blowing up storm, wished that the darkness might swallow her, and annihilate her, and hinder her forever from all knowing and feeling. Storm and darkness had always terrified Susanne; she had felt like a straw, a mote, in the grasp of the strong unseen wind. But now they were a part of her, — if they could but take her to themselves!

Susanne sat down in her ashes. And the old aunts sat in ashes, too.

"It's too bad, dears, to make you so gloomy," said Susanne at last, one morning when the world seemed wrapped in a gray veil. "You must n't think I care. Much, that is. Only it is in gettin' used to the change." And by and by, when her aunts heard her singing over her work, a gay song she had many a time sung with Don, they looked at each other in consternation, and then looked out of the window to see if the snow were really falling, or if it were only the drift of the cherry-petals of last spring, when the bees were swarming, and before any of this coil came about.

"Land sakes, how can she!" said Miss Ann.

"I'd 'a' thought she'd ben more tenacious," said Miss Celia. "But he's ben gone this some time, and absence is like hangin' suthin' on the line to fade."

Susanne had carried to the minister's wife the new alpaca she had cut and basted for her. It had stopped snowing; and the wide country-side, in its soft folds of white under the pale purpling sky, that a month ago would have made it seem as if the round earth were taking wings, now stretched like the desert of her forsaken life before her. Nothing mattered any more.

"Massy sakes, Susanne!" her Aunt Ann exclaimed, as she came in, staying the pruning of her red geraniums, "who do you guess hes ben here?"

"You'll have ter know. It's Rowena Mayhew," said her Aunt Celia, before Susanne had time to guess. "She's brought her trousser, she says. She wants you to make her dresses."

"Make her dresses!"

"Wal, I thought so, too, the little tyke! But then again you might n't want'er lose the job; an' set folks ter talkin', tew. And I told her ter leave the thin's" —

"Oh, that's all right. I'll make them," said Susanne unconcernedly. "How good that gingerbread smells! I'll have a piece."

"Dear me, dear me!" said the old chorus again, when she had gone. "How can she!"

But Susanne did not let herself think. What difference did anything make? It was all in the day's work.

Rowena came to the village dressmaker the next day; and Susanne took her up to the sewing-room. It was impossible not to see how pretty the girl was, as she hovered over and undid the parcels. What jewel eyes under their long curling lashes, what rose-leaf skin, what sweetness in the smile! How innocent the little thing was, — perhaps how ignorant, — but what a childish grace and charm! No wonder, no wonder — Not that Susanne thought any of this; it was only the instant's impression.

"There's two prints, and a white piqué, and a cashmere, and an organdie, and a silk, and a blue flannel wrapper. And I think that's doing pretty well, don't

you?" said Rowena. "I did think of goin' to the city. Father said I might. But you made Mis' Pinkney's thin's so stylish" —

"You're real kind," said Susanne, as she was expected to say, leaning on the tip of her scissors.

"No," said Rowena, "you're the kind one, to make 'em with all you have to do, and me in such a hurry. And then, you know it's a savin' to me, the difference in price, and I'll have that much more to spend on the parlor. I want a parlor all my own, and not his mother's an' gran'-mother's old thin's!" Susanne caught her breath; they would have been so sacred to her! "Of course, Mr. Davison says he'll git everythin' I want," continued Rowena. "But you know I don't want him to get everythin'!"

"No," said Susanne. "How you goin' ter have them made?"

"I don't know. How would you?"

"They're nice colors," said Susanne.

"Oh, I see you love pretty thin's, an' so do I," cried Rowena. "I know you'll make them up elegant!" And she threw off her wraps and began to rummage among Susanne's poor fashion-plates. "Oh, it don't seem true, it don't seem possible," she said, looking up, — the large, liquid eyes like blue flowers full of dew in the morning, — "that it's me, that I'm goin' to be married, — and to him! You've known him this ever so long — don't you think he's — he's" —

"He'll make you a real good husband," said Susanne. "This cashmere would go well with terra-cotta bands."

"And is n't this organdie lovely? I'll have it flounced," and she threw an end of it round her face and ran to the glass. "Won't I look like a rose in it? Don says I will."

"Now I'll take your measures," said Susanne. "You can come this day next week," — when she had set down the last number.

"Oh, can't I come before that? You know there is n't so very much time. Don's in such a takin' to have it soon."

"I'll put by Mis' Green's caliker, an' you can come to-morrer," said Susanne.

"You're jest an angel!" cried Rowena. "I wonder Don did n't take you instid o' me! He's known you so long — and you're so good. And you're reely so pretty, too! But love goes where it's sent," she added sagely. "My! You must be tired! You've gone all white. Why don't you set down an' rest? He give me this watch," — putting it on again. "It was his sister's. His sister and I would have ben reel good frien's. How I am talkin'! There's somethin' about you makes me, — I don't know why. You're jest the same's you was at the Districk School when I was a tot an' you useter take me into your seat an' give me nice bits of your dinners an' wash my face an' han's, an' kiss me afterwards. You listen, — an' your great, serious eyes — don't you never smile? Oh, I have n't had any one I could say thin's to, and I'm so happy I can't keep it to myself! I don't suppose you can understand it as well as if you'd ever ben engaged yourself. It's, — it's like a new world. Don says he never was truly in love before, and I'm sure *I* never was! And I never dreamed of such good luck, — it is good luck, is n't it, to marry a good man; and a man you — you care for; and a rich man, too, you know! I shall be the great lady here. Won't the Academy girls be surprised! Oh, I know you think I'm drettle silly, runnin' on so! I know I had n't orter" —

"That's all right," said Susanne, taking the pins out of her mouth. "Now you can go."

"But can't I stay and sew with you?" asked Rowena wheedlingly, her pretty head on one side. "I'd love to!"

"No. I should n't git along so fast. Here's your jacket. Good-by." And the little person found herself outside the door, without knowing exactly how she got there.

Susanne flung her scissors across the floor, and fell herself, with her arms outstretched and her face hidden from the light of day. She could not have endured

it another moment. Her brain was burning; her heart was a lump of ice. If she could only die! Perhaps an hour passed before she lifted her head. Everything in the familiar room seemed strange. Something had happened; some shock had thrown her off her balance. Yes, she had been forsaken for this little creature who did not know when to speak and when to be silent, who wore her heart on her sleeve! Oh, to be sure, the gowns, — well, she would make them; she would make them so frivolous, so fit for a butterfly, that her husband should see and understand! She dragged herself up, and went across the narrow entry-way to her own room, and threw herself upon the bed, wishing she were never to leave it. And then a great sigh tore itself up to her lips, and she fell to crying bitterly, and in the midst of sobs and tears she was asleep.

When Susanne awoke, it was with the prosaic and practical assurance that she was wasting time shockingly. She bathed her face and smoothed her hair, and put on a fresh neck-ribbon; but her hands trembled so — not with cold, for the room was warmed by the pipe from the kitchen below — as she replaced the box, that she knocked the cover off another, the one where her little treasures were kept, her mother's bosom-pin and yellow old marriage-certificate, certain bits of lace and dried flowers, and the small photograph of Don that she had not had the strength to return. There he looked back at her with grave, unsmiling eyes that made her heart shake as she gazed. She went to the old armoire and opened the deep drawer, and hung over the lovely whiteness lying there in the dusk, with its half-guessed wreaths of snowy bloom shining under the veil. So white, so still, so fair, — it was her dead happiness laid out there. How peaceful, how beautiful! Oh, she had said the best was not too good for Don's wife! What matter who the wife might be? "No, no, no, Don!" she cried. "I will do my best. I will, I will do my best!" And she went back to the other room and picked up her scissors.

She would do the organdie first. She would make the fine pink tissue all ruffles; the girl should look, as she had said, like a little rose in it, a hundred-leafed rose, the pretty thing! Small marvel that Don had dropped a gray stalk of rosemary for such a flower as that! Small marvel that he loved her. Who would n't? As she began to snip and sew, it almost seemed to Susanne then that she loved the girl herself. It was not her fault that Don had chosen one and flung another away; it was her good fortune. As for Susanne herself, was there anything in the world Don wanted that she would not give him? He wanted this pretty dear for his wife. She ought to be glad, — she was glad! — that he could have her. She should go to him as his wife ought to go, dressed as if the wand of a fairy godmother had touched her!

Before the other gowns were quite finished, Rowena brought in the stuff for the gown in which she was to be married. It was a dazzling day of blue sky, with great clefts of ultramarine in the snow, whose sheets made a rosy glow in the blinded eyes; but suddenly it grew gray to Susanne.

"I wanted white satin," said Rowena. "But mother said there'd be no use for it afterwards. I like a bride in white satin, — don't you? All shining and angel-like in her veil. I could have had it dyed, too, and worn it a lot. But mother thinks this nun's-veiling's good enough, — and what mother says goes. And I know you can dress it up with lots of little white satin ribbons. Somehow, white woolen stuff does look dreadful like a shroud. My goodness, you don't suppose that's ominous? I'm awful superstitious. If anything happened to me it would break Don's heart. And, oh, I want to live, I'm so happy!" And the tears overflowing her limpid eyes made them now like stars shining in the dew of violets.

But the nun's-veiling lay in its papers a good many days before Susanne opened them. "Why, you have n't touched it!" exclaimed Rowena in dismay.

"There's plenty of time," said Susanne, not looking up.

"Why, no, there is n't. There's hardly any time at all. I thought you'd have it ready to try on. I've ben lookin' forward to it. I'm reel disappointed," — rolling the head of her hat-pin in her mouth as she spoke.

"I had ter finish Mis' Lawyer Jones's skirt. She's goin' away an' could n't wait."

"I'd 'a' come an' helped you. You'd only had to send. Won't you begin this now?"

"I'll see," said Susanne. "To-morrer, mebbe. I'll send for you w'en it's ready to try on."

But days passed; and Susanne had not sent for Rowena. She said to herself she did not know what possessed her. It seemed impossible to touch the stuff. How could she make the gown for another woman to wear when marrying Don! The alternations of feeling, of determining and of hesitating, so wore upon her nerves that she went to bed with a headache that made her hands useless for anything but wringing.

"I suppose you're all ready for me?" said Rowena, coming in eagerly, a tinge of anxiety on her joyousness.

"I will be to-morrer, shore," said Susanne.

"Oh, you said so before!"

"I've ben sick."

"Yes. I'm reel sorry. You're all right now? I'd 'a' come an' rubbed your head; I'm good at helpin' headaches. But the time's mighty short, Susanne, dear. I don't want to have to put off my weddin'," — with a pout. "It's terrible bad luck. An' Mr. Davison'll feel so bad!"

"Oh, well, you won't have to. You come Tuesday."

And Rowena came Tuesday. And there lay the white veiling still uncut.

"I declare I could cry!" she exclaimed. "You're treatin' me reel mean! I'm sure you've had it long enough. And you promised! You promised!" And the blue eyes shot fire.

"Look here! You take it to Mis' McIvor, — she'll do it."

"Oh, she can't do anything like you! She ain't got a speck o' style. Besides, they've got scarlet fever in the house. And there ain't any one else." And she looked out the window with eyes held wide open lest the tears spilled. "I've gotter go over to Meridian to see Aunt Stearns this week, too, — she's goin' to give me a whole set of French chiny. And you see that leaves no time at all for fittin' an' alterin'. Oh, I don't want to cry an' make my eyes all red, — you did n't useter treat me this way, Susanne. I do feel so worried!"

"You need n't worry. Go over to Meridian. I can make it fit me. And if it fits me, it will you."

"You truly will have it ready, Susanne? Cross your heart? Hope you may die?"

"Hope I may die," said Susanne solemnly. And she did hope so.

Rowena had returned from Meridian; and she ran in like a thing of sun and summer. It was nipping weather outside, with raw March winds; but as she saw her, Susanne thought of a breeze rioting among roses. She made a quick movement to throw something over the table, where the veiling lay, scattered in loose blocks, not even pinned together.

"I thought you'd keep your word!" cried Rowena accusingly.

"I had Mis' Cap'n Symon's mournin'," said Susanne sullenly. "And everythin' hes ter give way ter mournin'."

"Oh, what am I goin' to do!"

"Wear your organdie."

"And look that way, when a bride should look all white an' sweet an' solemn!"

"You could n't look solemn," biting off her thread.

"I'll have to stand up in that gray travelin' dress," cried Rowena with a sob. "And there'll be no white procession a-sweepin' in. And I can't wear a veil. An' no goin' upstairs to change my dress! And it's your fault. Susanne, I'll

never forgive you till the longest day I live! You've just spoiled my weddin'! And I don't believe Don'll forgive you, either, when I tell him! He asked me why I came to you to have my dresses made, anyway."

Susanne did not look at her. "I can't help it if folks die," she said. "Mournin' 's mournin'. Gownds fer funerals are jest as needfle as gownds fer weddin's."

"It's awful for you to talk so! It throws a gloom over everythin'. Mournin' an' funerals! An' me so superstitious. And I never heard of disappointin' a bride of her weddin' gownd. I would n't 'a' done it if I'd had to set up nights. It'll hurt your business a lot. You don't know how you've disappointed me. You can't have a speck o' feelin'. You don't know how bad I feel!" And she wiped her eyes with the only dry spot left on her poor scrap of a handkerchief, and went out like a bird drooping its feathers. And Susanne stood looking over the russet fields that the winter had laid waste and spring was repairing with a sort of rosy breath in reddening rose-stems and greening willows, and wondered what ailed her that she seemed to have no will, no wish, — to be beside herself. She moved from day to night in a cloud, and lay from night to day in a blank of consciousness. Only when she was with the old aunts was she able to play the part that let them think her unconcerned.

One day, in passing, it chanced that she looked in the glass. She had looked without seeing, before. Was it herself? Was it an apparition? Was it only two great eyes gazing out of a cloud? "It is shameless!" she said. "To have come to that for the sake of a man who, — who has forgot I am alive! Selfish wretch, I am! I'll make that gown if it kills me!" But it was too late.

"The waters, the waters of Meribah!" sighed the old chorus. "Oh, we have all drunk of them!"

"They've got lights in 'most every win-der down ter the Mayhews," said Miss

Ann, one night. "It's tew bad you could n't git her gownd fixed, Susanne. As long as you set out."

"I wisht Cap'n Symons could hev made out ter live a week longer," said Miss Celia. "But's I told Mis' Mayhew, a widder's gotter hev her mournin' jest's much's a bride. I was down ter help set out the supper table. I thought 't would show there war n't no feelin'. Rony'd ben cryin'. Her mother said ef it hed ben daytime she would n't 'a' minded so much; but ter be merried in a travelin' gownd in the night-time did look so poverty-struck. They're goin' s fur as Buffalo."

"Wal, we'd better be gittin' on our thin's, sister," said the other. "I guess I'll wear the vandykes 'ith the darnin' needle stitch. You goin' ter wear your cap 'ith purple ribbins?"

"No, I ain't," said Miss Ann, rather shortly. "Every old woman in the parish wears purple. I put pink ones on a-purpose. You ain't comin', Susanne? P'raps 't would look better ef you did. I do' no', though. I do' no 's I would ef I was you."

Susanne went upstairs, and opened her window on the soft night of early spring. "I'll jest stifle!" she said. The stars, the stars of Don's wedding night, hung mistily silver in the purple sky. The smell of the upturned furrows lay fresh on the damp air. The lights were blazing in the Mayhew house, and in the old Davison house on the Knoll, — Don's wedding lights! Suddenly she turned, her heart beating in her finger-tips, her eyes shining in the dark. This was what had possessed her! This was what she had been waiting for! This — far back in her unread, unspoken intention — was what had hindered her! She must have meant to do it all the time, but had not said so to herself! Whether that was true or not, she ran now to the armoire and its deep drawer; she lifted over her level arms the long, lovely muslins and the veil, adjusting them quickly and lightly; she ran, as if evil powers were

after her to interfere, down the stairs, outdoors, no matter about the latch, into the dark, and along the road to the Mayhews', swift and soundless and white as a ghost in the night, in at the back door, and up to Rowena's room, some one telling her the way.

"Make haste!" she exclaimed breathlessly to Rowena. "It's here! Lemme put it on you. Another white skirt. There. There. Gimme a pin. No, a big one. There. I see. Yes. It's jest right. Guess it can be ketched over there, though. That's good. A trifle long, — not much, though, ef you stan' straight. Look in the glass! Now. I'll fix the veil. I'll shower it all round you. There! You look like a sperrit. You look the way you want'er look, — all white an' sweet an' solum!"

"Oh, Susanne!" cried Rowena, shaking with excitement and joy. "You've taken my breath away! And you was meanin' this all the time!"

"I guess so," said Susanne. "And I'm real glad you're goin' to make Don happy. Oh, Rony, you'll try an' make him happy? And I hope you'll be happy, too. I'm givin' you the fust kiss in your weddin' gownd. Gownd an' kiss are my present!" And then Susanne ran away as she had come, catching sight through an opening door of the start the old aunts gave as they saw her.

Perhaps, at the vision of his bride wrapped about in all that vaporous whiteness, Don Davison remembered the vision of Susanne with the snowy films floating about her. But it is to be doubted. Only Miss Ann and Miss Celia looked at each other with great eyes. "You was mistook, Cely," said Miss Ann, as they walked home together in the starlight. "Susanne's goin' ter grow old like us. But it's jest's you say about happiness, — w'en your own's dead an' gone you must git your sheer out'n the happiness of others."

"Susanne looked reel happy, reel bright an' happy, w'en I ketched sight of her comin' downstairs there, Ann."

"Jes' so."

"Wal! I think a woman'd orter be translated thet's happy givin' another woman her weddin' gownd!"

"Susanne is translated."

"Ann, a cross is a cross your life long."

"Cely," said her sister, "you've heern the minister say thet there ain't no cross w'en there ain't no self to suffer under it!"

SPECIAL LEGISLATION

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

LOCAL or private bills are the weeds in our legislative garden.¹ They consume time, they sap energy, they discourage talent, they conceal iniquities, they make law a byword, they transform legislatures into tribunals of adjudication and courts into organs of legislation. For a legislature is created primarily to make laws. All its energies should be devoted to this important task of statecraft. But our legislative organs have become diseased because we have required of them the performing of abnormal functions. Administration and adjudication are not proper functions for an organ of legislation, and our unfortunate habit of carrying all our local and private ailments to the state capitol, to have the virtuous adhesive of a special law applied, has transformed our law-making bodies into quack commissions with mongrel duties.

In the United States we pass upwards of fifteen thousand laws a year; of these over sixty per cent are private or local measures. And what is a local or private bill? It is a measure that deals with local or private interests only. It is in its nature an exception to the general rule of law. In truth, a special law is a law only in that its passage has conformed to the usages and formulæ of legislatures. In substance it is not a law, but a privilege. The Romans recognized the distinction

between private bills and laws. To them, special laws were *privilegia* or *constitutionis privilegia*. In England they used to say when a public bill was passed: *Le roi le veult*, — it is the king's wish; and of a private measure: *Soit fait comme il est désiré*, — let it be granted as prayed for.

Here is the gist of the matter: a public law is a measure that affects the welfare of the state as a unit; a private law is one that provides an exception to the public rule. The one is an answer to a public need, the other an answer to a private prayer. When it acts upon a public bill, a legislature legislates; when it acts upon a private bill, it adjudicates. It passes from the function of a law-maker to that of a judge. It is transformed from a tribune of the people into a justice shop for the seeker after special privilege. This metamorphosis is accomplished through the efforts of the local members from the district or the home of the petitioner after legislative favors. For legislative comity magnifies the wishes of the individual members into greatness. Whatever may be the theory of the law, the revelation of the practice is that providing special legislation is not a fit task for a state legislature.

Our courts have sustained this deplorable practice, and have built up a theory of legislative omnipotence. For instance, our municipal corporations are declared to be the governmental agents of the state, and agents with closely defined powers. So hidebound has this theory

¹ See Mr. Orth's article on "Our State Legislatures," in the *Atlantic* for December, 1904. The present article suggests a way out of the tangle which was there described.

become that even the stupendous growth of our great centres of industry and population has not been able to burst it in sunder. Thus it follows that all localities, cities, counties, and townships, as well as all individuals, are to turn their gaze toward the state capitol as their Mecca, and pray for the privilege of living and thriving.

In order to give ear to these thousand calls, the legislatures long ago found it necessary to resort to a partial division of labor. They subdivided themselves into numerous committees, assigning to each a specific task. So that to-day a private bill is forthwith placed in the care of its appropriate committee. However, the committees, the "eyes and ears, the hands and feet" of a legislative assembly, have long since ceased to be adequate to the demands made upon them, and an additional organ of legislation has been developed,—the lobby. This third organ has no official relation, no legitimate connection, with the legislature. It is the product of necessity. The lobby not only consists of special pleaders specially paid, but is composed of experts, who have technical knowledge of the needs or the conditions that called forth the bills they champion. The function of the lobby is a perfectly legitimate one. Practically the only experts in legislation are found in its ever-changing ranks. The methods of the lobby, and the objects they often seek to attain, are not so welcome to our praise.

Our legislatures have become largely bodies of adjudication over private measures. They have learned to do their tasks through committees, aided by such experts as the lobby may contain. In actual practice, special legislation takes up the most time and receives the greatest attention.

Have we not arrived at that period of experience when we should relieve the legislature of this task of sitting as a court over private or local privileges? Should we not devise some means to meet the legitimate call for special acts?

The evil has long been acknowledged,

and several attempts have been made to eradicate it. At first it was thought that by lessening the number of sessions of the legislature the amount of legislation would correspondingly be lessened. This was a heroic cure, like the "blister, bleed, and calomel" formulæ of the earlier physicians. It is like a baby, shutting its eyes and thinking no one can see it.

A second resort was to the state constitutions. Our faith in constitutions is both sublime and ridiculous. A constitution cannot take away human needs, nor can it subvert the laws of nature. The experience of New York is instructive. Under the earliest constitution the abuse of private legislation grew to maturity.

The constitution of 1822 provided that the assent of two thirds of the members elected to each branch of the legislature "shall be requisite to every bill appropriating public monies or property for local or private purposes." The clause failed in its purpose.

In 1846 it was revised: "No private or local bill which may be passed by the Legislature shall embrace more than one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title." While this did away with venal "omnibus" measures, yet it was practically unavailing in checking the flood of private bills.

In 1867 a constitutional convention met. A clause was advocated defining the fields upon which the legislature was forbidden to trespass. The author of the provision said that the governor of the state had signed nearly one thousand bills passed by the Legislature of 1867, only two hundred and thirty of which were of a public nature, and that many even of these were of a trivial character. The people rejected the entire constitution.

The evil grew so rapidly that a commission in 1872 prepared an amendment providing that the legislature should not pass a private or local bill for any of the following purposes:—

Changing the name of any person.

Laying out, opening, altering, working, or discontinuing roads, highways, or al-

leys, or draining swamps or other lowlands.

Locating or changing county-seats.

Providing for changes of venue in civil or criminal cases.

Incorporating villages.

Providing for election of members of boards of supervisors.

Selecting, drawing, summoning, or impaneling grand or petit jurors.

Regulating the rate of interest on money.

Opening and conducting elections, or designating places for voting.

Creating, increasing, or decreasing fees, percentages, or allowances of public officers during the term for which they are elected or appointed.

Granting to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down railroad tracks.

Granting to any private corporation, association, or individual any exclusive privilege, immunity, or franchise whatsoever.

Providing for building bridges and chartering companies for such purposes, except on the Hudson River below Waterford and East River, or over such waters as form part of the boundary of the state.

Thus the state deliberately deprived itself of the right to pass laws pertaining to thirteen different subjects.

But even so drastic a measure as this was evaded. The laws were made general in letter, but specific in spirit. Thus a law was passed applying to all localities having a waterfall over one hundred feet high. Only Niagara fulfilled this exacting requirement. The evasions were as numerous as they were tortuous and ridiculous.

Pennsylvania had a similar constitutional limitation, and it was successfully evaded. In Ohio the constitution now in force was written in 1851. It prohibits special legislation in the following words: "All laws of a general nature shall be of uniform operation throughout the state." It also prohibits the passing of incorpora-

tion laws, except under general statutes. For half a century this clear prohibition was flagrantly evaded. Cities and towns were given special privileges and governments, under the phraseology of generalization. These evasions were sanctioned by the state courts until three years ago, when a sweeping return to strict construction pushed aside these palpable infringements on the constitution, and revoked every municipal charter and school law on the statute books. The many cities and towns of the state, with their varied needs, are now governed by a single law, inflexible and clumsy. But private and personal bills are still passed with reckless extravagance. The last legislature passed three hundred and twenty-eight of them.

Twenty-six states have tried the constitutional route to prevent special legislation. All of these have landed in the realm of confusion and special privilege. In all of these states the courts are awakening to the real situation and are returning to a stricter adhesion to the letter and the spirit of the fundamental law, and forbidding the prostitution of the constitution to local needs. But this way is not the right way, because it assumes that local needs are uniform, and that private legislation is not based upon necessity. These assumptions are fallacious. There is good cause for some special legislation. You cannot make a general cloak that will fit all shoulders. Geographical conditions, economic and social needs, all dictate variation. The very decisions of the courts allowing the evasion of constitutional provisions are based upon expediency, due to sectional variation.

But the constitution should not be the repository for all manner of irrational prohibitions. The experiences of our states are lurid with failures, in their attempt to erect a constitutional barrier to needed legislation. A half century's experience in trying to convert constitutions into statute books has shown the necessity of returning the constitution to its proper place, as fundamental law and

not subsidiary law; the foundation of the law, not the rambling superstructure.

It is evident that there must be a readjustment of methods to conditions. The legitimate needs of local legislation must be adequately met, without encroaching upon the time and functions of the state legislature. A few makeshifts have been suggested.

An attempt was made in Albany in 1879 to formulate a plan for sifting out the private bills, requiring that all such measures be filed on the first day of the term, and if the taking of private property was involved, all persons concerned were to be previously notified. The governor should then appoint three examiners to see to it that all preliminaries had been complied with. The bills were then to be heard before legislative committees, sitting as courts, with the power of summoning and hearing witnesses and of imposing fines upon those who trifled with the privileges so granted. The plan was not approved. It was too advanced to commend itself to the judgment of the legislators.

Governor Hill, six years later, suggested a much more mild and modest method for saving the time of the assembly. In his annual message he said: "It is suggested that provision be made by law for the appointment of a competent person to act as counsel to the Legislature during its session, who shall receive honorable compensation, to be paid by the state, and whose duty shall be, at the request of any member, to prepare any measure desired to be introduced into either House; to give legal advice in reference to proposed legislation to the members and to the various committees, and to inspect the various bills before their final passage, in order to detect errors and imperfections, and to suggest the necessary amendments; and generally to act as the legal adviser of the Legislature. This duty cannot well be performed by the Attorney-General, who is the law officer of the state, for the reason that his department is already overcrowded with

duties that fully engross his own time and that of his assistants." Even this homeopathic pellet was too strong for the self-reliant assembly-men.

Many of the leading states have from time to time appointed standing commissions for codifying laws upon various subjects, and recommending amendments thereto. The most carefully framed laws in the books are those that have been skillfully prepared by such standing commissions. They are usually composed of eminent lawyers and men of experience and learning. Sometimes members of the legislature sit upon them, though that is unusual. If the legislature could choose a standing commission on local bills, such commission to hold sessions *ad interim*, and to have the power to investigate all local bills and report to the succeeding legislature, many of the private bills could easily be sifted.

The "Peoria Plan" of standing commissions, adopted by the General Session of the Presbyterian Church, admits laymembers to these committees, and it has been suggested that this rule might be wisely followed by legislatures, appointing experts to sit with a standing legislative commission. The principal objection to this plan is found in the changing nature of our state politics. The commission appointed by one legislature would hardly find favor in the eyes of its successor.

In the journey to legislative omnipotence our states have traveled far from the scene of local autonomy, of real self-government. Now it is necessary for every local unit of government, every city and every village, every county and every town, to supplicate the assembly for the doing or the undoing of many necessary things. It is instructive to learn how far a people, so given to the worship of the fetish of self-government, can allow their little liberties, their neighborhood autonomies, to be centred and bound into the supreme authority of a legislature that is more foreign than domestic to the majority of their needs. Yet here we have

arrived, after a hundred and fifty years of wandering, not at the goal of local government, but at the state capitol, whose arching dome is the symbol of democratic autocracy, of legislative omnipotence and representative tyranny. It is now necessary, in the majority of the states, for the neighborhood units to ask for permission to do the most trivial acts of necessity. A county ditch is magnified into an interstate canal, and a village waterworks plant into a grand system of irrigation. If our communities cannot get what they need by respectful petition, they must resort to force, the force of the lobby and its thousand subtle and sinister influences. But these groups, these units, these descendants of the *tūn*, must live and thrive even under most adverse circumstances. I believe in a rational return to the New England pattern, the town meeting. Local autonomy is the Anglo-Saxon ideal. We have got far away from it. The county and the municipality should be given the greatest possible freedom. This very liberty would be a check upon extravagance, and an impetus to clean administration, for no responsibility is more sobering than self-responsibility. The county and the city are proper units of neighborhood government. The vast structure of state autocracy which the courts have reared upon the theory that these units are agents of the mass, that one neighborhood is the agent of all the other neighborhoods in the state, is in need of remodeling. Fundamentally, the state must be supreme, but it should not, in its supremacy, stifle local initiative. We have fallen into the same error in regard to our views of the function of the commonwealth that we have fallen into in our views of the function of the constitution. We have made both the cloak of local abuse. The placing of these local units in their proper relation to the central government will at once absolve the legislature from the task of nearly all local legislation.

From the most progressive European

countries we have yet to learn the science of administration. There are not half a dozen law schools in the United States where administrative law has found a place among the electives, and there are plenty of lawyers and publicists who do not even know what that term means. As our economic conditions approach those of Germany and France, we will be driven to adopt administrative machinery as an adjunct to our system of government. In truth we have already created a complex series of administrative organs. In 1901 alone over forty new boards were authorized in the states, representing all sorts of interests, and endowed with powers varying from the mere power of recommending, possessed by a state forestry commission, to the stringent authority of the board of health. These numerous boards are still discrete, neither well joined in details, nor well coordinated with the other departments of government. But administrative centralization is moving rapidly over the land. Its tendency is everywhere revealed to the student of politics. Every year the states are delegating more of the details of administration to newly created authorities, so that the rosters of some of our leading states are very long. This is not because we are socializing the government. Socialism, in the abstract, has little or nothing to do with this multiplying of state activities. It is because we are learning that the state cannot do all the things required of it, by means of a governor and his staff, a legislature, and the courts. The old orthodox trinity of powers is no longer adequate to the demands of a modern state. Administration must supplant a large share of the work of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments.

Herein lies the strongest hope for the overburdened legislature. The legislature cannot divest itself of the power of legislation, it cannot delegate its legislative authority. But it can impose upon other bodies the function of adjudication and administration. Congress has had some instructive experience, which points

the true way out of this labyrinth of private bills. It has delegated to the Court of Claims adjudication upon all questions arising between claimants and the government. The successful suitor cannot indeed collect his judgment without an act of Congress appropriating the money, but Congress has been relieved of the tedious and irksome task of sitting as judge upon his rights.

So formerly it was the custom for Congress to distribute superannuated cannon, by special act, to the various towns in the Union whose patriotism prompted them to ask for these relics of the Great War. The beggars became so numerous, and therefore such a nuisance, that Congress in 1896 passed an act giving the Secretary of the Navy the power to distribute the cannon. These instances will illustrate how the legislature can relieve itself of a large share of private and local measures. It would be unreasonable to hope for a constitutional amendment to cover this point. Constitutions, especially the Federal Constitution, are amended only after great labor. But general laws can be passed authorizing courts of justice to hear causes that are now carried to the legislature, and authorizing the executive department and its administrative adjuncts to determine many details that are now overburdening the law-makers. Neither the interests of the state nor the rights of the citizens would be placed in jeopardy by such a method of procedure.

As England provided our forefathers with the working model for our Constitution, her experience in trying to solve the problem of special legislation in Parliament will be very suggestive. The evils engendered by private and local bills were as aggravating as they are in our country. The committee system, substantially as we have it, was there fully developed. All private and local bills went to their respective committee rooms. The calendars were congested, the lobbies were jammed, the committees were driven to

distraction, and most of the bills slipped through without scrutiny.

About twenty years ago a campaign against these conditions was begun. In 1888 a select committee of the two houses was appointed to investigate the condition of private legislation. Upon scrutiny it was found that the mere cost of putting these bills through was enormous. The paid lobbies, the expenditure of time and money of the persons directly interested, who were compelled to stay in London often throughout the greater part of the session to watch their bills, and the many other necessary contingent expenses of making the laws, were estimated to cost £750,000 a year, and over £40,000,000 in fifty years. Special legislation is an expensive luxury. This was only a secondary consideration, however. These bills were robbers of time and of talent, as well as of pounds. The committees were not qualified to judge of their fitness, and usually voted only haphazard judgments, relying on such expert testimony as the lobby or the patron might present. The dissipation of public energy on private measures weakened the morale of the Parliament and debilitated the public measures.

Sir John Mowbray, in giving testimony before the select committee appointed to investigate the subject, said, "I do not deny the competence of committees or the satisfaction which their decisions give; but I think there must be a change and that sooner or later Parliament will have to transfer its jurisdiction over private bills to some external tribunal because of the great pressure of business on all members." Out of this investigation of the needs of Parliament a method of dealing with private and local bills was devised. The essence of the plan is that private and local bills are to be tried by a commission under general laws passed by Parliament and called "standing orders."

There are two hearings before the bill goes to Parliament. The preliminary hearing is to determine whether the

standing orders have been complied with. All bills must be deposited in the Private Bills Office sixty days in advance of the session. If a railway or canal project is fostered, five per cent of the estimated cost must be deposited, and if the right of eminent domain is involved, notice must have been given to all interested parties. For all bills, there must be a deposit to cover the expense of the preliminary examination. If there is hostility to the bill, the opponents must file their objections in due form. The "standing orders" must be followed in every detail. *Laches* is fatal to the success of the bill, for the endorsement "standing orders not complied with" at once throws the bill out. If it is successfully sustained in the preliminary hearing, its promoters must then make a further deposit of fifty pounds.

The bills are now classified by the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and Chairman of the Committee of Lords. Those concerning railways and canals go to the Board of Trade, the others to special committees. The final hearing of the bill before its proper committee is exhaustive. The trial committee is composed not alone of members of Parliament, but also of non-members who are experts and completely familiar with the technical questions involved. The trial committee prepares a calendar or docket like that of a court. Both promoters and antagonists are represented by counsel, both plaintiff and defendant are given careful hearing. The bill is taken up section by section and subjected to the severest examination. After such a sifting, Parliament rarely feels like rejecting the recommendations of the trial committee.

As nearly as I can learn, the plan has been fairly successful. It costs about one thousand dollars to promote a private bill through Parliament on this plan. This cost alone would prohibit its adoption, *in toto*, in the United States; although what is worth praying for should be worth paying for. The plan, however, is probably

too undemocratic to commend itself to the American public.

The constantly growing inability of the state legislatures to attend conscientiously and wisely to the thousand exacting details of their tasks, the shifting complexion that politics casts over every assembly, and the shiftless manner in which laws are made, have led the people to distrust their law-makers. The people therefore are beginning to look for a way out of the trouble, and, as is usual, they take the matter into their own hands. They have tried the method of constitutional restrictions; that has failed; they are now attempting direct legislation. South Dakota in 1898 provided for this method; Utah in 1900 attempted it; Oregon submitted the proposition to its voters in 1902, and in 1903 Illinois and Nevada followed. The movement has but begun. That it will prove successful in America may well be doubted. But let us hope that it will lead into a realm of greater local autonomy, emancipating the people from the overlordship of a legislature, and emancipating the legislature from the fetters of little local wants.

For in America we must solve this problem of special legislation in our own way. The signs of the times indicate what that way will be. I believe there is a widespread demand for more local autonomy. The movement toward popular initiative and referendum is such an indication. Likewise the latest development in municipal autonomy, as provided for in Missouri, California, and Minnesota, where the largest cities have in large measure the power to make their own charters. It would be but a return to the Anglo-Saxon pattern to allow the rural township greater autonomy in purely local details. And where such freedom is incompatible with the constitution, it can be acquired through administrative powers, exercised under executive control.

This is the second tendency of the times, already very strongly revealed:

that the executive department, through the agency of many administrative bodies, and acting under general laws, attend to all the trivial details of private legislation.

In these two movements, the expanding of local autonomy, and the creation of administrative authority under general laws, we may hope to see a forecast of the American solution of our problem of special legislation. Local laws would then be judged by the locality, and by adminis-

trative agents of the central government, and private bills would be passed upon by administrative and especially established courts, like our Court of Claims.

A long period of evolution and costly experience has led us thus far in this pathway, and it will be a long time before such a dual system can be perfected, for all the details must be wrought out with care, and always with that eternal vigilance which is ever the price of legislative liberty.

A GIRL'S WAKING

BY M. LENNAH

WHAT marvel have her still eyes looked upon?
 In what new wonder hath she grown adept?
 Hath some bright miracle but lately swept
 Across the common sky? From what dim lawn
 Of fairy woodland hath she just withdrawn?
 What secret tenderness that long hath slept,
 What love unrealized, what pain unwept,
 Now stirs and dreams and trembles for the dawn?

Yea, marvel, wonder, miracle are hers,
 And hers all treasure of wild fairyland,
 And hers a new god's intimate command;
 For see! she holds, still tranced and listening
 As listens one to unseen messengers,
 A gray old volume where dead poets sing.

ESPERANTO: THE PROPOSED UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

BY A. SCHINZ

EVERY one to-day has heard of Esperanto, the proposed universal language. But how many know more than the name? A recent and very successful congress of Esperantists, at Boulogne, in France, has rendered the subject a very timely one.

Let me add that I am not an Esperantist, but a mere student who feels with Terence: "Nihil humani a me alienum puto." Moreover, when one looks into it, the problem becomes truly fascinating.

The purpose of this article is to give information on two points, the success of Esperanto in Europe, and the language Esperanto itself.

I

The cause of Esperanto ought not to be confused with another one which was taken up by representatives of the scientific world after the congresses in Paris in 1900. It was found there that, owing to the increasing number of workers in the different fields all over the world, it had become practically impossible to keep well informed. No man can master all the languages required for the purpose, even if he were to devote considerable time to the task. A committee was formed of delegates of the different congresses, and they called themselves: "The Delegation for the Adoption of an International Language." No doubt, several scholars have ultimately in view the adoption of Esperanto as an international language; but the Delegation as such has no preference. They only want to persuade colleagues from all over the world to agree on the question of the desirability of an easy means of communication which could be used on such occasions as international meetings, and by means of which also written contributions could be

put within reach of coworkers who are not familiar with an author's native tongue. The selection of this language is to be entrusted to the International Association of Academies.¹

Esperanto had been invented long before. The first pamphlet of its creator, Dr. Zamenhof, a Russian physician, was published in 1887, — *An International Language*, by Dr. Esperanto. About ten years later, the possibility of success began to be realized by its propagators. It was well received, first in Russia, then in Norway and Sweden. Then it was taken up in France, by M. de Beaufront. The latter had himself invented an artificial language, but gave it up as soon as he became acquainted with the admirable work of his Russian competitor. He is the man who forced the world at large to stop and seriously consider Esperanto as the solution of the great problem proposed by men like Roger Bacon, Descartes, Pascal, Leibnitz, Locke, Condillac, Voltaire, Diderot, and so many others. From France it went to Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, and finally to England, where thirty societies of Esperantists were created within a little over a year.

There were two chief difficulties to be overcome in order to launch the idea. The first was due to the fact that Esperantists had no money and had to rely

¹ This association is composed of the academies or scientific bodies of Amsterdam, Berlin, Brussels, Budapest, Christiania, Copenhagen, Göttingen, Leipzig, London (Royal Society), Munich, Paris (Académies des Sciences, des Sciences Morales et Politiques, des inscriptions et Belles-lettres), St. Petersburg, Rome (Accademia dei Lincei), Stockholm, Vienna, and Washington. They meet every three years.

entirely upon the intrinsic value of their cause. In 1900, the accounts of the central committee in Paris showed a surplus of exactly five cents; their budget was then something like four hundred dollars a year. But they have enthusiastic workers who are willing to devote their lives to the triumph of Esperanto. A young man, M. Jules Borel, has just undertaken in Germany a systematic campaign, about on the same plan as that of M. de Beaufront in France, and he is succeeding very well. In England, W. T. Stead gave them the support of the *Review of Reviews*.

The second obstacle, much more serious than the first, is the prejudice created against the idea of an artificial language by the failure of Volapuk. At present, however, this threatening ghost has almost completely vanished. The remarkably superficial judgment, that argued from one failure to the necessary failure of all similar attempts, has given way to a more sensible view of the question. In fact, every sensible man, whether he believes in Esperanto or not, must recognize that the case of Volapuk proves absolutely nothing, except that this special Volapuk did not fulfill the requirements.

What are the positions gained up to the present day by Esperanto?

Several years ago, I remember having seen a statement to the effect that the number of adepts was over one hundred thousand. Let us not bother about figures, but rather mention a few names; the quality is more interesting than the quantity.

Esperanto has been heartily endorsed in Germany by such men as William Foerster, the well-known astronomer, and Ostwald, the famous physicist and philosopher of Leipzig (who is lecturing this winter at Harvard); and in Austria, one of the strongest supporters of Esperanto is the celebrated philologist Schuchardt, of the University of Prague. In England, we have to mention the name of a still greater linguist, Max Müller, who before his death praised the achievement of Dr.

Zamenhof. More recently, Sir William Ramsay wrote a very enthusiastic article for the *Daily Mail*; the influence of such a name as this was felt at once in Esperantist circles, and a number of important adhesions were received. In France, illustrious men by the score have enrolled under the green flag of Dr. Esperanto. First of all, Berthelot, hailed in his country and abroad as the greatest French scientist now living; he has recently announced an article in Esperanto, which is to appear in the *Internacia Sciencia Revuo* (Paris). Besides Berthelot, men like Brouardel, d'Arsonval, Appel, Becquerel, Picot, Poincaré, Richet, Prince Roland Bonaparte, and others, every one of them recognized all the world over as a leader in his special field of scientific researches.

Books for the study of Esperanto are now printed in twenty-two different languages. About twenty-five journals are published in the new idiom, one of them of a strictly scientific character. Several continental papers, occasionally or regularly, offer to their readers an article in Esperanto.

Esperantist clubs or societies are to be found almost everywhere; the one in Paris counts no less than three thousand members; while those in cities like Marseilles, Lyon, Bordeaux, Le Havre, and Lille, are also of considerable size.

Courses in Esperanto are offered not only in club rooms, but in public institutions as well. A few commercial schools have it on their programmes, as a free elective. In the University of Dijon they have organized an evening class, which is said to be well attended. Not long ago, Professor Carnot, of the national engineering school (*École des Mines*), in Paris, said publicly that he was thinking of introducing Esperanto in the regular courses of his students. In England they have adopted the method of tuition by correspondence.

Esperanto has already proved useful for providing reading for the blind. A system of stenography has been adapted

to the new language. Many commercial firms use it for international telegraphic communications. Several employ advertisements in Esperanto and find that it pays. Not long ago typewriters with the Esperantist alphabet were put on the market.

In another domain, we hear that Mr. Moch, the well-known champion of universal peace, addressed the International Congress of Peace in Esperanto, last September, at Luzerne. Moreover, those in charge of the various international offices in Berne are seriously considering the adoption of Esperanto as their regular language for correspondence.

One instance at least is known to me of a scholar who set the example of adding to his Doctor's thesis a summary in Esperanto for the benefit of foreign reviewers.

There would be no end if I were to tell all the information gathered on a recent tour in Europe. Let me end by recalling a great business success, namely this: that the leaders of the Esperantist movement succeeded, a few months ago, in persuading important publishing houses to make a specialty of books printed in the new language. For instance, a contract was passed with the first firm in France, Hachette and Company. The latter will take up any manuscript recommended by a committee of which Dr. Zamenhof is the president, but on the condition that they will give no work to print to other publishers.

A word ought to be said now of the Congress of Boulogne (August 5-13, 1905), as it brought the most convincing demonstration of the possibility of using Esperanto as a medium for oral intercourse. Before, a quantity of instances had been quoted of isolated cases when Esperantists of different countries meeting for the first time were at once able to talk fluently with one another. But never had the experiment been made on such a large scale. Twelve hundred delegates, from twenty-two different countries, had gathered, and while it was possible to tell

the people of the various nationalities from their accent, there was no trouble in understanding every one present. As it was expressed by one of the witnesses of those interesting scenes: "For oratory, for poetry, for disputation, for music, for merriment, for flirtation, Esperanto was put to the proof, and found not to be wanting." For a whole week, speeches were made by representatives of the twenty-two different nations; all their discussions were conducted in Esperanto. In the evenings, they had concerts. One evening they performed Molière's *Mariage forcé*; the characters were enacted by persons of seven countries: of the three ladies, one was Italian, one was a Russian, and the third was a Swede; the men were English, Belgian, Norwegian, and French. On Sunday, the Catholic service was celebrated partly in Esperanto, among other things the Lord's Prayer and the *Ave Maris Stella* being said and sung in words of the new tongue. The Catholics, by the way, have an Esperantist review of their own (*Esperanto katolika*).

What seems to me more interesting than anything else is that the French government took the opportunity of this congress on French soil to compliment the creator of Esperanto; and while so many rumors of war were abroad, this manifestation of one of the great world powers in honor of a man who did so well his share in order to bring about a better understanding among men is well worth mentioning, and praising. Dr. Zamenhof was received in private audience by the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Bienvenu-Martin, who heartily congratulated him upon his achievement. Then the city of Paris tendered him a reception in the Hôtel de Ville. Later, a banquet was given in his honor on the second story of the Eiffel Tower; a score of the greatest scholars in France attended; M. Berthelot sat on the right of the chief guest. When Dr. Zamenhof reached Boulogne, he had the pleasure of finding among the delegates General

Sébert, of the Academy of Sciences, Dr. Jarval, of the Academy of Medicine, and M. Benoit, the distinguished Director of the Bureau International des Poids et Mesures. Other nations may one day shower honors on Dr. Zamenhof, but the French wanted to be first.

II

Let us now try and give an accurate idea of Esperanto. This is still the best argument to convince skeptics. One may dislike or disapprove of an artificial language, or one may think that it is impossible to introduce it in the world, but to pronounce the existence of such a language an impossible thing, or even to dispute the fact that, in simplicity and efficiency, an artificial language is superior to a natural one, in a great many respects, is something that no man who understands the few following facts regarding Esperanto will dare to do any more.

The general principle on which Dr. Zamenhof has worked is this: to eliminate all that is accidental in our national languages, and to keep what is common to all. In consequence, and strictly speaking, he invents nothing; he builds entirely with material that has been in existence for a long time. Here then is the way in which he proceeds regarding the various elements that are necessary to the formation of a language.

The Sounds. Sounds that are peculiar to one language are eliminated. The English *th* and *w* are not found in French or German, therefore they are dropped. On the other hand, the French *u*, the German *ü*, and the French nasals do not exist in English; they too are dropped. The Spanish *ñ* and *j*, and the German *ch*, have the same fate. Thus, only sounds which are found everywhere are kept, and no one will have any difficulty about pronunciation, no matter to what country he belongs.

Spelling is of course phonetic: one and the same sound for one letter. There are no mute letters, as in French; neither are

there double letters: *x = ks* (*eksist*), *ph = j*; as to *ch*, it becomes *k* for the guttural sound (*karakter*), and *ĉ* for the sibilant sound (*ĉivalric* for *chivalric*), *c* remaining for the ordinary sound in words like *cigar*. The *g* is reserved for the guttural (*gril*, *garb*), and *ĝ* is used for the sibilant (*aĝ = age*). So *ĉ* and *ĝ* are two new signs, but for sounds which are in no way new. A third simple sign is substituted for a double letter, namely *ŝ* for *sh* (*ŝip = ship*, *ŝi = she*).

The Accent is always on the penultimate syllable. Esperanto reminds one of Italian, when spoken, and has proved extremely melodious for singing.

The Vocabulary. The principle of internationalism is applied here in a most ingenious fashion. Dr. Zamenhof proceeded thus: he compared the dictionaries of the different languages, and picked out first those words which are common to them all. He spelled them according to the phonetic system, dropped the special endings in each idiom, and adopted them as root-words in his proposed language: for example, *atom*, *aksiom*, *adres*, *form*, *ĵosfor*, *histori*, *poet*, *profet*, *teatr*, *telegraf*, *vagon*, etc.

Then he picked out those which appear in most languages, although not in all; for example, *bark* (English, French, German, Italian, Polish, Russian, Spanish); *eksplođ* (English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Polish, Russian); *flor* (English, French, Italian, Latin, Polish, Russian), etc.

For the remaining words, — and there are comparatively few left, — which are never the same in the different languages, Dr. Zamenhof selected them in such a manner as to make the task of acquiring Esperanto equally difficult or equally easy for all concerned. *Tamen* (however), *sed* (but), *dum* (while), *brak* (arm), *proksim* (near), are taken from Latin. *Tago* (day), *monat* (month), *tapet* (carpet), are German. *Gladi* (to iron), *vidi* (to see), *vosto* (tail), are Slavic, and so forth. One sees that even there it is easy for everybody to make use of some know-

ledge of his own. In *vidi* every Latin scholar recognizes *videre*; in *gladi* the Germans recognize *glatt* (and the verb in dialect, *glätten*); in *tapet*, the English recognize *tapestry* and the French *tapisserie*; in *brak*, the French *bras*; in *proksim*, the English *proximity*.

This is far from being all that is done by Dr. Zamenhof in order to render things easy to students of Esperanto.

He has an ingenious scheme of prefixes and suffixes.

Out of one root, one forms different parts of speech:—

o indicates always a noun.

a “ “ an adjective.

i “ “ a verb.

e “ “ an adverb.

Thus, the stem *parol* gives: *parol'o*, word (and as a second derivative *parol'ant'o*, orator); *parol'a*, oral; *parol'i*, to speak; and *parol'e*, orally.

Founded on the same principle of saving of time and energy, we have the prefix of contrary notions. In other languages, you will find generally one word for “good” and another for “bad,” one for “weak” and another for “strong,” one for “esteem” and another for “despise,” and so forth. In Esperanto you only have one to memorize in each case, thanks to the prefix for contraries, *mal*. For example, good is *bon'a*, bad will be *mal'bon'a*; strong is *fort'a*, weak will be *mal'fort'a*; to esteem is *estim'i*, to despise will be *mal'estim'i*.

As already seen from the preceding example, the selection of prefixes and suffixes is not arbitrary. Dr. Zamenhof remains true to his method. They are simply importations from the existing languages.

The suffix *ar*, for instance, marks collectivity, as in most national tongues: *arb'o*, tree, *arb'ar'o*, forest; *vort'o*, word, *vort'ar'o*, dictionary. And in English, *vocabul'ar'y*; in Italian, *diction'ar'io*; in Spanish, *formul'ar'io*; in Latin, *vesti'arium*; in French, *ossuaire*.

The suffix *abl* is nothing but the English *able* or *ible* (also French, Italian, Latin, etc.): *kred'i*, to believe, *kred'abl'a*,

credible; *fleks'i*, to bend, *fleks'abl'a*, flexible; *leg'i*, to read, *leg'abl'a*, readable.

Or again, the suffix *ec* (pronounced *ess*) which stands for abstraction: *bon'a*, good, *bon'ec'o*, kindness. In English also, *goodn'ess*, in French, *fin'esse*, in Spanish *grand'ezza*. *Ig* marks the idea of rendering: *fort'a*, strong, *fort'ig'i*, to strengthen; and *mal'fort'a*, weak, *mal'fort'ig'i*, to weaken. *Il* marks the instrument: *komb'i*, to comb, *komb'il'o*, the comb. *Ist* the profession: *art'ist'o*, *bot'ist'o* (boot-maker), *komerc'ist'o* (business man).

Some one may object that there is no simplification in Esperanto at all, since we have those suffixes ourselves. But to judge thus would be proof that one has missed the point entirely. The great superiority of Esperanto here is that it is more consistent than we have been so far. Advantage has been taken of a principle, which, we know, works very well, but which was used in a happy-go-lucky fashion; in fact, to apply it very often brought about mistakes; as things are now, we must cease to be consistent with a perfectly good principle in order to remain correct in our speech. In other words, with the same principle, you make mistakes constantly in English; you can never make one in Esperanto. An Englishman can make *artist* out of *art*, or *druggist* out of *drug*, just as the Esperantist can, — but let him try with *typograph* or with *tapestry*: can he make *typographist* or *tapestrist*? No, he must know other words, like *printer* or *upholsterer*.

Other little arrangements might be quoted, — for example, ten being *dek*, the Esperanto word for twenty will be *du dek* (2×10), thirty will be *tri dek* (3×10), and so on; — what has been already explained will suffice to show the spirit of the language.

In this way, of course, the vocabulary is very small as compared with other languages. The *Dictionnaire* of the French Academy has in its last edition (1878) 32,000 words; English and German dictionaries, according to the dif-

ferent authors, claim anywhere between 45,000 and 100,000 words (compound words included, of course, which the French has not). The last edition of Webster has between 110,000 and 115,000. But about 2000 words, after dropping too specifically scientific and technical terms, are sufficient to give a good reading and speaking knowledge of Esperanto; of which 2000, only relatively few are entirely new to any person, as we know. This modest vocabulary, together with all the grammar rules, is printed in a booklet containing 24 pages (4×3 inches), which can easily be put in a waistcoat pocket; it weighs five grams, and costs exactly one cent. With the material contained in this remarkably small volume, Dr. Zamenhof claims that he can express practically all human thoughts, at least so far as they may be expressed in words. In order to prove it, he has translated Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and Shakespeare is considered as having the widest range of terms at his disposal of all the greatest writers of the world, — about 7000 words, if our memory does not betray us. To show the adaptability of his language, Dr. Zamenhof translated also one of Dickens's novels. One of his disciples translated a treatise of Euclidian Geometry; and Hachette has just issued Richet's little book on Spontaneous Generation.

Many persons will feel inclined to doubt *a priori* the possibility of doing these things satisfactorily. Until they decide to try, and put themselves in a position to judge by themselves, I may remind them of a fact, — and my authority for it is Renan himself, — namely, that all that the Old Testament has to say to us is expressed by means of 500 root-words and their derivatives. Now Esperanto has 2000 root-words. The 45,000 to 70,000 scriptural signs in Chinese can in the same way, we are told, be reduced to 450 primitive terms.

The Grammar. The most remarkable achievement of Dr. Zamenhof remains still to be told. Think of the heavy gram-

mars, Latin, Greek, German, French, which are put in the hands of our children. The most elementary do not come down to less than a few hundred pages. The grammar in Esperanto occupies about four pages in the *Manuel Complet*, by M. de Beaufront. There are only sixteen rules, without exceptions. Moreover, those sixteen rules are really needed only if one wants to speak or write the language. For reading they are hardly necessary, as the principles applied are familiar beforehand to any person who has ever used at all our present languages; and the following table will probably prove sufficient.

In root-words

o	final marks always	the noun: <i>patr'o</i> , father.
a	" " "	the adjective: <i>patr'a</i> , paternal.
e	" " "	the adverb: <i>patr'e</i> , in a fatherly manner.
j	" " "	the plural: <i>bon'a'j patr'o'j</i> , good fathers.
n	" " "	the direct object, and the place where one goes: <i>mi amas la patro'n</i> , I love the father. <i>Li vias Rom'o'n</i> , he goes to Rome.
i	" " "	the infinitive: <i>am'i</i> , to like.
as	" " "	the present: <i>mi am'as</i> , I like; <i>li est'as</i> , he is.
is	" " "	the past: <i>ni am'is</i> , we liked.
os	" " "	the future: <i>vi am'os</i> , you will like.
us	" " "	the conditional: <i>ili am'us</i> , they would like.
ant	" " "	the present participle active: <i>am'ant'o</i> , liking.
at	" " "	the present participle, passive: <i>am'at'a</i> , who (or which) is liked.
it	" " "	the passive participle, past; <i>am'it'a</i> , who (or which) has been liked.

There is only one article, *la*, for masculine, feminine, and neuter, as in English.

The personal pronouns are: *mi*, *vi*, *li* (he), *gi* (it), *ŝi* (she, pronounced *she*), *ni*, *ili* (they); *oni* (one, they); *si* (self). To form the possessive adjectives, add

simply the ending of the adjective, *a: mi'a*, my.

The cardinal numbers are: *unu*, *du*, *tri*, *kvar*, *kvin*, *ses*, *sep*, *ok*, *nau*, *dek* — *cent* — *mil*. Add the ending of the adjective, and you have the ordinal numbers.

And this is all. Take a penny dictionary in your pocket, and you are provided to get along in Esperanto. Even without the dictionary, and only with the few words of Esperanto quoted here, plus what everybody knows of his own native tongue, you will almost be able to understand a text in the new language. Try:

La internacia linguo Esperanto estas facile lernebla, eĉ de la personoj nemulte instruitaj. Unu horo sufiĉas ĝenerale por lerni la tutan gramatikon, kelkaj tagoj por legi, kelkaj semajnoj por skribi. Esperanto estas efektive tre simpla, fleksebla, bonsona kaj vere internacia per siaj elementoj. Kun malgranda kvanto da radikoj oni povas fari tre grandan nombron da vortoj dank al la praktika sistemo de prefiksoj kaj sufiksoj. Tiu ĉi lingvo ne havas la intencon malfortigi la lingvon naturan de ia popolo. Ĝi devos servi por la rilatoj internaciaj kaj por tiuj verkoj kiuj interesas la tutan mondon. Esperanto helpas la sciencojn, la komercon, kaj la vojaĝojn.

Translation

The international language Esperanto is easily learnable, even by (of) people not-much educated. One hour suffices generally to (for) learn the whole grammar,

some (French *quelques*) days to read, some weeks to write. Esperanto is effectively very simple, flexible, well-sounding, and very international by its elements. With [a] small (not-large) quantity of radicals, one can make [a] very great number of words, thanks to the practical system of prefixes and suffixes. This language has not the intention to weaken the natural language of any people. It must serve for the international relations, and for all the works which interest the whole world. Esperanto helps the sciences, commerce, and journeys.

The writer is not an Esperantist; he does not speak the new idiom; he never tried to. But having heard of it, he decided to write to M. de Beaufront. Soon he received a little book, *Langue internationale Esperanto*, and one Sunday afternoon (for play, not for work), at about three o'clock, he began to study. At four o'clock he could read without too much trouble. In the evening, after his supper, he wrote M. de Beaufront a letter of thanks in Esperanto. He feels perfectly sure that anybody could do as well. Perhaps much better.¹

¹ The address of the British branch of Esperanto is as follows: 13 Arundel Street, London, W. C.

One can also order the books for the study of Esperanto, by addressing, "Esperanto," Review of Reviews Office, 14 Norfolk Street, Strand, London. Orders will be sent post free on receipt of the prices of the volumes: *viz.*, *Complete Textbook of Esperanto*, by J. O'Connor. 1 s. 8 d. *English-Esperanto and Esperanto-English Dictionaries*. 2 s. 8 d.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE HERR MAJOR

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY

IN the middle of her spotless, bare little salon, with its snowy curtains, tall white porcelain stove, and waxed floor, towered, hand on hip, Frau Schulze, letter of lodgings in the old North German conservatory town of Leipsic. Facing her sat deprecatingly, upon the sofa, the possible lessee of the lodgings. This was a slight, erect, well-dressed American woman of thirty or thereabouts, with deeper lines in her forehead, and more gray hairs in her abundant dark coils, than seemed explicable in one otherwise so blooming. On the present occasion, however, there might be sufficient cause for the pucker in her delicately drawn eyebrows, for it appeared that she was being weighed in the balance, and Frau Schulze, voluble, dramatic, broad of girth, was putting her through a series of searching questions.

"So none of the *Fräulein's* six sisters are studying at the Conservatory?"

Miss Jocelyn, in somewhat labored German, hastened to refute the heinous charge.

"Nor play the piano?"

"There will be no piano playing."

"Nor the violin, nor the 'cello, nor the French horn, nor the flute, nor — nor —" Frau Schulze, checking off the various instruments on her plump fingers, paused a suspicious instant, and brought up with an explosive and suspicious "nor the kettledrum, *mein Fräulein*?"

"A kettledrum! what an idea!"

But the long-suffering landlady held her ground.

"You never can tell, *Fräulein*, what a lodger may not smuggle in, and now that these ladies' orchestras are all the rage — But as I say, it is all on account of my lodger, the Herr Major, who forbids my taking in any pupils of the Conservatory."

"I wonder you can put up with such a lodger, Frau Schulze."

"Put up! put up with the Herr Major!" Frau Schulze folded her arms across her ample bosom, and gazed her amazement at the sacrilegious young woman on the sofa. "But then, you are a stranger, and moreover an American, and could hardly be expected to understand. *Himmel!* it was only yesterday, for instance, while I was weeping bitterly over the death of my father-in-law," — Miss Jocelyn looked sympathetic, — "yes, *mein Fräulein*, only think, my father-in-law died a rich man, and left me a bare fifty marks! As I say, I was convulsed with grief, when in comes the Herr Major. '*Mein Gott, Hanna!*' says the Herr Major, 'you have again been impoverishing yourself on my account; you have undoubtedly been turning away another conservatory pupil,' and down he plumps me a good round sum."

"And when you explained," suggested Miss Jocelyn.

Frau Schulze looked her pitying reproach.

"Explain! Ach Gott! you Americans! So cold, so practical! Plunged in grief as I was, how could I find words to explain? I simply kissed the hand of the Herr Major."

"I see," said Miss Jocelyn. "Well, then, Frau Schulze, will you take us in for a few weeks? We are planning moving into the country later."

But still Frau Schulze demurred, stroking down the rustling expanse of her white apron.

"The Herr Major does not love Americans, *mein Fräulein*; he was once most scandalously cheated by a planter from the banks of the Amazon."

"But the Amazon is in South America, Frau Schulze."

"Surely, Fräulein, you told me you came from South America."

"No, indeed, I said from the Southern states of" —

But Frau Schulze would entertain no such invidious distinctions.

"It is all one, *mein Fräulein*, and I cannot pretend to fathom your extraordinary Indian geography, but seeing that my rooms are temporarily vacant, — it was a Russian pianist last; we put mattresses over the doors of the Herr Major, but it was no use, — and six sisters, you say? Six sisters are a great many."

Miss Frances Jocelyn of Maryland, eldest of seven, rose, drawing a deep breath, as one who had cause.

"Still," she said reflectively, "I cannot well drown them off; your river here is such a muddy little ditch; quite different," she added over her shoulder as she passed out at the door, "from the Amazon."

Frau Schulze received this last sally doubtfully.

"Such singular ways of putting things you Americans have." Then she narrowed her eyes, and nodded knowingly. "There are, however, other means of disposing of young girls; that is, if they have good looks, and — above all," — and here Frau Schulze made a rapid and satisfactory calculation of the probable cost of her new lodger's very tasteful wardrobe, — "above all, money."

"Good-morning, Frau Schulze; then you may expect us to-morrow," said Miss Jocelyn, with her head in the air, and the landlady nodded sagaciously to herself.

"She has come abroad to marry off her six sisters. I must have an eye to the Herr Major!"

For a week after the arrival of the Jocelyns at Pension Schulze all went merrily as a marriage bell. From Alice of twenty-two, eldest of the half-sisters, to Anne, just budding into her teens, they were undeniably pretty girls, and, for Americans, singularly docile and subdued. If at times a certain mutinous gleam in the eyes of Beatrice, the tallest and most striking of the group, hinted at hidden fires, Frau

Schulze failed to take alarm, and softened by their beauty, their orphaned estate, their lavish use of money, she buried all suspicion, and even began to entertain generous notions of assisting the eldest of seven in her matrimonial schemes. Not, however, to the extent of throwing these engaging maidens in the way of so eligible a *parti* as the Herr Major! The Herr Major was, Frau Schulze considered, her particular property. Had she not been born on the family estate, and in fact set up in the lodging business by her young master? He was to be cherished and fleeced, it stood to reason, by no one but herself. What advantage should she reap by a marriage which would carry the Herr Major and his open purse to the banks of the Amazon? Fortunately he took his meals at the club, so there was scant opportunity for more than a chance encounter with the Americans. Still, Miss Jocelyn might be laying her plans, and it would be best to sound her.

"So well behaved, so modest, your sisters," purred Frau Schulze, waylaying Miss Jocelyn in the corridor. "One would never suspect they were Americans. Mees Beatrice, now, — such an air; and Mees Alice with a mouth one could cover with a groschen. But Fräulein Jocelyn is wise; she takes her time; she observes this *parti* and that, and she says" —

"I say nothing at all, Frau Schulze," broke in Frances with blazing eyes, "except that my sisters are not — not" — "Not in the matrimonial market" was what she wished to say, but, her German coming short, she finished with the bald statement, "my sisters never marry."

Frau Schulze, with upraised hands, supplicated the chandelier. "Thou dear Heaven! You design them for old maids! The poor lambs; the little innocents! Have you a heart of stone? And with such hair and eyes, and so rich! Gott! you could marry them to any title. Poor lambkins; little angels of gold; and so sweet, so pious, so obedient, so gentle, so — *Um Gottes Willen*, what, what is that?"

"That" was a gay, brilliant, assured arpeggio on the violin, and the next moment a tripping, saucy gavotte was breaking the sacred silence of Pension Schulze. The sounds emanated from the salon of — Heaven help them — the Jocelyn sisters!

Frau Schulze, as fast as her generous size would allow, lumbered down the corridor, Miss Jocelyn following in open dismay.

"Now how did Beatrice — of course it is Beatrice — smuggle it in? I thought they had all been packed away." Then she came to a terrified pause, for a door had burst open, and an irate officer, and an undeniable German oath, had launched themselves simultaneously into the passage. The officer had eyes only for his landlady.

"What is this, Hanna, a violin?"

Frau Schulze wrung her hands.

"Never blame me, Herr Major; they swore on the holy Bible they had none of them ever so much as touched an instrument of any kind. Ach, Gott! here they are, all of them; the Herr Major may see for himself."

And well the Herr Major might see for himself. Headed by Beatrice, who, at the uproar without, had stopped her playing, and thrown open the door, the whole frightened, blushing bevy was discovered hovering on the threshold, and in a moment Miss Jocelyn added another to the group.

"Beatrice, how could you!" she expostulated, and then, turning boldly, she faced the Herr Major.

"I am sorrowful," she said, in her most stately and classical German, and with a dignity which might have carried more weight if in her perturbation she had not addressed the Herr Major endearingly as *du*; "and assure thee it shall never happen again."

Not a ripple of amusement disturbed the courteous gravity of the major's face. He was a tall man of perhaps forty, of a fine carriage and decidedly prepossessing appearance. Despite the accident of the

oath, he was a gentleman, and as such rose to the occasion.

"In future," he said, clicking his spurred heels together, and executing an impressive salute that completely awed the younger girls, "in future when the young ladies play I shall open my door to listen."

But Beatrice was not to be so easily mollified.

"It's very strange," she said, with her head thrown well back from her fine, long, scornful throat, "why the Leipsic people go to the trouble of founding conservatories, and then refuse accommodation to the poor, deluded pupils who come to attend them."

"There, there, Beatrice!"

Beatrice, who was the linguist and the orator, shook off her sister's restraining hand.

"No, no, Frances, I insist on telling Frau Schulze, and this — this gentleman, how for weeks we have been driven from pillar to post, without a place to lay our heads, and simply because we wish to pursue the divine art of music."

"But, Mees Beatrice," broke in Frau Schulze, while the major, stroking his mustache, looked uncertain whether to stand his ground or to fly before this battery of lovely, reproachful eyes, "but, dear, sweet Miss, — seven of you, and all practicing at once!"

Beatrice waved the interruption aside.

"And when we give up in despair, and try and hire a place in the country, — such a dear old place, with only cows and peasants to object to our practicing, — the agent keeps putting us off, and pretending he must make sure of our references — our references! — and alluding covertly to a so-called 'fellow countryman' of ours, a scoundrel from Brazil who hired the place once and never paid."

A sudden illumination lit up the expressive features of the Herr Major, and though he had evidently a moment before been meditating flight, he now turned to Miss Jocelyn with a genial if somewhat

embarrassed eagerness that sat well upon him.

"Might I take the liberty of asking the *gnädiges Fräulein* the name of the estate in question?"

"Grünau!" burst in chorus from all the girls, who had been silent such an unconscionable time.

Frau Schulze clasped her hands. "Thou dear Heaven! the estate of the Herr Major!"

Again seven pairs of reproachful eyes were fastened on the luckless officer. It was he, then, with his insane distrust of Americans, who was keeping them out of Paradise.

"There has been some unfortunate mistake," protested the owner of Grünau with great earnestness, "I will write at once to my agent to place the house at your disposal."

In April not even the flat, uninteresting plain about Leipsic can quite escape the witchery of spring, and it is then that Grünau looks its best. It is a low, red-tiled manor, built, German farm fashion, around a courtyard which is littered with stable adjuncts not of the savoriest, but toward the rear the windows open on terrace and garden and park. Here a noble growth of trees offers cool and secluded retreats; here wild violets lurk and great sheets of yellow primroses dance in the breeze. From one end of the park wall stretches the village, its steep, pitched roofs overtopped by the gray old Lutheran church spire; and in the other direction, breaking the monotony of the green plain, rise the towers of the city.

In the centre of the main wing of the manor a lofty hall, stone-flagged and hung about with antlers and hunting horns, and a rusty blade and firelock or two, imparts a certain dignity; and without in the garden the ancient stone well, the rose-embowered sun-dial, the quaint dove-cote, add their part to a homely charm that soon steals into the heart. This, at least, was the effect on Frances, and it was with a light heart that she set

her domestic machinery to running, interviewed the old servants, who had stayed on, engaged a highly respectable widow lady as governess and general duenna, and made arrangements for certain masters to come from town, and other arrangements for the older girls to be conducted to and from the Conservatory. So utter, indeed, was the content of the eldest of seven, so sheltered seemed this retreat, that it was nothing less than a shock to receive, one fine morning, the visiting card of the Herr Major.

The Herr Major! What was he there for? Under ordinary circumstances it might seem natural for a landlord to visit his own estate on occasion, but the final words of Frau Schulze had put Frances on her jealous guard.

Drawing Miss Jocelyn aside, and with the manner of one who could unfold unspeakable things, Frau Schulze had whispered, "Beware of the Herr Major, *mein Fräulein*; he is on the lookout for a rich wife."

So on the first appearance of the fortune hunter, the wary elder sister, glancing in alarm at Alice and Martha and Beatrice seated feeding the doves by the fountain, sent them post haste to their practicing, and the formal interview was lugubriously accompanied by the disconsolate wail of 'cello, viola, and violin, issuing from various remote quarters of the house.

It would seem, however, that Frances had been needlessly prudent. The Herr Major did not so much as allude to the young ladies. He had come down to speak about the rehabilitating of the crumbling fresco in the dining-room, the restoration of which — with her gracious permission — he might be obliged personally to superintend from time to time.

For a well-kept-up old mansion it was singular to observe how many things were out of order; out of order, at least, in the eyes of their scrupulous landlord. Not a week passed but the Herr Major, profuse in apologies, but firm as to the necessity of overseeing the workmen,

would drive out to Grünau; and, little by little, to the suspicious eye of the alarmed mother bird, ruffling her feathers and spreading her wings to protect her brood, these visits began to wear an ominous air. Quite early in the game, too, it became evident that Beatrice evinced a fluttered interest in the comings and goings of the Herr Major, and invariably found occasion to have business with the particular carpenter or plasterer or gardener whom the master of Grünau had come down to interview. The whole bevy of girls, in fact, sang his praises. So whole-souled and simple, when once the outer conventional crust had dropped off; so well-read, such an interesting talker; and as chivalrously gentle toward woman as if he had been an American. That last trait he had probably acquired through taking care of his invalid wife, dead five years before, and it must have been the loss of his only daughter that made him so particularly nice with merry, romping Anne, just in her teens.

It turned out, also, that, instead of having no ear for music, it was the extreme sensibility of that member which had made the incessant banging and thrumming of conservatory pupils a horror to him; and as to his hatred of Americans, — well, if he still cherished any such sentiments he kept them quite in the background. Indeed, so frank and genuine did he seem, that, forgetting her fears, Frances found herself by degrees actually consulting with him about the best masters for the girls, and whether he considered tennis too violent an exercise for Martha, who was delicate, and if he could recommend a nice, quiet little inn in the Harz Mountains for July. In all these matters how sound was his judgment; how rational his point of view! Men often did see things more sanely than women! What a comfort it must be in married life to have a man to consult, and not to be obliged to settle everything alone!

It was an unpleasant surprise, directly after one of these confidential talks, to

run across the Herr Major and Beatrice behind the magnolias in the garden, Beatrice flushed and excited, and her companion plainly embarrassed. What did it mean? Would a man of honor, and a conventional German above all, entrap an artless girl into secret interviews? Would, moreover, a man of honor allow himself to look at herself, Frances, as he had begun to of late, unless he — And how it set her heart to beating when he did look at her in that way!

So, restless and puzzled, her happy content quite at an end, Frances tried to steel her heart against this all too engaging visitor, and above all to keep Beatrice out of his path. Poor child, growing daily more sparkling and lovely, what did she know of fortune hunting! Alas, there was but one course to take; they must leave Grünau, and all on account of the Herr Major.

It was the praiseworthy custom at Grünau to take afternoon coffee, weather permitting, at the stone table in the garden; and here, shortly after the posting of the momentous note to the agent, breaking the news of their intended departure, the Herr Major discovered Frances. Seven cups, flanking a tempting cake, round like a garland and sprinkled with delicately browned almonds, decorated the board, and it was evident that in a few moments the whole hungry tribe would launch themselves upon it.

Seated stiffly, and in full regimentals, opposite his hostess, in whose dark coils one of the girls had fastened a cluster of yellow primrose, the master of Grünau looked deprecatingly across the cake and coffee.

"Of course it's only a poor little place," he admitted, evidently having been informed of the impending catastrophe by his agent, "but if there is any improvement you could suggest — The servants? they are old house servants, and horribly opinionated, I fear."

"The servants are perfect."

"The dining-room is a barrack, I know, but if a few more rugs" —

"I like a bare dining-room."

"The gardener does not cut flowers enough, perhaps; the drawing-room is too sunny; the — the" —

But nothing the Herr Major could mention seemed to be at fault, and quite humbly he followed her eyes, which fluttered from bosky park to sunny terrace; from sunny terrace to glowing garden, as if in search of some defect, till finally they rested on an ivy-grown gable from whose open French window, quaint with thick-leaded panes, there stole the haunting cadence of an old German love song. It was Beatrice playing on her violin in an upper chamber, and the song of all others was *How can I leave thee*.

After the Herr Major had waited an embarrassing number of minutes, and no answer came to his question, he rose, his early formality wrapped about him like a garment.

"I understand, it is my too frequent presence at Grünau that is the disturbing element. My intentions have been too evident; my devotion unwelcome."

Frances in her turn rose stiffly, and gripped the edge of the table with both hands.

"Surely you must understand" — she stammered — "with these motherless girls to look out for — and I promised their mother on her deathbed — she was an unhappy woman — and I thought if I filled their minds with some interest like music — their mother hoped they never would marry."

"Who is speaking of marrying your sisters?" asked the Herr Major.

Frances flushed rose red.

"Pardon me; I thought — I understood" —

The Herr Major strode around the table.

"Surely you knew, Miss Jocelyn, it was you — you" —

"*Wie ist es möglich dass ich dich lassen kann,*" wailed the violin from the gable chamber. When had Beatrice ever played like that? Pricked on to speech by the aching pain in her heart, in part for the innocent little sister thus disclosing her inmost secret, in part, alas, for herself, Frances blurted out, —

"You mistake, Herr Major, it is only my half-sisters have the money."

"Now who, *in Gottes Namen*," said the major, in a singularly gentle voice, "has been tampering with you? Those words were never yours, *gnädiges Fräulein*. I have learned to know you too well; so simple, so clear of soul, so unworldly as only some of you American women can be. In your heart you never believed that, and the question of money, thank God, is not one I have to consider."

But Frances still drew back, lifting imploring eyes toward the gable window, where, if truth be told, the supposedly heart-broken younger sister was taking a gloating and bird's-eye view of the first proposal it had ever been her good fortune to witness.

"How can I, if — if she — if Beatrice" —

"Miss Beatrice?" said the Herr Major, catching at the name but missing the significance of the words; "it is through Miss Beatrice, my particular friend and ally, that I learn the young ladies have lost their hearts to Grünau, and nightly insert a petition into their prayers that their eldest sister may be moved to become *die Frau Major*."

PALMER'S HERBERT

BY A. V. G. ALLEN

GEORGE HERBERT is conventionally ranked among the minor poets. The classification has no great value, and instead of serving a useful purpose may only hinder the recognition of poetic greatness. In this edition of Herbert's poems, Professor Palmer has freed himself from the trammels of relative and conventional estimates. He has done for a minor poet, if such he must be called, what has hitherto only been done for the great masters of song. He has subjected him to a study, encyclopædic in its range, a study minute, thorough, and seemingly exhaustive. He has done a work never attempted before, and it is so final in its results that henceforth every student of Herbert must reckon with it. So long as Herbert is read, or studied, will Mr. Palmer be associated with his name, as the commentator who rescued him from the neglect or ignorance which obscured his meaning and purpose. It is no slight task which Mr. Palmer has accomplished. In the absence of creative work which is the characteristic of our time, he has lifted the veil from the poet of another age, and has revealed to us his beauty and his power. Herbert now lives again, better understood than he was even by his contemporaries, and he speaks to the modern world, bringing to it a message needed and longed for. He can hardly again be classed among minor poets. He is not to be judged by the amount of his poetic work alone but by its quality, by the purpose which inspired him, and by his influence on those who followed him. In the light in which Mr. Palmer has disclosed him he is great and to be ranked among the few to whom the world is most indebted.

Herbert has always had his admirers, — a small number it is true, — who have

seen that he possessed some subtle charm for the religious imagination beyond any other. Such was Mr. Emerson, who in his address on Books (1872) said of him: "He was a person of singular elevation of mind, and I think every young man and every young woman who wishes inspiration from books, should find for their Sunday reading and their Monday reading the little volume of George Herbert's poems. I speak of it, because it is a little the best religious English book that I recall. I don't know any one who has spoken so sweetly to the religious sentiment in us as George Herbert." The late Senator Hoar was a devotee of Herbert, one of those who was looking forward to the appearance of this new study of his life and works. Over the fireplace in his library at his home in Worcester were inscribed these lines from Herbert, —

Man is no starre, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire;
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

There is deep significance in the ups and downs of Herbert's popularity, or in the names of those who have admired him. In his own age he was recognized for his high merit by his friend Lord Bacon, by Walton and Bunyan; by other poets, — Donne, Vaughan, and Crashaw. King Charles I found solace in reading him; Baxter thought he spoke of God as one who knew Him. But in the eighteenth century he was neglected; with the exception of Addison, Cowper stands alone in praising him, "finding delight in reading him all day long." In the last century there came a renewed interest. "During the last quarter of the century," says Mr. Palmer, "a new edition of Herbert has appeared almost every other

year." But he also adds, "In this period of Herbert's popularity he is more bought than read. Half a dozen of his poems are famous; but the remainder, many of them equally fitted for household words, nobody looks at. They lie hidden beneath ancestral encumbrances which editors have not had the courage to clear away. . . . The arrangement of the book preserves its original chaos. No attempt has ever been made to set the poems in intelligible order. The many religious, artistic, and personal problems which they involve remain unexamined. . . . Present means of access to him are in short elementary."

It has been Mr. Palmer's object to remedy these defects, and to enable the many to find in Herbert what has hitherto been accessible only to the few. It was to have been expected from the author that his research would go as deep as the inmost spring of the poet's life. There is here also a rich combination of author and subject, for Mr. Palmer has put himself into the work. Everywhere is visible the hand of the accomplished translator of the *Odyssey* and of the *Antigone*, the subtle and profound critic, the incessant student and observer of the ways of man in the world. No man, poet or other, could have been more fortunate than Herbert has been in meeting with such a mind whose gifts have been concentrated in one supreme effort to know and to make known. In the preface, Mr. Palmer has told us, better than any one reviewing his work can do, exactly what he proposed to himself to accomplish. It is a preface which will strike the reader with its unwonted tone of personal disclosure. It tells what otherwise we should not have known, why he should have bestowed all his powers, this marvelous labor, these prodigious pains, these years of toil, in elucidating the life and poetry of George Herbert. "There are few to whom this book will seem worth while. It embodies long labor spent on a minor poet, and will probably never be read entire by any one. But that is a reason for

its existence. Lavishness is its aim. The book is a box of spikenard, poured in inappeasable love over one who has attended my life. . . . He has rendered me profoundly grateful for what he has shown me of himself, — the struggling soul, the high-bred gentleman, the sagacious observer, the master of language, the persistent artist. I could not die in peace, if I did not raise a costly monument to his memory."

Professor Palmer's study of Herbert is so comprehensive in its range, so rich and varied, exhaustive and yet suggestive, there is so much which compels attention as new and striking where mere allusion or reference would be of no avail, that it baffles the reviewer who would fain do justice to the subject. His work must be described in his own words as "encyclopædic in its character." He has furnished a "critical dictionary" by which the meaning of the poet may be ascertained, through the text, the facts of the author's life, and the literary criticism of his age. The comment of other students of Herbert is included. His own critical comment includes explanations of words and phrases, the tracing of connections of thought, references to similar passages whether in Herbert or his contemporaries. The cross references attached to every poem, costing an immense amount of labor, serve to illustrate Herbert's curious tenacity of thought or phrase, making him comment on himself, and "out of his own mouth to explain his peculiar locutions." In addition to this fullness of comment, there are chronological tables, lists of textual variations, indexes of titles of the poems, arranged in the traditional order or according to the new classification, as well as an index of first lines to be found in no other edition. These indexes are repeated in each of the two volumes containing the poems. There are numerous illustrations, among them the homes of Herbert and of his ancestors, of the churches with which his name is associated, gathered by the author "in pilgrimages to every spot where Herbert's

feet have stood." The most important of these is the new portrait of the poet which forms the frontispiece of the first volume, and Mr. Palmer justly felicitates himself and his readers in securing a representation of Herbert's features, exhibiting him with "a fullness, complexity and likelihood such as no written criticism can give." The new portrait condemns as inadequate and misleading the work of earlier engravers. It is a face, to use Mr. Palmer's words, "marked by high breeding, scholarship, devoutness, disappointment, humor, fastidiousness, pathos, and pride," the face of one who has "moved in courtly circles, and convinces us that he was once alive."

The greater part of Mr. Palmer's first volume is given up to elaborate dissertations on the life of Herbert, on the man in his personality and character, on the type of religious poetry which he represents, on his style and technique as a poet, and lastly on the text and order of the poems. Special prefaces are also furnished to each of the twelve groups into which the poems are divided. Too much can hardly be said in praise of these essays and prefaces. They are terse and direct, marked by fervor and grace of diction, full of concentrated interest, illuminative and inspiring. Their effect is to beget enthusiasm in the reader, till he marvels at the author's skill and success, as he moves on triumphantly to a great conclusion.

One would like to dwell on each of these dissertations, but they are too condensed, too full of information to be reproduced even in barest outline. One point may at least be alluded to, the analysis of the causes of Herbert's obscurity, which is treated in masterly fashion. Mr. Palmer admits that Herbert is difficult to read beyond any other English poet, nor does "nearness of acquaintance remove the intricacy; it is perpetual." There are moments of lucidity which merely make the prevailing darkness deeper. "What can have made a writer, whose diction is on the whole sound and

who is ever alert, artistic and highly rational, so difficult to read?" In his answer to the question Mr. Palmer may be briefly summarized. The difficulty is owing to the private character of his verse, circulated among his friends but never receiving public criticism. He was analyzing his inner life, apart from the consciousness of a possible judgment by the reading world. Fullness of record was his aim rather than the impression to be made; and he neglected the art of soliciting other minds. For these intimate disclosures we pay heavily, forced as we are to seek connections of thought, explain transitions and allusions, and, above all, catch the mood, or all is blind. Even the titles of the poems are in some cases so many enigmas, not to be solved without patience and imagination. Herbert's object was not so much to gain a hearing as to reveal the workings of a soul. His poetry is a record or "picture of spiritual conflicts that have passed between my soul and God." The intricacy of his verse is in some measure inherent in his theme. In this connection and elsewhere Mr. Palmer protests against the epithet "holy," when applied to Herbert, as most misleading. He always remained to himself, whatever he may have seemed to others,

"A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace."

And further, the age of Herbert was characterized by a mental exuberance in which he shared, — an age of intellectual audacity, full of enigmas, given to exploiting new doctrines. This intellectualism invaded the church, showing itself in theological refinements; to take a good example, in the complexity of the Westminster Confession, when compared with the briefer, simpler doctrinal statements of the sixteenth century. It was an age which enjoyed difficulties and the accomplishment of feats, such as condensing thought, and putting as much meaning as possible into a given compass. Herbert studied compactness till he became a master in the art of forcing words to

carry a little more than their wonted meaning. Herbert was reacting, also, against the smooth, honeyed mellifluousness of the versifiers in the preceding age. He employed at times rugged words, jolting phrases. The impression in reading some of his poems may be compared with riding in a vehicle without springs over a road paved with cobble stones. He shared in another peculiarity of his time, the use of what are called "conceits;" whose essence, as Mr. Palmer defines it, lies in tracing resemblances. Sometimes they are far-fetched and remote, "false conceits;" or they may be noble conceits, as when "a mind aglow with meditative feeling finds its moods reflected from every object that meets its sight or remembrance." Herbert indulges occasionally in conceits of the baser sort, and they repel the reader; but so did every poet from Shakespeare to Dryden. Herbert is saved from any excess by his artistic sense.

There are reasons enough, then, why Herbert should be a difficult poet to read. His conceits are distasteful, and everywhere he calls for intellectual effort on the part of the reader, for study and sympathetic attention; but the reward is great, — the disclosure of a rich, pathetic, and individual personality. He was a pioneer in the development of the short poem, and whatever his defects, "he chose wise means for reaching his special ends. He is the first of our lyric poets who can fairly be called a conscious artist; the first who systematically tries to shape each of his short poems by a predetermined plan, and that too a plan involved in the nature of his subject. . . . He was in possession of a new method and one of enormous importance."

As to Herbert's character as a man, it can best be read in his poems. It falsifies him to detach in any psychological study his conditions of temperament or intellect or body. In his essay on "The Man" Mr. Palmer has noted some of his peculiarities. Walton says of him that he

was of "a stature inclining toward tallness," and that "he was lean to an extremity." Others have mentioned the "elegance of his person," and how his looks and behavior begot "an awful reverence for his person." He possessed great refinement of the senses, a feature of his character which Mr. Palmer has illustrated amply from his verse. He was most particular in the matter of dress, and given to enlarging on the proprieties. His eye was alert in noting the traits of natural objects, but he had none of the mystic's brooding over nature. Music was his passion. This exquisite physical organization was an essential part of his equipment for poetry. On his moral side, the two temptations he most dreaded were idleness and lust. Woman stands to him for temptation and disturbance. There is strenuosity of temperament with comparative ineffectiveness of result, especially in the earlier part of his life. He was "a lover of retiredness," says Walton, which does not mean that he was exactly unsocial, for he had many warm friendships with able men. Pride was in him, and fastidiousness, and a dignity which would not bend to the ways of others. A certain pessimistic vein appears in his poetry at times, the tendency of the religious artist to "blacken earthly conditions for the glory of the divine;" but in spite of his quivering sense of sin Herbert is an optimist. His mind was capacious and disciplined. He may be called a man of wide learning, in divinity and in other lines as well; he was a linguist, familiar with Greek and Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish; he was full of intellectual curiosity, not indifferent to astronomy and alchemy. But he was independent and self-sufficing; he rarely quotes; what he knows he has incorporated as his own. His friendship with Lord Bacon, and with Lord Herbert of Cherbury does not imply any taste or capacity for abstract philosophy. He does not lack fundamental ideas, but he is not a philosopher, and does not concern himself with questioning basic ideas,

or inquiring into the fundamental principles of things. He is the interpreter of the deeper meaning of things. Primarily and always, he is the artist, contriving forms of beauty, accepting the world as he finds it, and out of its material ready made, constructing a beautiful intellectual home.

Turning from the man to his life and career in the world, it must be said that the Herbert whom Mr. Palmer portrays differs widely from the portrait given by Walton, or rather from the total impression which Walton leaves. What has chiefly impressed Mr. Palmer is the fact that the greater part of Herbert's life was spent in the world, in courtly circles, in the society of the fashionable and the great; that he was ambitious for distinction and for posts of honor in the State; that he turned to the Church in his later years, when disappointment and failure, the loss of patrons and of the favor of the court, loss also of health, made his secular ambition impossible. Walton on the other hand passes lightly over these many years, in order to dwell on the short period — not quite three years — during which Herbert served as rector of Bemerton Church. In painting the "Saint of Bemerton," in giving no heed to the thirty-six "vacillating years" spent in the service of the world, Walton has succeeded in imparting such a romantic color to Herbert that it has taken a firm hold on the popular imagination, and in Mr. Palmer's judgment "constitutes at present the most serious obstacle to the poet's cool assessment."

The ancestry of Herbert is closely related to his personality. He belonged to one of the oldest and stateliest of English families, which included in its extent three earldoms, Pembroke, Carnarvon, and Powis. The Montgomery branch of the family from which Herbert sprang was of a military spirit, a race of courageous men, quarreling easily, sensitive in matters of honor, rough in dealing out justice, but trained as gentlemen, and educated according to their capacity.

The religious tendency in Herbert came from his mother, also descended from a noted family. Her piety may be seen, not only in George Herbert, but in his older brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, although in him it takes the form of protest against traditional Orthodoxy, and he is known as the forerunner of the Deistic movement. The mother of the poet possessed beauty in high degree, together with social charm; she had intellect, passion, artistic and literary tastes. Her influence upon George Herbert was one of the most powerful factors in his development. A deep contradiction may have run in Herbert's blood as the result of such an ancestry, reminding us of Augustine with a heathen father and a Christian mother, — the man of the world and the religious idealist struggling in him for the supremacy.

George Herbert was born in 1593, the fifth son among ten children. From his infancy he was destined by his mother for the church, and with this purpose in view he went to Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree in 1612, pursuing the study of divinity in preparation for his sacred calling. But instead of proceeding at once to take orders, he continued to reside at Cambridge. He took his M. A. degree in 1616, when he was also appointed Major Fellow, an appointment soon followed by that of Prælector in Rhetoric. In 1619 he gained the post of Public Orator at Cambridge, a position he coveted, and regarded as a peculiar honor. There seems to have been at this point in his life an effort to defend his attitude, as not inconsistent with a religious vocation. His friend Sir Francis Nethersole objected that the position of Orator of the University "being civil may divert me too much from Divinity, at which, not without cause, he thinks I aim. But I have wrote him back that this dignity hath no such earthiness in it, but it may very well be joined with heaven; or if it had to others, yet to me it should not, for aught I yet know."

Herbert held the Public Oratorship

for eight years. During these years he had some ecclesiastical connection with Leighton Church, for whose restoration he solicited funds from his friends. But he was also aspiring to become a Secretary of State, and his expectation was backed by powerful friends at court. He had also won the favor of King James, who conceived a strong liking for him. He had every reason to hope for success, when in 1627 there came the great crisis in his life. The death of his patrons, loss of royal favor, the death of his mother, — a sore bereavement, — a threatened consumption, inward conflicts, — all these constitute what Mr. Palmer calls the crisis period. He now went into retirement for two years, at the end of which he suddenly married, and as suddenly, and not without some external pressure, took priest's orders (1630), and began the short career at Bemerton, where he died in 1633 at the age of thirty-nine.

Beneath the hesitation, and through all the "vacillating years," Mr. Palmer finds one consistent purpose, which constitutes the unity of Herbert's career. He was a poet, and a religious poet, with a distinctive mission before as well as after he went to Bemerton, but with more prolific energy and devotion, and with a greater intensity of religious fervor in those later years. So early as 1610 he wrote two sonnets to his mother in which he declared his resolution that his "poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." It should be his aim to "reprove the vanity of those many Love-poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus and to bewail that so few are writ that look toward God and heaven." To this aim he adhered, despite the distractions of his secular duties, although the earlier output was small, about one third of the whole number of his poems. Mr. Palmer has shown that there is no evidence of Herbert's having turned aside to secular poetry.

From the features of Herbert's life as thus summarized, with its contradictions, its vacillation, its crisis, and its final con-

secration, Mr. Palmer drew the inference that if the clue could be found the poems would be seen to correspond with the distinct phases of the poet's experience. How the clue was obtained is told in the dissertation on "The Text and Order of the Poems," which is invested with the romantic interest of a great discovery. To do justice to this narrative in any condensed report is impossible. It is the story of a manuscript found some thirty years ago, whose significance had not yet been recognized. When Mr. Palmer turned his attention to this so-called Williams manuscript, he became aware, by a process of reasoning clearly stated and amply justified, that it contained only those poems written by Herbert in his earlier years, before he went to Bemerton. No poems were among them giving expression to the deeper mood of the crisis through which he passed after going into retirement, nor were there any bearing evidence that the author was in holy orders, or dealing with the joys and perplexities of the Christian ministry. Other evidence tending to the same conclusion was the inferiority of the readings when compared with the published poems; also their general character, the majority being of "an average sort, more marked by Herbert's peculiarities than by the traits which commend him to all time." Thus the Williams manuscript became "epoch-making" in its significance, for it afforded "the means of sorting the poetry of Herbert and of distinguishing an earlier and a later portion." This point established, there then remained the task of studying the other poems in order to their reclassification in accordance with a self-evident method.

When Herbert entered upon his work as rector of the Church at Bemerton, he threw himself with absolute devotion into the duties it involved. Mr. Palmer has called this last stage the period of "consecration." The change is most extraordinary, the revolution in his life complete. The secular world, the state with its opportunities and emoluments, the

society of the great with its fascination, all that had once formed the object of his interest or ambition, — to these things he makes no allusion, they seem to be as dead to him, as if they had never been. The years from 1627 to 1633 were critical and momentous for the English nation, and full of the portents of disastrous revolution, but Herbert does not allude to them. He is now shut up to the sphere of God and the soul, God and the church, as if they were the only realities. Such poems as "The Priesthood," "Peace," "The Pearl," "Obedience," "The Rose," "An Offering," "Praise" and "Love," have a new meaning and additional force, as they are read in the new order of arrangement; they furnish the evidence of a compact of the soul with God.

But within the period of consecration there are distinctions calling for further subdivision. At first the poet was supremely happy in his new vocation. He idealized every feature of his high office. Although he ministered to a small flock, mainly composed of farmers or uneducated people, including many poor, he threw a halo around his office, which has made his *Country Parson* a classic,—the romance, as it were, of the Christian ministry. Herbert is here drawing his own portrait, as well, his high birth, his refinement and fastidiousness, his strong common sense, his knowledge of life, of men, and of books, that indefinable quality and charm of the man, which gives force and distinction to all his work. Mr. Palmer has designated this first phase of Herbert's clerical life, "The Happy Priest." The poems which he has placed under this heading justify the new arrangement. They are songs of praise and gratitude, indicated by the titles, "Gratefulness," "Paradise," "The Quip," "Praise," "The Invitation," "The Banquet," "Even-Song." To this group belongs one of the most exquisite of all Herbert's poems, — "The Clasp of Hands," — which reminds one of Shakespeare's *Phoenix and the Turtle*, and has a

certain profound philosophic and theological bearing, more valuable than any dogmatic formula.

Under the title of "Bemerton Study" are given the poems of a more reflective and leisurely character, including one of the longest, called "Providence." But now there came still another phase of Herbert's life, — Mr. Palmer calls it a "reaction," — when after the first exuberance of joy and satisfaction there ensued a consciousness of irksome restrictions. Cut off from society, ministering to a small group of farm laborers, he began to feel the contrast with his earlier and larger life in the full tide of human affairs. At first he had thought and sung as if there could be no satiety in his heavenly occupation. Now the conflicts of the crisis period were renewed. Human desires, personal interests, reasserted themselves, giving rise to "stormy poems" which Mr. Palmer has brought together under the heading "Restlessness." Again one is convinced of the justness of the grouping. Such poems as "Love Unknown," or "The Collar" can be best understood, indeed can only be adequately appreciated, when the conditions which Mr. Palmer describes are kept in mind. To this same group belongs "The Pilgrimage," among the best known and most admired of Herbert's poems, where he anticipates the allegory of Bunyan, in condensed outline. All these poems of "Restlessness" have a pathetic quality, and as Mr. Palmer has remarked of them, it is not the saint, but the man who is here making the appeal. In "The Crosse" the disillusion is most apparent, where even his ecclesiastical ambition, based upon wealth and family, is lamented as having issued in failure.

It may have been that ill-health was partly the cause of the rebellious mood which incited to these intensely personal poems. The last two groups, called "Suffering" and "Death," were written when disease was making rapid headway, and it had begun to be evident that life was drawing to a close. There is no longer

rebellion, as vitality declines, but infinite pathos and submission. But however the body may have decayed, there was no diminution of poetic skill. The poem called "The Flower," which Coleridge thought "delicious," contains a stanza revealing Herbert's gift of poetic imagery at its best, combined with his mastery of words and of their adaptation to their destined end and impression. To this stanza as representative of Herbert's peculiar gift, Mr. Palmer has called special attention.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite underground, as flowers depart
To see their mother-root when they have blown;

Where they together
All the hard weather,

Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

The well-known poem, "Virtue," —

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, —
is placed by Mr. Palmer among those written shortly before the poet's death.

Among Herbert's poems, there is one called "Hope," which may be taken as a fair specimen of the difficulties of his verse, with its conceits, its condensation and ellipses of thought, where spontaneity and reality seem to be overshadowed by ingenuity. And yet beneath these outward signs there runs the sad intensity of passion. The poem is here given, with Mr. Palmer's interpretation, as an illustration of his power in making Herbert intelligible: —

HOPE

I gave to Hope a watch of mine; but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old prayer-book I did present;
And he an optick sent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears;
But he a few green eares.
Ah Loyerer! I 'le no more, no more I 'le bring.
I did expect a ring.

Mr. Palmer connects the poem with the contradictions of love, a constant subject with Herbert. His lines might have been called "The Weariness of Hope," "To Love I gave my time, prayers and tears. Serving Love long and get-

ting small return, I remind him of time passing, prayers offered, tears shed. Still he gives only hopes, visions, immature fruit. I despair. Translating into abstract terms Herbert's imagery of things, the sequence of his thought might be represented thus," —

To love I said, "Hast thou forgotten Time?"
"Time counts for naught with Love for
Love is Hope."

But I prayed still the prayer I ever prayed.

"Look far away," said Love, "not on things
near," I wept.

"Nay, here and now is fruit," he said.
"Unripe indeed."

"Why such delay?" cried I. "Give all or
none."

Mr. Palmer's work is likely to encounter some adverse criticism. That his rearrangement of the poems in chronological order will be justified and in the main adopted there can be no doubt. This is one of his most important contributions to the enrichment of literature. But in going further, and in dropping the general title of "The Church," under which name the poems of Herbert have come down to us from his own day, and probably with his approval, though this is not certain, he will be thought by many to have gone too far. There is a significance in this title to which Mr. Palmer may not have done full justice. He has restricted it to a certain number of the poems where Herbert celebrates Anglican usages; but even accepting his principle of restriction, there are many poems quite as much entitled to a place under "The Church" which he has not included. "Even-Song" and "The British Church," not to mention others, may well have been placed among the poems inspired by Anglican piety.

Again, Mr. Palmer's effort to rescue Herbert from the exclusive appropriation of High Anglicanism will be met by demurrers. On the whole, and from an *a priori* point of view, as it may be called, Herbert's contemporaries, the High Churchmen of the day, including Izaak Walton, probably did not err in claiming him as their own. In the eccle-

siastical sphere there is an instinct in these things which is sure and well nigh infallible. Mr. Palmer is right in tracing a certain Puritan affiliation in Herbert, but this does not make him any the less a representative of High Anglicanism. There is a type of Anglican High Churchmanship, which is secular in its tone, and which, as in the Caroline Age, sought to strengthen the Church by an alliance with the crown. But there is another type, taking an ascetic view of life, disowning the State or seeking strength by separation from the State, and claiming to be superior to all civil relationships. This latter type, which became so prevalent in the last century, in consequence of the Oxford movement, found its precursor in Ferrar of Little Gidding and in George Herbert, his intimate friend. Such kindred spirits in the seventeenth century might have recognized Keble in the nineteenth as having a common ideal. For the essence of this latter kind of High Churchmanship is identical with the spirit of Puritanism. Augustine and Hildebrand, Calvin and Knox, Newman, Pusey, and Liddon are at one in the dualism they assert between God and the world, in the view that religion consists in renunciation, rather than in consecration, of the world.

It is a small point but it may be deserving of notice, that it was not the usage in Herbert's time, nor has it been since in the Anglican Church, with some exceptions, to speak of the "priesthood" as the one technical designation of the Anglican clergy. In the Prayer Book of Herbert's time the word "minister" is of more frequent occurrence. When Archbishop Laud, according to a doubtful tradition, arranged the Prayer Book for the Scottish Church, he omitted the words "priest" and "priesthood," substituting "minister" or "presbyter" as their equivalent. The word "priest" had become discredited and obnoxious. It was not till the Restoration that the effort was made to rehabilitate it, and then in part for the purpose of making the Prayer Book im-

possible to the Puritans. Mr. Palmer's frequent employment of the word is therefore liable to be misunderstood; it anticipates and seems to sanction the controversial usage of a later generation. Herbert himself used the word Priesthood once, as a title for a poem; he called his book on the pastoral life *The Country Parson*.

But these are minor criticisms which touch only the fringe of Mr. Palmer's great achievement in giving to us the real Herbert, in revealing his place in the long literary perspective, and in vindicating his rightful claim. Herbert is henceforth no longer an enigma, lumped without consideration among the lyric poets of the seventeenth century. He takes precedence of them all. What makes him great is that he established religious lyric poetry upon a sure foundation, illustrating it so supremely as to entitle him to be called its discoverer. This is indeed a claim which will not go unchallenged. Mr. Palmer has anticipated the objections and has made the necessary qualifications of his statement. But even when due allowance is made for these, it was a bold thing to do, requiring courage as well as knowledge, to assert of Herbert that he produced a "new species of English poetry, establishing it so securely and making it so common, that we now forget that a Herbert was required for its production." Those who are interested in this matter should read carefully the author's introductory essay on "The type of Religious Poetry" and also the preface to the poems of the "Crisis" period where possible objections are met. There were visitors to America before Columbus discovered it. There were many workers in the field of the religious lyric before Herbert appeared. Among them in England were Southwell, Spenser, Donne, Crashaw; and if we go back to the mediæval period before the Renaissance others may be found, who uttered "the cry of the individual heart to God" which Mr. Palmer gives as the essence of the religious lyric. There was a preparation therefore for

Herbert. "In no strict sense can Herbert be said to have created it, for it is grounded in one of the most constant cravings of human nature. Yet the true discoverer is not he who first perceives a thing, but he who discerns its importance and its place in life. And this is what Herbert did. He is the first in England to bring this universal craving to adequate utterance."

It may throw additional light on Herbert's place in literature if we condense into a momentary glance the history of the religious lyrical element as it appears in the long range of the Christian centuries. Augustine was the first to give it expression in the *Confessions*. In the matter of form he was not a poet, but at heart he was, and his book is a treatise in poetic prose, where the intensely personal longing finds fullest expression. Before him there was nothing like it, and after him there was nothing till we reach the *Divina Commedia*. It seems strange, almost unaccountable, but in the first three centuries of the Christian era, in the Græco-Roman world, the personal note is almost entirely absent, or if it were sounded it is so faint as scarcely to be heard. If it may be explained, it is on the ground that the Psalter and the Christian Liturgies supplied the need in however impersonal a way. But to a vast extent the need, it must be presumed, was not acutely felt. Dante broke the long silence; the movement to God and the vision of God are the process and the culmination of his poem. Dante was the precursor of the modern age, as also the fulfillment of the age that was passing away. In his devotion to Beatrice he has fused in harmony the yearning for the human as well as the Divine love. But it was Petrarch, his successor, who made the great departure in concentrating his soul on human love; when for the first time in Christian history, in the words of Quinet, "un grand homme enferme avec éclat sa pensée dans un objet qui n'est pas Dieu." Laura occupies the place which hitherto the Church had held. Petrarch was a student of Augustine's *Confessions*; he realized the ex-

tent of his departure and its significance, as in his book, *De Contemptu Mundi Vel Secretum*, where he finally allows himself to be convinced by Augustine's argument of the grave error which was initiating a movement it would be henceforth impossible to suppress. The deification of human love was a tendency in literature from that time onward, taking each of the countries in Europe in turn as they became fitted for its reception. England's turn came with the Renaissance in the later years of Elizabeth. Shakespeare and the poets who followed him domesticated Petrarch's love sonnet. Every poet tried his hand at the human love lyric. There are said to be some two thousand in all of these songs. Herbert sought to reverse the tide, by the lyric celebrating religious or divine love. Others, too, there were who shared his feeling, but he devoted his life to this end. He enriched it with his own ingenuity, precision, and candor, freeing it from sensuous morbidity, taking lessons in art and style from the love-poets as he initiated the reaction against their theme. What Augustine did for the old world of the Græco-Roman Empire, Herbert has done in his measure for the modern day. A distance of twelve centuries separates them, but they clasp hands across the infinite gulf. There are other things which convey satisfaction to the religious cry for God, — the *Thoughts* of Marcus Aurelius and the *Imitation*, two books which, however diverse, have the same essential spirit. Great men like Boethius, or Anselm, or Martin Luther, have their affinity with this mood of the soul. But taking in the long range of history Herbert is more closely akin to Augustine. Among the books which he possessed and valued were the writings of St. Augustine. It may well be that he gained inspiration from the *Confessions*.

Among the points that stand out prominently in Mr. Palmer's treatment of Herbert's life is the long hesitancy before he gave up a secular career and entered the direct service of the Church. It may be an apology for Herbert that his delay is

not without a profound spiritual significance, that the transition was to be accompanied by loss as well as gain. The type of piety begotten in the Anglican Church in the age of the Reformation appears like an effort to harmonize the contradiction, generated by the Renaissance, between the rival claims of the human and the divine, the world that now is and that which is to come. The ideal of the Middle Ages had been the renunciation of the human in order to attain the divine. The Renaissance had brought in an opposing ideal, which in its extreme forms appeared as the renunciation of the divine in order to perfect the human. The new principle which animated the Anglican reformers and underlies their modification of the old religion was consecration, not renunciation, — the consecration of the human to a divine end. Luther also had seen that here lay the great contradiction to be overcome; he too had asserted that there was no such sharp separation between the secular and the religious life as the mediæval church had posited; he had maintained that the shoemaker at his last, or the blacksmith at his forge might serve God in faithfulness to duty as well as by prayer. So far as intrinsic merit was concerned, the act of humble secular service and the aspiration for holiness as in prayer were one. George Herbert, in one of his earlier poems, had given utterance to this doctrine of the gospel of the secular life, more adequately and in more inspired and beautiful form than has ever been done before or since. It may be that his exquisite poem "The Elixer" was written at the time when he was seeking the Public Oratorship, when he was commend-

ing its dignity as not incompatible with Heaven: —

Teach me my God and King
In *all* things thee to see
And what I do in *any* thing
To do it as for thee.

But when the attempt to consecrate the human, to divinize the State by its union with the Church, fails or threatens to end in failure, when the divine is in danger of being sacrificed, there is no other way than to revert again to the ascetic principle, to renounce a world whose consecration it seems vain to attempt. This is the essence of Puritanism as contrasted with the ideal it supplanted. Herbert may have felt the impending revolution in advance, from the time when he went to Cambridge, where Puritanism found its stronghold. He was turning his back on things he had once devoutly believed to be good and true, when the final decision was reached to assume the cure of souls at Bemerton. But his earlier ideal may still have been the higher. To it the world looks forward as the ultimate goal.

The existence of these divergent ideals, the conflict between them and the transition from one to the other, underlies this modern and illuminative interpretation of the *Life and Poems of George Herbert*. In retelling the story of the life, and setting aside picturesque fiction which has obscured it; in reënfencing the mission of that life by the chronological arrangement of the poems, Professor Palmer's work corresponds with the title he has chosen for it. Apart from other merits, and they are many and great, here lies its highest value. The result accomplished is nothing less than giving to the world a new poet and making his message real.

THE MUJIK AND THE NEW REGIME IN RUSSIA

BY HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE

THE demand of the revolutionists in Russia for universal suffrage is a feature of the crisis through which Russia is now passing, the significance of which cannot be fully appreciated without understanding what the condition of the "mujik" is, constituting as he does eighty per cent or more of the population of the Empire. The importance of this great factor of the population has been, of course, appreciated in every revolutionary movement which Russia has seen, but heretofore the leaders have been unable to interest any considerable proportion of the common people in their movement. The present disaffection of the people, however, originating among the students of the universities, became so demonstrative that the authorities deemed it best to close those institutions, thereby scattering the disaffected students over the entire empire, to disseminate among the peasantry their revolutionary propaganda.

The word mujik, a mere colloquial name applied to the common people, means literally an inferior man. More properly and officially the common people of Russia are designated as "krestianin" or peasant, and "mestianin" or burgher, according to the class to which they belong; but they are so intimately associated with one another that the broad term of mujik is a more convenient appellation and has been generally adopted in speaking of the common people. The purpose of the present article is briefly to describe the mujik in the light of his capacity to exercise the right of suffrage.

All Russia lies in latitude north of New York, and most of the Empire is more northerly than Halifax, St. Petersburg at sixty degrees being farther north than any considerable settlement on the east coast of our continent, and on the same

parallel with the southern extremity of Greenland. The monotony of the vast and almost unbroken plain which constitutes nearly the whole of European Russia, in which the forests partake of the unvaried character of the landscape, being limited to some three or four species of trees; the intense and prolonged cold of winter, with its long nights, together with the difficulty of profitable agricultural effort in the greater part of the Empire, doubtless has its effect upon the nature of the peasantry, engendering that sadness which is a prominent characteristic of the mujik, finding its expression in the national music and poetry.

A condition of general unthrift among the peasants is one of the most striking features of Russian country life. Every stranger passing the frontier between that country and Germany is struck by the marked change in this respect which he encounters up to the very boundary line, and which the geographical position does not at all account for. There is no gradual change in the appearance of the face of the country or the people from comparative prosperity to extreme poverty, but a sudden difference in the conditions, marked by totally dissimilar methods of cultivation, dwellings, and habits of thrift. Everything on the German side indicates careful cultivation and industry, while, on the Russian side, the fields show bad tillage and neglect, squalid houses, inferior and uncared-for stock, and tools and implements lying in the fields exposed to the weather.

Whatever may be the theories of economists regarding this condition of unthrift the outside observer can hardly fail to find at least one explanation in the system of tenure under which the peasant holds his lands.

The land of the peasantry is not generally owned by them individually, except in certain districts of the Baltic provinces, of Little Russia and of Poland, but is held in communities, in which each tax-paying individual, or "soul," has a share, and for the taxes of which he is responsible. The taxes due to the government are assessed upon the number of "souls" in the commune, and upon the same basis is allotted to it a certain quantity of land. This land was sold, not given, to the communes upon the emancipation of the serfs, and amortization of the debt thus created was provided for by taxation of the communes. This debt is still unextinguished and the taxation is still in operation. For these taxes the commune is held strictly and rigidly responsible, but it is permitted to collect the amount from its individual members as it may see fit, and so long as the taxes are paid, to manage its own affairs. The commune therefore enjoys a considerable degree of self-government. It elects the officers of its governing body, called the "Mir," by popular vote, and regulates its own finances and matters of local administration without interference from the central government. To each "soul" is allotted, by the Mir, a certain proportion of land of three separate sorts, namely, cultivable, pasture, and marsh or meadow, according to his ability to work the land productively in the interest of tax payments. Thus a man who has a horse is given more land than he who has not, while one who has able-bodied children, sons or daughters, is given more than the man who has no one to help him in his cultivation, the incapacitated being given nothing, but being supported by the community. In these allotments ownership of the land does not pass to the individual; he is simply given the usufruct for a certain term, the duration of which varies in different communes from one year to ten or even more, — from three to five being the most usual, with a general tendency to increase the length of the period. In this allotment the individual has no

option; he may argue his case before the board of officers of the Mir, but he must, perforce, consent to accept the allotment of land made him, together with the share of taxes devolving thereon. In general, it is said that these apportionments are made in a spirit of equitable fairness, but that abuses do exist is not surprising. It occasionally happens, for instance, that a peasant having a reputation for experience at some trade which brings him custom from the neighboring large proprietors, or from other points outside the limits of the commune, by means of which he earns money in excess of what his labor in the fields could produce, has fastened on him an excessive proportion of communal land and consequent taxes.

While in the more productive districts, especially in the black-earth belt, the effort on the part of the individual is to secure as much land as possible, in the northern and other unproductive districts the peasant tries to shirk his communal responsibilities by presenting reasons why he should be allotted the minimum of land.

With the growth of the population in the richer agricultural districts the allotments of land are becoming appreciably smaller, while by emigration to Siberia or elsewhere those in the less productive regions, and the consequent *pro rata* tax, are increasing, — a condition which must sooner or later require a readjustment of the division of the agricultural lands of the Empire.

Not infrequently the peasant seeks employment in the cities, either for the entire year, or, what is still more common, for the winter months only. This may happen on account of one or more of several causes.

Formerly the mujik bound himself to service, agricultural or military, for a period of one year, and once each year he was free to change his master. With the abolition of the feudal system and the overthrow of the Tartar domination under Ivan III, grandfather of The Terrible, the forces of the Kniazes and their subor-

dinate boyars became the obligatory defenders of the Tsar and of the state. Experience showed that the working man employed this privilege to evade military service, and under Feodor, son of Ivan the Terrible, Boris Godonoff in 1593 promulgated a regulation forbidding this annual change of masters, thereby binding the peasant to the soil. This was the beginning of the real serfdom. The very word for serf, *Krieposnoi*, means bound to the soil.

The transition from permanent attachment to the soil to personal bondage to the master was an easy one, so that at the time of the emancipation by the Emperor Alexander II, in 1861, the serf had become as much a chattel of the proprietor as was his horse. The usual method for providing for the cultivation of the soil was for the proprietor to assign to the serf a portion of land for his own cultivation and sustenance, and in return to exact of him three days' service each week in the cultivation of the seignorial lands, or in such other labor as might be required. The serf usually might, however, by the annual payment of a small sum, obtain the consent of the master to absent himself from the estates and seek employment in the towns or wherever else he could benefit his condition; and occasionally a proprietor might boast the ownership of a serf who, by engaging in manufacture or trade, had amassed a large property, — perhaps exacting proportionate tribute for the serf's absence from the land. Still, so cheaply was labor held that the master who had not at least one hundred serfs was held to be poor, while many of the great landlords numbered their serfs by the thousand, the Sheremétiéff family alone owning one hundred thousand.

Upon the emancipation certain lands were allotted to the former serfs to be held by them forever, but not individually nor gratuitously. The land was assigned to them, as previously explained, in communities for their common benefit, and an annual tax imposed on each com-

mune for the gradual amortization of its value, the commune, as a body, being held for the payment of the tax, and itself having power to enforce payment from its individual members. In this it is aided by the state, which upon request undertakes to return absent members of the commune who may be in default, for until the final amortization the peasant can free himself from his communal obligations only by paying the full remaining share of his portion of debt. It is a common and deep-rooted belief among the peasants that during the condition of serfdom, while *they* belonged to their masters the *land* belonged to them, and that on the emancipation they were cheated out of their just rights by a corrupt bureaucracy which is now reaping the benefit of the amortization. Thus they regard this tax as the oppression, not of the Tsar, but of his arrogant officials, against whom, however, they are powerless to contend.

It is evident, therefore, that although the peasant is freed from bondage to the master, he still remains bound to the land until this debt is finally amortized. But, however, he still possesses the right to absent himself, provided he pays to the commune his annual quota of its tax.

It is thus that the industrial classes are recruited. The peasant goes to the town to take up some trade, leaving some member of his family, not infrequently his wife, to cultivate his allotment of land, perhaps returning at harvest time, or even for the whole season of the "strada" or summer's work in the fields. He may be sent by the head of the family to which he belongs to earn money to assist in paying the joint share of their communal taxes, his allotment of land being, if the absence is during the summer season, operated by the other members of the family; or he may, upon his own account, desire to add a little to his income; or even, finding his land unprofitable, he may abandon its cultivation to seek a livelihood in the city; but whatever may be the cause of his absence from the commune, he does not escape his responsibility for the taxes. For,

while the central government permits the Mir to collect the taxes from the individual, it also assists it in so doing by keeping track of him, and by returning him to the commune, in case of his failure to remit his share, and even by inflicting punishment, when the resources of the Mir in that respect fail to compel him. Still further, the complaint of the head of a family to the Mir that an absent member is not remitting his share of the taxes of the family allotment may cause the delinquent's arrest and return to his commune.

Individuals who misbehave themselves in the city may also be sent back to their commune by administrative process. To render possible this control of the individual requires a very careful system of enregistration. Thus, on taking up a new habitation, every sojourner and inhabitant in a city must be duly inscribed in the books of his police district, and for such enregistration the proprietor of the house is held accountable. As it not infrequently happens that the peasant, or mujik, knows no other than his baptismal name and that of his father, and sometimes not even the latter, the difficulty of keeping track of individuals can be imagined. Ivan Ivanovitch (John, son of John), of such a commune, may be, and not infrequently is, the sole designation he can give himself, and perhaps even he can only say that he is John, son of a soldier. But the name of the commune to which he belongs is inscribed on his passport when issued to him, and without this document he is not permitted to remain in any city; nor, indeed, is it easy for him to find any abiding place at all.

Thus the industrial class, including a large proportion of the people of the towns, not belonging to the privileged classes, is intimately associated with, indeed belongs to, the agricultural peasantry. But further, the Mir is obliged to take care of the mujik. It can, while he is able to labor, force him to pay his share of the taxes; but if he becomes incapacitated, it must at least keep him from starvation.

The government of the village and of the commune is absolutely democratic, all questions being settled by vote of the male members in village meeting, after full discussion, which is carried on in groups and in which the opinions of the older and more intelligent members usually prevail. In this way the *starosta*, or elder, of the commune and its other officers are elected, and through these officials such affairs as it may have with the central government are transacted. These chiefly relate to the payment by the commune of its annual taxes, including the amortization of the land, to the delivery to the authorities of malefactors, and to such other matters as may affect the business of the central government itself; for as regards the internal government of the commune and village it does not attempt to interfere. The peasant cannot therefore be said to be entirely ignorant of the principles of popular government.

The "izba" or log house of the peasant, consisting usually of three rooms, has been constructed by himself or by one of his progenitors with his own hands, for every mujik is a natural born carpenter of extraordinary dexterity with the broad-axe, performing with this single tool a variety of operations for which the western carpenter would require quite an extensive kit. It is built of logs which he has cut himself in the neighboring forest — often without seeking the permission of the proprietor to whose domain it belongs — and which he hews and mortises together, calking the interstices with dried moss. The "petch," or stove, constructed of brick and tiles, is built so that one half of it is in the kitchen and living room, and the other half in the sleeping apartment. The beds consist of shelves placed against the petch for warmth, and usually swarm with vermin. The third apartment of the izba is simply a storehouse for tools and implements.

The izba does not stand in the middle of his little farm, but in the single village street; and this building, with its small surrounding lot, belongs to the mujik or

his family in fee; but the productive land lies sometimes versts away from the village, and consists of a long narrow strip, or perhaps several of such strips, apportioned out with a view to give to each "lot" an equal share of the best and of the poorest soil.

The inevitable result is that the mujik, feeling that at the end of a period more or less brief his allotment will be subject to a redistribution, in which, if he has improved it by careful cultivation, expending upon it time and money with an eye to the future, the greater part of it will probably be taken from him, puts into his land only such cultivation as will give him, for the existing season, the best returns, without expending upon it capital or labor of which he is not to enjoy the full fruits. Hence, he ploughs but the top of his soil, not only to save labor, but that his manure may be consumed by his own crop and not by a future one. He has no attachment to the soil to which he belongs, but which does not belong to him, and he is devoid of that self-reliant independence which characterizes the agricultural classes of other countries. If we add to this the fatalistic view which the mujik takes of every event in life, whether of good or evil fortune, we have a combination of temperament and surroundings well calculated to develop unthrift.

While the affairs which relate only to the commune itself are settled by it, those matters which pertain to communes collectively in their relations to one another are settled by the Volost, which has jurisdiction over several communes, and the officials of which are elected, except the police, who are appointed by the central government; and here self-government among the peasants ceases.

There is, however, a further assembly, or Zemstvo (from "*Zemlia*," land), which has an advisory rather than an administrative character, although certain executive functions are delegated to it, such as local posts in those districts in which the sparsity of inhabitants makes it impracticable for the central government to es-

tablish national post routes. The delegates to these land assemblies, or Zemstvos, are chosen by popular vote from among the landed nobility, the priesthood, or the peasants themselves. The peasantry have, however, shown but little interest in the election of these delegates, and the Zemstvos do not appear to have accomplished the results which were hoped from them upon their creation soon after the emancipation.

The dress of the peasant consists of a shirt, generally of red cotton more or less ornamented by embroidery, which is worn belted outside of the loose trousers, and, for the more prosperous, a pair of high boots into which the trousers are tucked. The poorer mujiks are content to wind rags about their feet, and wear over them shoes made of plaited birch bark. Over all is worn, in winter, a caftan of sheepskin, the wool inside, the outside being the leather of the pelt. From time to time the caftan is subjected to a baking process to free it from vermin; for while the mujik religiously bathes himself every Saturday, observes the greatest care in washing his hands before touching food with them, and is neat about the preparation of his food, he is indifferent to other trifles.

The village bath or sweatbox, for it is nothing else, is a hovel heated by a brick stove, or by hot stones, on which water is dashed to make the necessary vapor to encourage perspiration, and on finishing this sweating process the mujik plunges himself into the snow, or has cold water dashed upon him. This bath is a necessary part of the mujik's life, for, until he has taken it, the Church does not regard him as fit to attend the service of communion on Sunday.

The greater part of the agricultural peasantry in Russia enjoys the luxury of meat only upon holidays, subsisting for the rest of the time upon black bread made of rye flour, slightly fermented previous to baking, whole buckwheat baked in an earthenware pot, resembling in its preparation the baked beans of New Eng-

land, and cabbage soup, or "stche," to which, if he is fortunate, the mujik adds a little fish or meat in its preparation; and upon this frugal fare the peasant performs the arduous labors of the strada, or agricultural season, as well as those indoor occupations which occupy him during the winter.

During the season of the strada, every man and woman who can handle a hoe, rake, or scythe, or guide a plough, and every child except the youngest, is busy through nearly all the long hours of daylight in the cultivation of the soil, and those of the commune who have gone to the towns return to their villages for labor in the fields.

During the winter, on the contrary, many of the peasantry resort to the cities and towns to find work in the factories, those who remain at home engaging in a variety of minor industries, including home weaving, manufacture of small articles of bone and horn, toy-making, metal working, and a multitude of other manufactures. In some cases the articles produced are manufactured in the peasant's own home; in others there is a village workshop where they unite among themselves for the manufacture, under the artel system.

This artel system among the Russian mujiks is one of the most interesting phases of peasant life, illustrating, as it does, the mujik's capacity for coöperation and combined effort. It pervades every branch of Russian industrial labor except the cultivation of the communal lands, where, strangely enough, it is not resorted to except among some of the sects of the dissenters, or *raskolniki*. On the other hand, peasants frequently combine in an artel to hire of a landed proprietor a piece of land and cultivate it on the coöperative system. Engage half a dozen peasants to go and perform any piece of labor upon the wage system or by piece work, and before many days the chances are they will have united into an artel and have chosen a starosta, or elder, as foreman, who does little else than di-

rect the work, while all unite in an equal division of compensation.

Bands of traveling artels in various trades go about the country seeking employment, especially in connection with building operations. The fisheries of the great rivers are almost all operated by artels, some of them numbering very many members. In the cities artels of a higher class are formed for furnishing clerical work; and in place of the clearing houses existing between the banks of our cities, the transfer of cash from bank to bank to balance accounts is handed over to an artel, the entire association being responsible for the honesty of the individuals.

The government of these artels, however large or small they may be, and they vary from half a dozen members to thousands, is as democratic in principle as is the government of the commune. Every member has his vote in the framing of rules and regulations as well as in the election of officers. The work performed by them is as good as they can do, and their contracts are rigidly lived up to.

With regard to the division of profits, there is perhaps a tendency to favor the least competent and efficient, a characteristic of the Russian temperament, which is ever inclined to be lenient to weakness of nature, whether it exhibit itself in physical disability, in the yielding to sensual temptation, as drunkenness, or in the commission of crime. The criminal is generally regarded, especially by the mujik, as an unfortunate, and a subject of sympathy rather than of censure.

There is a peculiar gentleness in the Russian nature, whether it be that of the noble or of the peasant, which shows itself in the treatment of animals and of children. True, wife-beating is not uncommon among mujiks, but it is not of an excessively brutal type, and all the songs and traditions of the people show that the woman regards it a part of her necessary lot. Herberstein, the first ambassador from any western state to Russia, narrates an incident which came un-

der his observation. A German, living in Moscow, had married a Russian woman who complained to her liege lord that he did not love her. To his inquiry how he had failed in his affection she replied that he never beat her. Whereupon he commenced the practice and finally killed her.

On the other hand, even when inflamed by intoxication, the mujik rarely becomes pugnacious. His drunkenness takes the form, more ordinarily, of maudlin sentimentality or absolute stupor. While drunkenness is common among the mujiks both in town and country, it is not apt to be so often habitual as has been depicted. On occasions of fêtes, of which, unhappily, there are many in Russia, the holidays in the year numbering over ninety, it is not uncommon for all the male inhabitants in a country village to get drunk, but the habit of daily drunkenness is not common.

Still it must be admitted that it is not rare to find among them those who habitually go upon periodical sprees, lasting several days; while in the larger towns, among the factory operatives, pay-day, fêtes, and the separation from family influence result in a good deal of intemperance. Formerly, in the country villages, the influence of the proprietor of the dram shop, who was generally also a money-lender, tended to increase habits of intemperance among the country people. He would loan money upon almost no security, and especially upon crop prospects, at an exorbitant rate of interest, taking care that the bulk of the money so loaned should be expended in the purchase of vodka. The government is now endeavoring to counteract this by taking the sale of vodka into its own hands, and it is alleged that the results have been most satisfactory in the promotion of temperance.

The daily drink of the mujik, both in town and country, and that upon which he absolutely depends — as does every Russian — is tea. Several times during the day all labor ceases for the tea hour.

Kvass also, a thin and sour beer, generally brewed from fermented black bread and water, is a favorite and, indeed, universal beverage. It is probably wholesome and so slightly alcoholic as not to be intoxicating.

While the mujik is extremely devout and deeply imbued with the spirit of reverence, his highly emotional religious belief is strangely mixed with the pagan legends of a previous time. His reverence for the Church, however, does not include a high regard for the priesthood. The village priest depends for his subsistence upon the tithes which he can gather, necessarily meagre, and with difficulty wrung from the poverty of the peasants. Unfortunately but too frequently the priest loses the respect of his flock by drunkenness, while the demands which he makes upon the peasantry for performing the offices of marriage, baptism, and burial, as well as for the ever recurring tithes, which are regarded by the mujiks as extortionate, add to his unpopularity with them. He is satisfied with performing the functions of his office among the peasants, without much regard to their moral or spiritual welfare so long as they observe the outward forms of religious devotion.

Among the many superstitions of the mujik one of the most firmly rooted is his belief in the Domovoi. The Domovoi is the spirit of the house who is believed to inhabit the petch, or stove, from which he emerges at night to work good or evil in the household, as the case may be. If he is conciliated and made content, his influence is generally for good, but he sometimes takes unreasonable and inexplicable umbrage and wreaks vengeance upon the family. Sometimes he is believed to tolerate only some particular color among the household animals, and the peasant carefully avoids offending his prejudices in this regard.

Food must be left for him on certain nights, should he come out and wander about the house, and that food to his liking. If the family moves into a new izba,

with mysterious rites and incantations the Domovoi is removed with the fire and ashes from the patch to the new habitation; and even if the particular house spirit is evilly disposed, the peasant prefers a devil whom he thinks he knows, to running the risk of encountering a new or more malignant one.

The ordinary view of the peasant regarding Divine interference in human affairs, is that, if God only knew his sufferings he would relieve them, but that the priest is indifferent, or by reason of his immorality has no influence with the saints, and so the Almighty is kept in ignorance of his needs, as is the Tsar by the Tchinovicks who surround him. He believes, therefore, that what has been ordained will happen, and that it is useless for him to attempt to change the course of events; hence his lack of forethought for the future.

If some piece of temporary good fortune comes to him, as a gift of money, he accepts it gladly and quickly squanders it, while if misfortune comes, his elastic nature enables him soon to forget and to accept patiently his hard lot in life. It is in this spirit that heretofore he has accepted the obligation imposed upon him by the government to pay for the land which he believes is of right his own. He is convinced that the tax is an unauthorized one, collected by a corrupt bureaucracy for its own profit.

In honesty, the mujik will, on the whole, compare favorably with the peasants of other countries. It is a fact that he inherits certain of the traditions of serfdom when, as the property of the landholder and part of the estate, he believes it his right to take to himself for his own use that which belongs to his master. If, for instance, he were hungry and lacked food, he would not hesitate to take it from his owner. If to-day, in the cultivation of the property of the landholder on the share system, he finds some implement useful, he does not hesitate to appropriate it for the cultivation of that land; but theft of money or valuables in

the ordinary sense is rare among the mujik class in town or country.

Referring again to the question of self-reliance, it is a curious fact that the mujik is better satisfied with a gift than the payment of wages earned. The following instance is illustrative of this: In the distribution of the grain sent by the United States to relieve the famine sufferers in 1881, the grain was sent by rail to various stations, whence it was transported by wagon to the actual localities within the famine district. At a certain station on the railway where famine existed the peasants were employed, with their horses and carts, receiving adequate cash compensation therefor. Learning, however, that the grain they were transporting was given away to the peasants at the point to which they were taking it, they applied to the official in charge of the distribution for gifts of grain for themselves. The official replied to their appeal that it was true that grain was given to the peasants of the remote village to relieve their dire necessities, but that they who carried it were paid in money for their labor and the use of their horses and carts, wages sufficient to enable them to purchase not only grain but such other things as were necessary for their comfort and support. After some deliberation, they returned to the official and declined to continue to transport grain unless they received, also, the same gift *per capita* as the other peasants. The official then proposed to them to give them grain upon condition that they should transport the grain for the remote village as charity to the sufferers. This proposition they readily acquiesced in and thereafter continued to carry supplies, receiving what they regarded as a gift in lieu of wages.

The mujik is usually depicted as not only illiterate and steeped in the deepest ignorance, but as incapable of intelligent reasoning. This is far from being a fair estimate of either his acquirements or his capabilities. It is true that the peasants in the remote districts and often, indeed, in more accessible parts of the Empire,

are wholly illiterate, but in the larger towns, where education is easily obtainable, and in not a few country districts, they often get a very fair common school education. It is by no means rare to find the son of a petty tradesman speaking four languages with considerable fluency. However illiterate, and wherever found, he shows considerable acumen in dealing with questions which pertain to the management of matters of which he has a fair understanding. While slow to grasp a new idea, in the ordinary matters of the commune, for instance, he shows no little hardheaded sense. Once convinced of the truth of his point of view it is difficult by arguments to shake his faith. He is emotionally conservative and holdstentaciously to all his beliefs. His conservatism finds expression in the very dissent from the orthodox faith, a religious movement of considerable extent, known as the "raskol," now divided into many sects. It had its origin in the belief that certain corrections which had been made in the much corrupted church books were heresies and deviations from the faith prescribed by the fathers. The original ras-

kolinki called themselves "old believers" as do those still who adhere to its early beliefs. Once alienated from the established church, the tendency has been to grope for what was the original and therefore the true faith, and hence the many sects of dissenters of which the "Duhkoborski," who recently emigrated in a body to Canada, is one. In morality, sobriety, temperance, industry, and thrift, the raskolinki generally greatly surpass the orthodox peasants, though it is true that certain sects have admitted as part of their ritual grossly immoral practices. But in superstition they all exceed the orthodox.

The orthodox peasant is as little accustomed to question governmental as religious questions, holding equally to his faith in God and in the Tsar. If he has heretofore submitted to what he regards as the oppression of the bureaucracy, it is because he has seen no way of combating it. Once, however, convince him that he has rights which by exertion he can obtain, and he becomes a fanatic, pressing on with irresistible force to the attainment of his end, as the recent strikes have demonstrated.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS: AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THERE is nothing more significant in a collection of new American biographies than that their subjects should present all the diversity one finds in the occupants of an American railroad car. It would be a rare vehicle — unless indeed a football game were its destination — which should contain at one time poets, fighters, diplomats, statesmen, reformers, and historians. But, wherever we meet our fellow citizens, we must even take them as they come. Here let us begin with the poets.

The poet who after Poe may be taken as the most eloquent and characteristic voice of the South surely deserves what he has now received, — a biography¹ worthy to stand amongst the best of the American Men of Letters Series. A cardinal distinction of the book is closely related to the distinction of its theme. Lanier came to his appointed place by steps memorably different from those of practically every other conspicuous writer in America. Mr. Mims has therefore a highly individual story to tell. A boyhood in the South on the verge of war, a young manhood in the camps and on the battlefields of the Confederacy, a subsequent period of finding himself, artistically, as a flute-player in a Baltimore orchestra, — here was a unique progression to the place of poet and interpreter of literature to the young men of Johns Hopkins University. It was a progression, however, which accounts for two of the most interesting points which the biographer emphasizes in his estimate of Lanier's life and work: the part which music played in his equipment and achievement, and his constant utterance of a national as opposed to a sectional spirit. In the pages setting forth

these two aspects of Lanier, as in the no less important passages dealing with Lanier's feeling for music, not only as a source of pleasure but as a civilizing influence of the first importance, Mr. Mims has shown himself possessed of no mean powers of appreciation and interpretation. The passages of the broadest significance in all the book are perhaps those which reveal Lanier as one of the earliest representatives of the spirit of the New South. To hold the attitude he held thirty years ago toward the problems of a reunited country was to encounter more of loneliness than such an attitude would involve to-day. His place was among the pioneers of the new spirit. Through the chaos and confusion of the years immediately following the war, it must indeed have required something of the poet's vision to foresee a new and tolerable cosmos. "He was national," says Mr. Mims, "rather than provincial, open-minded not prejudiced, modern and not mediæval."

That Lanier had the poet's vision it is of course a part of Mr. Mims's task to point out. Here again he shows himself a biographer worthy of his theme. There was a time when the Southern critic was hardly expected to write with moderation about the Southern author. Our national habit of labeling

"The American Bulwers, Disraelis and Scotts, And in short the American everything elses," seems to have persisted longer in the Southern states than in any other region, with the possible exception of Indiana. But there is in Mr. Mims's estimate of Lanier as a poet the same substitution of national for provincial standards which characterized Lanier himself. The limitations of his poetry are as clearly recognized as its peculiar merits. The prose is similarly treated, with a frank recogni-

¹ *Sidney Lanier*. By EDWARD MIMS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

tion of the circumstances which withheld Lanier from taking rank with critics of the first order. It is a palpable advance in biographical writing, a palpable evidence of widening horizons, that biographers are learning not to claim too much for their subjects. Have not the readers of the *Atlantic* been reminded that human nature abhors a paragon? Mr. Mims allies himself with the best modern biographical writers in trying honestly, and with apparent success, to tell what Lanier's work was, not merely what it might or should have been. The dignity and clearness both of the narrative and of the critical portions of the book are in pleasant harmony with its spirit. The volume is a welcome and valuable addition to American biography.

If not in the columns of the *Atlantic*, where else, by the way, should it be asked why the *Letters of Lanier*, edited by Mr. W. R. Thayer and published in the *Atlantic* in 1894, are not included in the list of Northern recognitions of Lanier and other Southern writers?

In Mr. Greenslet's life of Lowell¹ we have the first considerable attempt by one of the generation to which Lowell must be chiefly an inheritance to reconstruct, explain, and estimate his personality and achievement. The book may be taken as a new-century view of the man who through the first *Biglow Papers*, the *Fable for Critics*, and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, had, before the middle of the old century, established the name which has endured. How, then, does this production of the new period relate itself to the old, from which the divergence has been so rapid?

If there is any more convenient and comprehensive way of dealing with the qualities of a book than by regarding first its substance and then its manner, that way has not yet come into common use. Let us look first at the substance of Mr. Greenslet's *Lowell*. What is revealed

is a thorough and sympathetic knowledge of its theme, an admirable grasp and mastery of the material and conditions with which it must deal. An external evidence of this mastery is the arrangement of the book. A true sense of proportion and values is shown in the mere divisions of the subject. The orderly grouping bespeaks an orderly mind and prepares one for the just weighing of critical considerations, the clear analysis of purpose and methods, by which the volume is really distinguished.

Though excellent criticism is to be found throughout the more strictly biographical portions of the book, one looks more narrowly for it in the concluding pages, devoted to Lowell's Poetry and Lowell's Prose. The limits of space forbid even a summary of the valid conclusions, the genuine appreciations both of shortcomings and of surpassing merits, with which these critical pages abound. A critic of the older generation might have hesitated to point so frankly at some of the weaknesses in Lowell's poetic work, at some of his limitations as a writer of enduring prose. But the weaknesses and the limitations are there, and it is well to have them indicated by one who at the same time recognizes so quickly the qualities in Lowell's work which have overtopped and, happily for most readers, obscured them. For the substance of the book, its structural plan, its unostentatious and effective use of new and illustrative material, for the abundance of clear and true thinking with which its outlines are filled, — for these things there are few terms of praise which would be excessive.

Regarding the manner of the book, one would be glad to make similar statements. It is hard to understand why one with so just a critical view of the whole body of another man's work did not subject a single book of his own to a stricter discipline. Mr. Greenslet complains of Lowell's "gargoyles of phrase," and "the prodigious sesquipedalian . . . too obviously dragged in by its inky

¹ *James Russell Lowell: His Life and Work.* By FERRIS GREENSLET. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

heels." The biographer's own offenses in this kind frequently color the warp and woof of his writing, and make it seem calculated to promote the sale of dictionaries. These catholic volumes hold many good words — albeit sometimes designated *obsolete* — which the writer for modern readers may not use too casually. Such words are *revenants* and *katharsis*, anglicized, and *glamourie*, *velleity*, *caducity*, *cantillating*, and *florilegium*. There are adjectives coined from proper names, in which a cautious indulgence may be permitted. But the multiplying of words like *Popian* and *Lambish* is perilous. The Boston Frog Pond surely has not a name so unfit for the ears of Mrs. Boffin that it must be called "Boston's far-famed Batrachian Pool." If space forbade to enumerate merits, it must hold the hand from copying specimen phrases and sentences which, like the single terms just cited, and like Lowell's own enormities, are "too obviously dragged in" by "inky heels."

It would be the height of unfairness to leave the impression that Mr. Greenslet's writing is made up entirely of "gargoyles" and "sesquipedalians." There are many genuine felicities of phrase, many accurate interpretations in words of acute perceptions in thought. There is a manifest danger that some of the merits of substance may be hidden by the tricks of manner. The genuine merits are so many and so positive that it would be the greatest of pities for the apprehensive reader too quickly to take alarm and lose the benefits of Mr. Greenslet's searching study of Lowell the man and the writer.

When Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Scudder brought out, twenty-one years ago, their *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, there must have been a considerable residuum of biographical material. It is apparently to this that Mrs. Taylor has now turned, for the substance of her book¹ gives no

evidence of recent accumulation. One must admit that much of the volume, especially in its earlier portions, belongs to the class of intimate family reminiscence printed rather for private than for public circulation. The pleasant un-Anglo-Saxon naïveté which makes this offering to the general reader, and perpetuates off-hand verses and personal episodes, quite disarms unfriendly comment. On the contrary, the reader may well be grateful for the glimpses of the New York group of writers with whom Taylor was affiliated, for the light that is thrown upon the strange American simplicity of an earlier generation in its reception of a lecturer with Taylor's reputation, and for the record of his important part in holding the friendship of Russia for the Union cause in the Civil War. One carries away from the book also a definite notion of the German influences which caused the name of Taylor to be so honorably associated with that of Goethe. If the volume does not take its place with biographies of commanding importance, at least it will do its part in preserving the memory of a significant name and personality.

From the poets to names which owe their continuance to a poet's work the transition is obvious. The significance of the two new biographies dealing respectively with Myles Standish² and with Paul Revere³ is negative rather than positive. Here are two men whose present existence in the consciousness of the world is due in largest measure to Longfellow. Their portraits in prose are so drawn as to show that many of the familiar poetic outlines are mythical. The authors of the two books have been at considerable pains to search and select from the mass of contemporary record more or less directly connected with the names of

² *Captain Myles Standish*. By TUDOR JENKS. New York: The Century Co. 1905.

³ *The True Story of Paul Revere: His Midnight Ride, His Arrest and Court-Martial, His Useful Public Services*. By CHARLES F. GETTMY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905.

¹ *On Two Continents: Memories of Half a Century*. By MARIE HANSEN TAYLOR. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905.

Standish and Revere. Incidentally Mr. Jenks has produced what is virtually a brief history of the beginnings of the Plymouth Colony. Both have done their work with care and skill. But when all is said, the negative significance of the books lies in the fact that the familiar, perhaps partially distorted, figures of Myles Standish and Paul Revere as Longfellow depicted them are the enduring figures. The curious may wish to know what their outlines should have been; the many really prefer to have them retain the accepted shapes.

A volume which relates itself readily with the reminiscences of Bayard Taylor, with his foreign marriage and diplomatic service, is the new collection of letters¹ by a Diplomat's Wife, Madame Waddington. More than twenty years ago Lord Dufferin is reported to have called the attention of one of the most communicative of London journalists to the extent to which the diplomatic corps of Europe had been Americanized by marriages with our countrywomen. Since Madame Waddington's marriage the tendency has increased rather than diminished. This second volume of her letters is a fresh illustration of the life which an American woman who makes the best of foreign marriages may under favoring circumstances find herself leading. It was not strictly as a diplomat's wife that Madame Waddington wrote the letters forming the present collection. The first visit to Italy with which it deals occurred in 1880, immediately after M. Waddington's resignation from the premiership of France, and before his appointment to the London embassy; the second visit was twenty-four years later, ten years after her husband's death. Her own early residence in Rome fitted her peculiarly to enjoy the opportunities offered to the wife of so distinguished a husband. The letters reveal an honest enjoyment of social pleasures much more characteristic

of the New York of Madame Waddington's origin than — shall we say? — of New England. This enjoyment is in a measure contagious, though one to whom Italian society and affairs are unfamiliar must be more nearly immune than other readers whose roads have led to Rome. For readers of whatever experience the letters are at their best when they have to do with the two latest occupants of the Quirinal, their queens, and their three contemporaries in the Vatican.

From Roman courts we turn to scenes and persons essentially American. Fresh contributions to the political history of the first half of the nineteenth century are *The True Henry Clay*,² by Joseph M. Rogers, and *The Life of Thomas Hart Benton*,³ by William M. Meigs. The writers of "true" biographies lay themselves open to objections similar to those that certain early Unitarians urged against the term "liberal Christian," by which some of their brethren designated their sect. There was in the one case an implied aspersion upon all other Christians, as there is in the other upon the whole body of biographers who omit to label their work "true." If the *Clay* is true, must the *Benton*, lacking the label, be untrue? Both books recall the most important persons and conditions contemporary with Clay and Benton; yet neither seems to fulfill an imperative demand. It is more particularly the virtue of the *Life of Benton* that its author handles with a firm historical grasp the national events and tendencies with which Benton's activities were associated. The man is shown behind and through these matters more than they are employed as a background for his life. In a word, the biographical appeal of the book does not quite bear the accepted relation to the historical.

Within a year from the appearance of

² *The True Henry Clay*. By JOSEPH M. ROGERS. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

³ *The Life of Thomas Hart Benton*. By WILLIAM M. MEIGS. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

¹ *Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*. By MARY KING WADDINGTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

these volumes, the one dealing with the victim of narrow escapes from the presidency, the other with the author of the *Thirty Years' View*, a life of Blaine¹ is given to the public. The correspondences and contrasts in the three careers, two entirely preceding the Civil War, one entirely following it, would make a fruitful study in comparisons.

There could hardly be a more difficult task in the domain of American biography than, at this time, to write a life of Blaine. Mr. Stanwood has fully realized what he was undertaking. Let him speak for himself: "When one has to deal with a personage over whom controversy has raged as it did over Blaine, almost every man's view will be distorted. His adherents exaggerated his virtues and powers no less than those who take another view of his character magnify every fault, and even discover some faults that others cannot perceive. Death does not close the controversies regarding such a man. Nevertheless, the material facts upon which a sure judgment may be based are more abundant and accessible as soon as the life has ended than they are afterward; and consequently a truer estimate of the man, apart from his service and achievement, may then be made by one who is able to divest himself of partisanship, than at any subsequent period. It would be uncandid on the part of the present writer were he to pretend that he possesses the impartiality and the passionless judgment that qualify him to make the final estimate of this man and of his career. Such bias as a life-long friendship, sometimes amounting to intimacy, necessarily gives, must be frankly admitted." Again, in approaching the episode of the Mulligan Letters, the author acknowledges without hesitation that any summary of the points at issue "is sure to be unsatisfactory to every man who has engaged in the controversy."

It is only fair, then, to consider such a

book upon the terms it proposes for itself. And it must be said that, even if Mr. Stanwood's friendliness toward his theme carries him occasionally near to the limits of special pleading, he has in the large performed his task with marked success and skill. Let us have done at once with perhaps the most conspicuous instance of a personal bias. This occurs in the treatment of the unfortunate correspondence with Fisher, especially the communication ending, "burn this letter." Mr. Stanwood says: "His sending a draft letter and his request that the communication be destroyed is not inconsistent with absolute innocence of wrongdoing, and can therefore not be used even as cumulative proof that he was guilty of wrongdoing." Admitting the validity of the first clause of this sentence, — a sentence framed with evident care, — does not the second part go farther than impartiality can follow? The instance is an exception; the rule of the book is that of a fairness so manifest as at times to seem overscrupulous.

Still another general consideration is whether the writer of a volume for the new American Statesmen Series is under the obligation of paying to the public life of his subject an attention far in excess of that which his private career and attributes receive. The brief final chapter, "The Man and the Statesman," gives clear enough evidence that Mr. Stanwood has grasped and appreciated the personal characteristics of the man. Were it otherwise, there would be less regret that the "magnetism" which it is hard to dissociate from the name of Blaine does not make itself more constantly felt throughout the book. There are frequent references to its existence, but the quality has not quite woven itself into the fibre of the narrative.

Of Blaine's public life, the record is most admirable and complete. The things he stood for, and the way in which he stood for them, are presented with a sure mastery of the matters in hand. The writer's abundant knowledge of the po-

¹ *James Gillespie Blaine*. By EDWARD STANWOOD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

litical history of the period, and of that which preceded and determined it, is manifest at every turn. One result of this thorough research and effective presentation is, incidentally, that the book is much more than the record of any one man's life.

For the bearing of the book upon present politics and policies, a few passages stand out with special distinctness. One of these discriminates between the party leader and the boss. Blaine appears as the former. The latter is a more recognizable contemporary type. Another passage of special present interest describes the beginnings of Blaine's Pan-American policy and the related tendency of the United States to take its place amongst the "world-powers." It requires no searching vision to note that the very forces which in recent years have most sturdily opposed "imperialism" are those which twenty and thirty years ago arrayed themselves most resolutely against Blaine and his policies.

In spite of the fact that the total portrait emphasizes the statesman more than the man, a final impression which one carries away from the book perhaps more definitely than any other is quite human in its quality. This is an impression of the sadness of the story, the pathos of a career which almost formed a habit of stopping short of its highest possibilities. If Blaine had been a smaller man, the pathos of this aspect of his life would have been materially less. It is just because his capabilities were so far beyond the common that one's sympathy is touched as deeply as it is. And just because one feels this pathos with a certain poignancy, one is led at the end to reflect that the man himself must have been seen with some clearness through the windows of Mr. Stanwood's biographical edifice in order to make so direct and personal an appeal.

If the part is to be taken for the whole, this *Part of a Man's Life*,² by Colonel

Higginson, suggests a whole of remarkable variety. It is yet another collection of the author's reminiscences, and its range of topics sweeps through Transcendentalism, Antislavery, and the Lyceum Lecture system, to Butterflies and Books Unread. It is when the recollections concern themselves more with specific subjects than with general conditions that they make their strongest impression. There are, for example, few survivors of the Lyceum system — survivors from the platforms, not the audiences — who could tell the new generation just what the system was, and probably none who could tell it so well as Colonel Higginson. Again, the chapter "Intensely Human," dealing hopefully with the past and present problems of the liberated negro, has all the value of shrewd, if naturally partial, observation at first hand. In sheer biographical interest, not autobiographic, the chapter describing Una Hawthorne is of paramount value. From no other single source can the reader gain so definite a notion of what this first-born child of the Hawthornes really "came to." There are letters of her own, bespeaking uncommon gifts of comprehension and expression, and — like the letters, printed for the first time — there is a brief sketch of Una Hawthorne by her frankly bewildered father. "It is of itself deeply interesting," as Colonel Higginson, without the least overstatement, remarks of this sketch, "even apart from its subject, as showing the minute personal observation which its author habitually applied to the few human types with which he came very closely in contact. Nothing else, as it seems to me, gives such a glimpse from original sources of the manner in which this shy and reticent man pursued his observations."

If there are portions of the book less significant than those which have been mentioned, the balance is measurably restored by the portraits and facsimile letters with which the volume is richly equipped. The letters have to be read in the more or less legible handwritings in

² *Part of a Man's Life*. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

which Colonel Higginson received them. There are peculiar difficulties in the four pages of manuscript from Edward Fitzgerald; but the letter is worth deciphering, especially for its comment on the superiority of "American Reviews of English Books" over "English of English." One word of special distinctness in the letter is *intoxicated*; and this, in Colonel Higginson's quotation of the sentence containing it, is rendered *astonished*. It may be hoped and believed that this was a slip rather than an application of Kipling's "Mellin's Food" recipe. The handwriting of Froude is easier of interpretation. But, for the benefit of readers who run too rapidly to decipher manuscript, it is well worth while to reproduce in this place his remarkable words about Carlyle and the *Reminiscences*: "You will not misunderstand me when I say that I am not sorry myself that the rush of unmeaning adulation which burst out at his death was checked by the *Reminiscences*, for which I am responsible. That book is an exact picture of him, and when men begin to think seriously what he was, and what he did for the world, they will feel forever grateful that they have a genuine picture of him as authentic as it is beautiful. Nothing could have disgusted him more than a general agreement of England and America that he had been a great man and that he must have a statue, etc., while the lessons which he taught are repudiated or forgotten. A little before his death he said to me, 'the world says now that I am this and that, and proposes to admire me, but they do nothing which I have told them, and they do not believe what I say.' A statue will be raised to Carlyle bye and bye — many statues — but it will be when people are in a wiser state of mind and have learnt that he saw deeper into the spiritual and moral conditions of the modern world than any one of the false prophets whom they take as their practical guides.

"He was an extraordinary man, — extraordinary in his intellect and peculiar in his character. I should be false to him

and false to my duty if I were to think of him as a painted idol, for the mob to put in their temples like their Christs and Virgins, while the 'keeping the commandments' they think as little of, with one as the other."

May one more passage, of special interest to American readers, be quoted? "I have come," says Froude, "reluctantly to realize that the future of the Anglo-Saxon race is with you and not with us. We cannot assimilate our colonies, and without them we can now be nothing but a considerable commercial State. As an Imperial Power, our end is formidably near."

The deeds of Colonel Higginson and the words of William Lloyd Garrison had their intimate relations. It was a happy thought to mark the centennial of the birth of Garrison by publishing the little volume¹ which brings the reformer vividly to life again. Nearly half of the slender bulk of the book is devoted to Garrison's words in prose and verse upon the various topics of reform to which his life was given. The second portion contains a biographical sketch prepared by two of the sons whose filial service it has already been to issue the four-volume life of their father which is the chief repository of facts related to the anti-slavery movement. With what Garrison said and with what he did, admirably summarized, the reader is now provided with something worthy of the name of "A Reformer's Handbook." A remarkable element of its interest is the applicability of many of the sayings to present conditions. Garrison's famous declaration, "I will be heard," may thus, by the renewal of his message, be needed in our own day and generation. The message is still worth hearing and heeding.

¹ *The Words of Garrison: A Centennial Selection (1805-1905) of characteristic Sentiments from the Writings of William Lloyd Garrison, with a Biographical Sketch, List of Portraits, Bibliography and Chronology, etc.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

It is not the least distinction of the latest life of Prescott¹—a book demanded rather by the exigencies of a series than by absolute necessity—that it illustrates both the disadvantages and the advantages of committing a biographical subject to a writer whose sympathy with its background is inevitably limited. Mr. Peck on his fifth page declares that Mr. Barrett Wendell's "critical bias is wholly in favor of New England," and surrounds the statement with many pages which at least suggest that his own bias is in other directions. In the opening chapter of generalities the differentiation of early New England from the Middle and Southern states is drawn with exactness at many points, but at others with that partial truth which must characterize one who does not know all three of the regions under consideration. Certainly the next chapter, describing the early influences surrounding Prescott, gives quite a different impression of the intellectual impulses of New England in the years before its "Augustan age," the years of Prescott's boyhood. A typical illustration of the author's attitude toward what may be called the local aspects of his theme occurs later in the volume. In describing Prescott's English visit, the author says: "He chatted often with the Duke of Wellington, and described him in a comparison which makes one smile because it is so Yankee-like and Bostonese." The comparison which "makes one smile" is Prescott's allusion to the Duke as "a striking figure reminding me a good deal of Colonel Perkins in his general air." Now if a New Yorker of the present day should write in a familiar letter that an English ecclesiastic he had just met reminded him of Bishop Potter, the analogy would be complete: the recipient of the letter would see precisely what the writer meant. And the Bostonian who sixty years hence should smile at the comparison would

betray something of the provinciality of which even a metropolitan is occasionally guilty.

But the disadvantages besetting what may be called an outside treatment of a New England theme are offset by distinct advantages. When Mr. Peck takes up such specific subjects as Prescott's personality and historical work,—the really important subjects of his book,—he handles them well. He pictures effectively the gayety of nature which really did distinguish Prescott from most of his associates. The heroic conduct of Prescott's life stands out with a fresh brightness from the rather breezy treatment of his temperament. Though giving him a higher rank amongst American historians than that to which many critics of historical writing would agree, Mr. Peck argues his case with authority and skill. The evidences of first-hand, independent judgment are many. The author has weighed the statements of those who show that Prescott's authorities were untrustworthy, and yet persuades the reader, as he has persuaded himself, that Prescott put them to a use which justified all his travail of research and composition. The upshot of the matter is that if this were the only existing life of Prescott it would leave much to be desired; taken in connection with the lives by Ticknor and Mr. Rollo Ogden it will serve a genuinely useful purpose.

Having looked at the latest life of one of our first historians, it remains but to consider the first biography, brief though it be, of John Fiske. This new accession to the Beacon Biographies,² though a little slenderer than its fellows in the series, carries within its covers much that will be welcome to the multitude of Fiske's readers. The inevitable limits of space have rendered it rather a summary than a comprehensive view of the man's life and labors; and, because the theme was a man of letters rather than affairs, the

¹ *William Hickling Prescott*. (English Men of Letters.) By HARRY THURSTON PECK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *John Fiske*. (Beacon Biographies.) By THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1905.

qualities of an extended essay are more conspicuous than those of a biographical narrative. This is not to say that the essential facts of John Fiske's life are slighted; they are effectively recorded. But the true achievement of the little book lies in its estimate of John Fiske's historical and philosophical work. The fact that Fiske was a popularizer of science and history rather than an investigator is frankly accepted, and receives the full justification it deserved. The merely literary skill to which his work owed much of its vogue is analyzed by one who gives frequent evidences that he himself not only appreciates, but possesses, the genuine literary quality. There are, moreover, convincing tokens that Mr. Perry had a

personal knowledge of John Fiske quite intimate enough to impart authority to all the personal comment and reminiscence. Besides this, one feels in the spirit and outlook which form the background of the little book the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Perry for undertaking what he has performed so well. The authoritative life of Fiske, announced so long ago and still awaited, will of course contain a wealth of original material to which there is no indication that Mr. Perry has had access. But it remains to be seen whether the full-length portrait in oils will yield a truer interpretation of the value and significance of what Fiske was and did than that which this sketch in crayon affords in advance.

THE CHINESE BOYCOTT

BY JOHN W. FOSTER

THE Chinese boycott of American goods is a striking evidence of an awakening spirit of resentment in the great Empire against the injustice and aggression of foreign countries. It seems singular that its first manifestation of resentment should be directed against the nation whose government has been most conspicuous in defending its integrity and independence. The explanation of this is that the boycott movement owes its initiative, not to the Chinese government, but to individual and popular influence, and is almost entirely the outgrowth of the ill-feeling of the people who have been the victims of the harsh exclusion laws and the sufferers by the race hatred existing in certain localities and classes in the United States. Much the largest portion of Chinese foreign emigration has come to this country, and it is here they have suffered the most personal injustice and indignity. Being in large measure from the lower and middle classes of the popu-

lation, they remember only their wrongs and maltreatment, and give little heed to the friendly relations which have so long existed between the two governments.

The Imperial Government has much more serious grievances against Great Britain, on account of the two wars which that country has waged against it in order to force upon its people the admission of opium, and because of the important territory taken. It has suffered greatly at the hands of France, in the conquest of its suzerain state of Annam, and from unprovoked wars. Russia has been an aggressor for two hundred years and has absorbed large areas of its domain. The act of Germany in its high-handed seizure of an important harbor and adjacent country in Shantung caused momentary indignation. The conduct of these nations has in greatest measure contributed to the general anti-foreign feeling which prevails throughout the Empire. But it was reserved to the United States, the

only one of the great powers which has not despoiled its territory and never assumed an attitude of hostility to its government, to have its people and its commerce singled out as the objects of popular proscription.

An examination of this anomaly in international affairs will show that the boycott has not been a sudden outburst of popular passion, but that it is the culmination of a long series of events extending through a generation, and marked by various phases in the intercourse of the two governments and peoples. It will, therefore, be interesting and helpful to an understanding of the question to look into the origin and cause of the boycott.

Anson Burlingame was a prominent and somewhat picturesque personage in the exciting times which ushered in the American Civil War. As a congressman from Massachusetts he was one of the leaders in the anti-slavery discussion. His challenge to mortal combat of Brooks of South Carolina, the assailant of Sumner in the Senate Chamber, will be remembered as one of the noted episodes of that stormy period. President Lincoln appointed him Minister to China. By his attractive personality and his genial manners he won the confidence and esteem of the rulers of that Empire, and when the time came for the Imperial Government to emerge from its seclusion, and establish permanent diplomatic relations with the outside world, Mr. Burlingame was placed by it at the head of an imposing embassy to visit the capitals of the Western world, and negotiate treaties of amity and commerce.

The embassy first came to the United States and was received by the President and Congress with a hearty welcome and distinguished ceremonies. It came at a time when our country was entering upon a new era in our foreign intercourse. Following the Civil War, our newly acquired possessions on the Pacific Coast were assuming greater importance, and hopes were awakened for enlarged trade possibilities in the Far East. In order to

unify our nation and bring the Pacific states into easy communication with the rest of the Union, the construction of a railroad across the continent and over the mountains became a necessity. Labor was scarce on the Pacific Coast, the construction of the railroad was delayed, and a resort was had to China for workmen. They came in large numbers, and by their aid that great trans-continental work was being carried to successful completion. But the Chinese were brought in under a contract system which was practical slavery, naturally repugnant to the views of our government, much as it desired the presence of the workmen, and the system was likewise condemned by the Chinese government.

The arrival of the embassy was regarded by our government as highly opportune, and it was one of the last acts of the distinguished career of Secretary William H. Seward to negotiate with it a new treaty, to place our commercial and social relations with that vast Empire upon an advantageous and secure basis. The articles of the treaty secured greater privileges to American citizens in China, recognized the autonomy of the Empire, disavowed any intention to interfere in its internal affairs, prohibited the coolie contract system, guaranteed the free and unlimited immigration of Chinese into the United States, and extended to them the treatment of the most favored nation.

The treaty of 1868, known as the Burlingame treaty, was hailed as a great triumph of American diplomacy, and the President, in communicating its consummation to Congress, spoke of it as a "liberal and auspicious treaty." Some delay, however, occurred in its ratification by the Chinese government, and serious uneasiness was felt in the United States lest it should fail to be carried into effect. Under President Grant's direction, Secretary Fish instructed our minister in Peking to exert his influence with the Chinese authorities to bring about its early ratification. He wrote: "Many considerations call for this besides those

which may be deduced from what has gone before in this instruction. Every month brings thousands of Chinese immigrants to the Pacific Coast. Already they have crossed the great mountains, and are beginning to be found in the interior of the continent. By their assiduity, patience, and fidelity, and by their intelligence, they earn the good will and confidence of those who employ them. We have good reason to think this thing will continue and increase;" and the Secretary said it was welcomed by our people.

The treaty was finally ratified by China, it was followed by the completion of the Pacific Railroad, and our government congratulated itself on being instrumental in bringing China out of her seclusion, and inducing her "to march forward," as Mr. Fish expressed it. Ten years after this treaty was signed, President Hayes, in a message to Congress, thus spoke of its leading provision: "Unquestionably the adhesion of the government of China to these liberal principles of freedom in emigration, with which we were so familiar and with which we were so well satisfied, was a great advance towards opening that Empire to our civilization and religion, and gave promise in the future of greater and greater practical results in the diffusion throughout that great population of our arts and industries, our man-

prepared by Secretary W. M. Evarts, for such change in the treaty of 1868 as would allow the United States to restrict the immigration of Chinese laborers. This commission was composed of President Angell of Michigan University, John F. Swift of California, and William H. Trescott, the diplomatist — men of ability and distinction. They were cordially received at Peking and attentively heard. The Chinese government, however, was reluctant to change the terms of the treaty of 1868, which had been entered upon at the special request of the United States. It was the more reluctant because it would create an offensive discrimination against the Chinese, not enforced against the people of any other nation. But when it was insisted that some modification was absolutely necessary for the internal peace of our people, China consented to such modification as would not essentially change the principle of that instrument. And thereupon the immigration treaty of 1880 was agreed to, restricting the coming of Chinese laborers.

In communicating to the Secretary of State the signature of the new treaty of 1880, the American Commissioners wrote:

"In conclusion, we deem it our duty to say to you that during the whole of this negotiation the representatives of the Chinese Government have met us in the friendliest and most friendly spirit."

They have been, in their personal intercourse, most courteous, and have given to all our communications, verbal as well as written, the promptest and most respectful consideration. After a free and able exposition of their own views, we are satisfied that in yielding to the request of the United States they have been actuated by a sincere friendship and an honorable confidence that the large powers recognized by them as belonging to the United States, and bearing directly upon the interests of their own people, will be exercised by our government with a wise discretion, in a spirit of reciprocal and sincere friendship, and with entire justice."¹

¹ *Foreign Relations of U. S.*, 1881, p. 197.

and the sentimentality which sees the welfare of man.

But within two years a new development which asked for a modification of relations with China had arisen. It was the Chinese immigration, in some check short of prohibition, in labor. This development, especially in view of the anti-Chinese campaign, the assurance that a change would be made in 1880, he dispatched a commission to China to negoti-

But even this treaty, which had been obtained from China so reluctantly, yet with the generous exhibition of friendship on her part just described, did not prove satisfactory to the increasing demands of the labor unions. Before ten years were passed, under the spur and excitement of the presidential campaign of 1888, and upon the hesitation of the Chinese government to make a further treaty modification, the Scott Act was passed by Congress, which was a deliberate violation of the treaty of 1880, and was so declared by the Supreme Court; but under our peculiar system it became the law of the land. Our government had thus flagrantly disregarded its solemn treaty obligations. Senator Sherman, then chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, stated in the Senate that we had furnished China a just cause for war. But, at the request of the Secretary of State, that government consented to negotiate a new treaty of immigration, in 1894, which took the place of the treaty of 1880, and by means of which the Scott Act was modified so as to allow the Chinese laborers lawfully in the United States to visit China and return under certain restrictions. The treaty was limited by its terms to ten years.

It is thus seen that our government, which at first heartily extended to the Chinese the privilege of free and unrestricted entrance and residence in the country, was forced by the labor unions to change its policy, and that it secured from the Chinese government the right first to restrict and then to prohibit the coming of Chinese laborers. But this right was obtained upon the distinct promise that it would "be exercised by our government with a wise discretion, in a spirit of reciprocal and sincere friendship, and with entire justice."

The subsequent history of these treaties will show in what manner this promise has been redeemed.

Article IV of the treaty of 1894 stipulates "that Chinese laborers or Chinese of any other class, either permanently or

temporarily residing in the United States, shall have for the protection of their persons and property all rights that are given by the laws of the United States to citizens of the most favored nation, excepting the right to become naturalized citizens." A similar stipulation appears in the treaties of 1868 and 1880.

Let us examine what are "the rights given by the laws of the United States to citizens of the most favored nation." Take as an example the treaty with Japan, an Oriental country, a near neighbor to China. The treaty of 1894, negotiated the same year of the treaty with China, in its Article I provides that the citizens or subjects of each country "shall have free access to the courts of justice in pursuit and defense of their rights; they shall be at liberty equally with native citizens or subjects to choose and employ lawyers, advocates and representatives to pursue and defend their rights before such courts, and in all other matters connected with the administration of justice they shall enjoy all the rights and privileges enjoyed by native citizens or subjects." In the treaty of 1859 with Paraguay, the smallest of all the Spanish-American states, having a population less than Washington city, it is provided that "the citizens of either of the two contracting parties in the territories of the other shall enjoy full and perfect protection for their persons and property, and shall have free and open access to the courts of justice for the prosecution and defense of their just rights; they shall enjoy, in this respect, the same rights and privileges as native citizens; and they shall be at liberty to employ, in all causes, the advocates, attorneys, or agents, of whatever description, whom they may think proper."¹ Similar provisions are found in many other of the treaties of the United States.

By these stipulations the citizens or subjects of the foreign governments named are guaranteed the full and perfect protection of their persons and property in

¹ *Compilation of Treaties in Force, 1899*: "Japan," p. 358; "Paraguay," p. 486.

the same measure and under the same conditions as citizens of the United States. Hence, under the favored nation clause, Chinese laborers and all other Chinese in the United States are guaranteed the same rights as to their persons and property as the citizens of the United States. What are some of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, that great charter which cannot be infringed by any legislative enactment or executive order? No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a trial by an impartial jury, to be confronted with the witnesses, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense. Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended.

An examination of the treatment of the Chinese by the authorities of the United States will show that, from time to time, all these constitutional and treaty guarantees have been disregarded. In a recent case decided by the Supreme Court (United States *vs.* Ju Toy, May 8, 1905) Justice Brewer pointed out that under the laws of Congress and the regulations of the Immigration Bureau the Chinese were deprived of due process of law for the protection of their liberty and property, of the right of trial by jury, of being confronted with the witnesses, and of having the assistance of counsel; and he characterized the examination or hearing to which they were subjected on their arrival in the United States as "a star chamber proceeding of the most stringent sort."

I do not know how I can better illustrate the kind of protection, or want of protection, extended to the Chinese, as guaranteed by the Constitution, the treaties, and the solemn promises of the government of the United States, than by

recalling a notorious case which occurred, not on the sand lots of California, not under the auspices of labor agitators, but in the enlightened city of Boston and under the conduct of Federal officials.

The following narrative is condensed from the newspapers of that city. At about half past seven o'clock on the evening of Sunday, October 11, 1902, a number of United States officials of Boston, New York, and other cities charged with the administration of the Chinese exclusion laws, assisted by a force of the local police, made a sudden and unexpected descent upon the Chinese quarter of Boston. The raid was timed with a refinement of cruelty which did greater credit to the shrewdness of the officials than to their humanity. It was on the day and at the hour when the Chinese of Boston and its vicinity were accustomed to congregate in the quarter named for the purpose of meeting friends and enjoying themselves after a week of steady and honest toil. The police and immigration officials fell upon their victims without giving a word of warning. The clubs, restaurants, other public places where Chinese congregated, and private houses, were surrounded. Every avenue of escape was blocked. To those seized no warrant for arrest or other paper was read or shown.

Every Chinese who did not at once produce his certificate of residence was taken in charge, and the unfortunate ones were rushed off to the Federal Building without further ceremony. There was no respect of persons with the officials; they treated merchants and laborers alike. In many cases no demand was made for certificates, the captives were dragged off to imprisonment, and in some instances the demand was not made till late at night or the next morning, when the certificates were in the possession of the victims at the time of their seizure.

In the raid no mercy was shown by the government officials. The frightened Chinese who had sought to escape were dragged from their hiding-places, and stowed like cattle upon wagons or other

vehicles, to be conveyed to the designated place of detention. On one of those wagons or trucks from seventy to eighty persons were thrown, and soon after it moved it was overturned. A scene of indescribable confusion followed, in which the shrieks of those attempting to escape mingled with the groans of those who were injured.

The case of one old man was particularly sad. In the upsetting of the wagon two of his ribs were broken, and he was otherwise bruised and injured. The attending physician made oath that his age was such that the injury might develop pleurisy or other serious complication as the result of his injuries. The rough usage to which he was subjected was a great strain upon his feeble frame, weakened by age. When the raid burst upon the Chinese quarter, he had just come downstairs from his lodgings when he was caught in the police drag-net. He informed the officers that his certificate was in his trunk upstairs, and that he could lay his hands on it without loss of time. But he was not permitted to go to get his papers even under guard, but was thrown into the overloaded wagon. The result was that this innocent man, who under treaty had a perfect right to reside in the country free from molestation, was made to suffer untold tortures in body and mind, in order that the immigration and police officers might satisfy their thirst for sensational activity.

About two hundred and fifty Chinese were thus arrested and carried off to the Federal Building. Here they were crowded into two small rooms where only standing space could be had, from eight o'clock in the evening, all through the night, and many of them till late in the afternoon of the next day. There was no sleep for any of them that night, though some of them were so exhausted that they sank to the floor where they stood. Their captors seemed to think that they had to do with animals, not human beings. Some of them were released during the night, when relatives brought their certificates or mer-

chants were identified. But the greater part were kept till the next day, when the publicity of the press brought friends, or relief through legal proceedings.

One of the Boston journals reported that the Federal Judge, who had a case set for hearing in an adjoining room the next morning, had to adjourn to another part of the building because of the foul exhalations from the overcrowded prison pen. It would hardly be believed that the "Black Hole of Calcutta" could at this day have an imitation in such an enlightened community.

So strong was the indignation of the respectable citizens of Boston, that a large public meeting was held in Faneuil Hall to denounce the action of the immigration officials and the police. Prominent men who took part did not hesitate to refer to that action in the strongest terms as a brutal outrage, a disgrace to the city; and the resolutions adopted assert that the Chinese were seized without warrant of law, and, after being brutally handled, were placed in close and ignominious confinement; and they declare that the lawless acts of the officials are dangerous to liberty and in defiance of constitutional rights, — arbitrary, unwarranted, and outrageous.

It was announced by the immigration officials that their raid was organized under the belief that there were a number of Chinese in Boston and its vicinity unlawfully in the United States, and this method was adopted for discovering them. The official report of the chief officer soon after the event showed that two hundred and thirty-four Chinese were imprisoned, that one hundred and twenty-one were released without trial or requirement of bail, and that only five had so far been deported, but that he hoped that he might secure the conviction and deportation of fifty; as a matter of fact, however, the deportations fell much below that number. But even if these men were unlawfully in the country, they were entitled to humane treatment, and, above all, to the orderly process and application

of the law. The act of Congress prescribes "that any Chinese person . . . found unlawfully in the United States or its Territories *may be arrested upon a warrant issued upon a complaint*, under oath, filed by any party on behalf of the United States," etc.¹

Even as to the guilty Chinese the arrest and confinement was without warrant of law. But what justification can be offered for the arrest of the two hundred peaceable and law-abiding Chinese, — the indignities, hardships, and insults to which they were subjected? Although earnest complaint was made by the Chinese Minister to the government at Washington, not a single officer was punished or even censured for his illegal and brutal conduct, and no reparation was obtained by the Chinese.

The American Commissioners who went to Peking expressly stated that it was only the coolie class of laborers whom their government desired to exclude, and the treaty of 1880 in terms stipulated that the restriction "shall only apply to Chinese laborers, *other classes not being included in the limitation.*" But when Congress came to legislate respecting the treaty it provided that only the five classes of merchants, teachers, students, travelers, and officials, should be admitted. Under this law and the construction placed upon it by the Immigration Bureau the large majority of the upper classes of the Chinese were excluded from entry or residence in the United States.

The treaty provided that to entitle the exempt class to admission into the United States "they may produce a certificate from their government . . . viséd by the diplomatic or consular representative of the United States . . . in the port whence they depart." The plain intent of this provision was that the certificate should state that the holder thereof was a merchant, student, or whatever might be his occupation. But the laws of Congress and the Bureau regulations require that the certificate, if issued to a merchant, for

instance, must state the name, title, if any, description of the person and all physical peculiarities, former and present occupation, place of residence, nature, character, and value of business, and where the holder expects to locate.

But it is not held sufficient if the holder presents himself with such a certificate duly viséd by the United States Consul. The applicant for admission is subjected to a most searching examination, and the strictest technicalities are applied. I illustrate some of these technicalities by a case, taken from many, given by Minister Wu in a communication which was sent to Congress and published, as follows: —

"Last year several merchants came to San Francisco with a good supply of money and credit to make purchases. They were provided with the legal certificates viséd by the American consul, but it appeared that in their certificates some parts of their former career were not filled up in English, although properly filled up in Chinese. The objection was raised by the customs authorities that the certificates were defective. It was contended on their behalf that the law was complied with, as every detail was mentioned in the certificate, although some of it was only in Chinese, and it was offered to supply the omission in the English from the Chinese text, but the authorities would not allow it. The case was appealed to the Treasury Department, and the decision of the San Francisco authorities was confirmed. It was of no avail that these merchants had come ten thousand miles, that their certificates were quite sufficient as far as the Chinese text was concerned, and that the American consul who viséd the document was at fault in not seeing that all the parts were filled up in the English text. It was suggested that the merchants be released under bonds, and that their certificates be sent back to China for correction. There was no suspicion of fraud, yet the suggestion was not heeded, and these merchants were compelled to return to China."

¹ Act of September 13, 1888, section 13.

The treaty expressly states that students, without qualification, are to be admitted. But they are required to present a certificate similar in detail to that described for merchants and to undergo a similar examination. But the Immigration Bureau proceeds to further neutralize the treaty by a ruling that a student to be entitled to admission must show that he is — “a person (1) who intends to pursue some of the higher branches of study, or who seeks to be fitted for some particular profession or occupation (2) for which facilities of study are not afforded in his own country; (3) for whose support and maintenance in this country, as a student, provision has been made, and (4) who, upon completion of his studies, expects to return to China.” And a fifth condition has been added, — that during his attendance at college he must not engage in manual labor, although it is well known that many young men in American colleges support themselves in that way.

A provision of the treaty is that Chinese laborers may cross the territory of the United States, en route to a foreign country, under suitable regulations. But without warrant of treaty, or even of law, the Immigration Bureau requires Chinese gentlemen, merchants and other like classes, who desire to pass through the United States, going to or coming from Europe, on arrival at a port of the United States to produce a prepaid through ticket across the continent; and it is required of each person that he give a bond of five hundred dollars that he will make a *continuous* transit through, and actually depart from, the United States within twenty days; he must furnish three photographs of himself and submit to a carefully prepared description of his person; and when he reaches the port of departure he must submit to another examination of his person and be compared with his photograph. When all this is done and the officer at the port of arrival is notified of his certain departure, his bond is surrendered.

If space allowed, other instances of exactions, not warranted by treaty, applied to Chinese seeking admission to the United States, might be given. The examination to which Chinese are subjected at San Francisco, where most of them apply for admission, is one of their most aggravating experiences. All are required to undergo a very strict examination, even if their certificates are in proper order and duly visé by the American Consul. During the pendency of the examination the applicants are confined in a wooden shed or loft, not only without comforts but without many of the decent conveniences of life; and this confinement sometimes is extended into weeks and months. The Chinese person on arrival is not permitted to communicate with his friends, he is deprived of the benefit of an attorney, and the examination is conducted by the immigration official alone. The position is the merest travesty of a hearing or trial, and it is not strange that in many cases it results in injustice and great hardship.

The treatment which the Chinese residents have received at the hands of hoodlums, ruffians, race-haters, and mobs has been a disgrace to our civilization; but that has not been so shameful as their treatment by the officials of Federal and local governments. The Boston raid furnishes an illustration. Let me give one more.

Tom Kim Yung, the military attaché of the Chinese Legation in Washington, was in 1903 sent to San Francisco on a temporary duty. One night, after spending the evening dining with the president of the Chinese Merchants' Association, when returning to his lodgings at the Consulate General, and near that place, he was accosted by a policeman in most indecent language and struck with gross indignity. This resulted in an encounter participated in by another policeman. The attaché was beaten and severely bruised, and finally handcuffed and tied by his queue to a fence until the arrival of a patrol wagon, into which he was

forced and taken to the police station. Here he was kept for some time, until released on bail given by a Chinese merchant, about half past one o'clock at night.

He was held for trial on a charge of assaulting a police officer, and when his diplomatic character was brought to the attention of the chief of police by the consul general, that officer refused to dismiss the charge. The excuse of the policeman for his conduct was that he mistook the attaché for another Chinaman for whom he was on the look-out. The attaché, not being able to secure the dismissal of the charges or any punishment of the policeman, was greatly chagrined; he felt that he had "lost face" with his countrymen; and brooding over what he regarded as his disgrace, he committed suicide.

He was followed to the grave by thousands of his countrymen who regarded themselves as personally outraged. The Secretary of State brought the subject to the attention of the Governor of California, and the latter to the mayor of the city, but no redress was given or punishment inflicted.

The foregoing recital running through a series of years—and it might be greatly enlarged—furnishes some of the reasons for the resentment of the Chinese which is manifesting itself in the boycott of American goods. The laws of Congress and the Bureau regulations have practically nullified the treaties so far as the higher class of Chinese are concerned. I have not discussed those laws and regulations as they affect the Chinese laborers, although as to them they are scarcely less unjust. The laws and regulations and the harsh treatment of Chinese subjects in the United States have been the occasion of frequent and reiterated complaints by the Chinese Legation to the Department of State. That Department has given them a sympathetic hearing and forwarded them from time to time to Congress or the Bureau of Immigration, where they have fallen upon deaf ears.

American merchants and companies engaged in the China trade have in recent years sounded a note of warning without any influence upon Congress. American missionaries have wrought up their denominations to a state of fear for the missionaries and of indignation at the inhumanity of our conduct as a nation.

It is not to our credit as a Christian and liberal-minded people and as a just government that all these complaints, warnings, and appeals have been of no avail, and that our interest and sense of duty could be awakened only when our trade was threatened. Not until the boycott began to be felt was any check placed upon the harsh treatment of and unwarranted discrimination against the Chinese in or seeking admission to our country. The President's order of June last has been effective in bringing about a more reasonable enforcement of the laws and regulations, and has greatly relieved the situation. But the laws of Congress and the regulations to carry them out are still in force, and until they are repealed or modified, the grievance of the Chinese will continue.

President Roosevelt, during his Southern tour in October last, set forth in his Atlanta speech the true remedy for our present unsatisfactory relations with China, when he said:—

"We cannot expect China to do us justice unless we do China justice. The chief cause in bringing about the boycott of our goods in China was undoubtedly our attitude towards the Chinese who come to this country. . . . Our laws and treaties should be so framed as to guarantee to all Chinamen, save of the excepted coolie class, the same right of entry to this country, and the same treatment while here, as is guaranteed to citizens of any other nation. By executive action I am as rapidly as possible putting a stop to the abuses which have grown up during many years in the administration of this [exclusion] law. I can do a great deal and will do a great deal even without the action of Congress; but I cannot do all that should be

done unless some action is taken. It is needed in our own interest, and especially in the interest of the Pacific Slope and of the South Atlantic and Gulf States. . . . The action I ask is demanded by considerations that are higher than mere interest, for I ask it in the name of what is just and right. America should take the lead in establishing international relations on the same basis of honest and upright dealing which we regard as essential between man and man."

The same view is also urged by the President in his annual message to Congress now in session. If Congress shall take the action during the present session which is indicated by the President as just and right, and called for in the interest of international comity, the boycott will speedily come to an end. If, on the other hand, the present legislation is continued in force, the boycott of American goods in China will not only continue, but will grow in extent and vigor. And the danger is that it will not only affect our commerce, but extend to all other American interests.

The churches of the United States of almost all denominations have entered

upon the mission work in China. Duty and opportunity seem to call them to enlarged efforts in that great Empire. But that work can speedily be brought to an end, not by proscription or persecution, but simply by the Chinese government applying to American citizens in China the same laws and regulations that are now applied in the United States to Chinese subjects. And by the same means an effective stop can be put to all other American enterprises in China. By such regulations all American bankers, capitalists, railroad contractors, builders, and engineers, mining experts and operatives, manufacturers and machinists, missionaries and physicians, would be barred out of that Empire, because such classes of Chinese are by the laws of Congress, as now interpreted and enforced, excluded from the United States. And no American merchant, student, or traveler could enter China without being submitted to conditions so humiliating that they would be spurned by every self-respecting American. It can hardly be believed that Congress will, by its inaction, bring such misfortunes upon our commerce and our citizens. and such disgrace upon itself.

THE PREFACE

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

A preface is more than an author can resist, for it is the reward of his labours. When the foundation stone is laid, the architect appears with his plans, and struts for an hour before the public eye. So with the writer in his preface: he may have never a word to say, but he must show himself for a moment in the portico, hat in hand, and with an urbane demeanour. — ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *An Inland Voyage*.

GOOD old Jeremy Taylor, in the preface to *A Dissuasive from Popery*, tells the story of a "Roman Gentleman [who] had to please himself written a book in Greek and presented it to Cato; he desired him to pardon the faults of his expressions, since he wrote in Greek, which was a tongue in which he was not perfect Master. Cato told him he had better then to have let it alone, and written in Latine, by how much it is better not to commit a fault then to make apologies. For if the thing be good, it needs not to be excus'd, if it be not good, a crude apologie will do nothing but confess the fault, but never make amends." Whereupon the Lord Bishop of Down, pointing the moral of his own tale, devotes eleven pages to his prefatory apologies.

The case is typical; for forewords, be they the poetic prologue of the drama, or the prose preliminaries of philosopher, poet, essayist, or novelist, are not infrequently fraught with more danger to the author than is the book which they would excuse. *Hours of Idleness*, had it appeared anonymously, might have won at least the safety of oblivion, and the noble author might have been spared more than one *mauvais quart d'heure*. But young George Gordon, Lord Byron, wrote a preface apologizing for his poetry on the score of his youth and inexperience, and quite went out of his way to provide a peg for the Edinburgh reviewer to hang

a gibe on. "As an extenuation of this offence" (the publication of the poems) remarks Brougham in the *Edinburgh*, "the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. . . . Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of the case by particular dates substantiating the age at which each was written. Now the law upon the point of minority, we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry; and if judgment were given against him; it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this, he might plead minority; but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, 'See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!'"

O acrid Brougham! O writhing Noble Minor! One can imagine the young poet wishing that he had been compelled, like exiled Ovid, to say: *Sine me, liber, ibis in urbem*.

No less fatal was Keats's deprecatory plea when *Endymion* was offered to the world. "Knowing within myself," he

says, "the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public. — What manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished." On this boyish apology the fiend of the *Quarterly* seizes with avidity; but it is a subsequent admission which seals the author's doom. "The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press." Here indeed is an opening in the victim's wavering guard. "*Je touche*," cries Mr. Reviewer-Cyrano, triumphantly. "Thus 'the two first books' are, even in his [Keats's] own judgment, unfit to appear, and 'the two last' are, it seems, in the same condition, — and as two and two make four, and as that is the whole number of books, we have a clear and, we believe, a very just estimate of the entire work."

Nor is it unusual for the author quite unconsciously to suggest in his prefatory remarks the basis for the most deservedly severe criticism of his work. The creator of Peter Bell and the Idiot Boy never came to realize that he was programme-ridden, and that much of his best writing was done when he was most oblivious of his thesis. The preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* was not only an epoch-making *pronunciamento*; it was also a confession of a mechanical method. To Wordsworth's way of thinking the poems of the edition of 1798 were not primarily poems; they were *experiments*, — written "chiefly with a view to ascertain how far" (in his now famous phrase) "the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure."

Just two years before the future English Laureate pronounced his arduous programme, a Scottish poet brought to its troubled close a life whose ideal had been much the same, — who had done because he could not help it what Words-

worth did because it could be done. Oddly the prefatory explanations contrast. "None of the following works," Burns had written in the preface to the collection of 1786, "were ever composed with a view to the press. To amuse myself with the little creations of my own fancy, amid the toils and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears in my own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind, — these were my motives for courting the muses, and in these I found poetry its own reward."

But if the preface has occasionally served no higher purpose than to furnish a theme for the "chorus of insolent reviewers" or to point out the weak spots in the champion's armor, it has also at times thrown more than one fascinating sidelight upon the personality of the author. It has not infrequently been a medium of naïve self-confession, as when Charles Kingsley, setting out to write an historical novel of fifth-century Christianity, confesses to his somewhat prudish public that though he has endeavored "to sketch the age, its manners, and its literature" as he found them, his Anglican conscience has rather balked at telling the whole truth. "Oh, don't be shocked at this or that," — so Mr. Gosse rather flippantly interprets the author's preface. "It is nothing to what I could tell you if I chose. You think that Orestes was a very wicked man, do you? Shall I make your flesh creep by explaining, — but no, I won't; your dear little Early Victorian ears would n't stand it."

Or, to make a leap back over the centuries, one finds Lord Berners, in the prologue to his translation of "The Hystorie of the moost noble and valiaunt Knyght Arthur of lytell Brytayne," quaintly admitting that he set out to translate the book before he had read it, and that, as he proceeded, he had been so staggered by its "unpossibilities" that he had more than once been of a mind to lay it down.

Treacherous as are the seas upon which he finds himself embarked, however, he takes comfort in the thought that the book has been put together probably "not without some measure of truth and virtuous intent."

One is reminded of Caxton's skeptical preface to the *Morte Darthur*: "For to pass the time, this book shall be pleasant to read in, but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty." And indeed this same honest Caxton, "simple person" as he confesses himself to be, set type to no better purpose in the *Morte Darthur* itself than in the modest preface with which he gave it to the world: "Wherefore . . . I have under the simple conning that God hath sent to me, under the favour and correction of all noble lords and gentlemen, enprised to imprint a book of the noble histories of the said King Arthur, and of certain of his knights . . . to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates of what other estate or degree they been of, that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness and chivalry. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renommee."

It was with equal sincerity if perhaps less charm of style that Defoe in his prefaces used to point the moral of his adventurous yarns. That remarkable personage, Colonel Jacque,—"who was born a Gentleman, put 'prentice to a Pick-

pocket, flourished six and twenty years as a Thief, and was then kidnapped to Virginia; came back a Merchant, . . . went into the Wars, behaved bravely, got preferment, was made Colonel of a Regiment, came over and fled with the Chevalier, is still Abroad completing a Life of Wonders, and resolves to die a General,"—enjoy his rascality as we may to-day, was conceived by the author in a spirit of the most commendable piety. "The various turns of his fortune in the world make a delightful field for the reader to wander in; a garden where he may gather wholesome and medicinal fruits, none noxious or poisonous; where he will see virtue and the ways of wisdom everywhere applauded, honoured, encouraged, rewarded; vice and all kinds of wickedness attended with misery, many kinds of infelicities; and at last, sin and shame going together, the persons meeting with reproof and reproach, and the crimes with abhorrence.

"Every wicked reader" (this is refreshing; the class has apparently ceased to exist to-day) "will here be encouraged to a change, and it will appear that the best and only good end of an impious, mispent life is repentance; that in this there is comfort, peace and oftentimes hope, and that the penitent shall be returned like the prodigal, *and his latter end be better than his beginning.*"

The italics are Defoe's,—which leaves no doubt about his pious intentions, whatever we may think of the fact that, so far as the book is concerned, the beginning is much better than the latter end. The old Adam in Defoe rather loses zest in the redoubtable Colonel after the latter's reformation is effected.

But not all the prefaces of former times are marked by such a sweet humility as Caxton's or such a worthy piety as Defoe's. Burly Ben Jonson is never burlier than in the poetic forewords to his plays; and in the first of them—that the prologue of *Every Man in his Humour* may have been composed at a later date is of no moment—his prefatory remarks are

of no uncertain tenor. Not for him the base truckling of those poets who would serve the "ill customs of the age." Rather

be pleased to see

One such today as other plays should be, — wherein, instead of the crudities and impossibilities of the romantic drama, you shall find

Deeds and language such as men do use,
And persons such as comedy would choose.

Izaak Walton, as became his calling, was not so self-assertive as the author of *Every Man in his Humour*, but he is every whit as indifferent to criticism; and nowhere in the *Compleat Angler* proper is the cool self-sufficiency of the true brother of the angle better brought out than in these words from the preface: "And though this Discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most Readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men. . . . And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it, I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it may prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge."

"A recreation of a recreation!" — happy the man who can confess to such a cheerful spontaneity of composition! So Bunyan, in the quaintly rhymed preface to *Pilgrim's Progress*, testifies that the work was done, "mine own self to gratifie:" —

But yet I did not think
To show to all the World my Pen and Ink
In such a mode; I only thought to make
I knew not what: nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbour; no, not I.
I did it mine own self to gratifie.

. . . And so I penned

It down, until at last it came to be
For length and breadth the bigness which you
see.

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I shew'd them others, that I might see whether

They would condemn them or them justifie:
And some said, Let them live; some, Let them
die.

Some said, *John*, print it; others said, Not so;
Some said, It might do good; others said, No.
Now was I in a straight, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me:
At last, I thought, Since you are thus divided,
I print it will; and so the case decided.

When Ben Jonson blustered, he also "made good;" and Bunyan could afford to thank Providence that his neighbor's "John, print it," had decided his uncertain course; but it is not uncommon to follow the preface through its throes of parturition only to find that the product is little more than a ridiculous mouse. Dr. Johnson's cynical reference to his early instructor in English, who "published a spelling book and dedicated it to the universe," will be remembered; and I have before me an ancient grammar which makes its bow to the waiting world with no less pomposity. Published in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1854, it purports to be "A Compendious Treatise on the Languages English, Latin, Greek, German, Spanish, and French, founded on the immutable principle of the relation which one word sustains to another." By way of frontispiece rises a gigantic tree-trunk from which juts out a massive limb. Upon the trunk in great black letters is the word "God," and along the limb in print of equal magnitude are the words "hath spoken." "God hath spoken!" Could a more effective preface be imagined? It is true that, upon closer examination, lettered twigs devolving from trunk and limb resolve themselves into a pictorial grammatical analysis of the first verse of the first chapter of Hebrews; but the primary impression, the awful sensation of *Jupiter tonans*, remains unimpaired.

The worthy author of this forgotten grammar threw the responsibility for its fate upon the Almighty, with apparently no doubt that, between author and Sponsor, the days of the *Compendious Treatise* would be long in the land. Other and more mundane support had he, too, for

upon the fly-leaves clusters a very muster-roll of the great names of his day, — Millard Fillmore, H. Clay, Winfield Scott, William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish, Bayard Taylor, Henry W. Longfellow, Jared Sparks, and a score of others — all the signatures in unmistakably authentic facsimile. With such stately inaugural the *Compendious Treatise* takes its oath of office. How the little barefooted poets and novelists-to-be must have climbed the lamp posts to catch a glimpse of the majestic figure! How the man who had been made Laureate of England four years before, had chance of traffic brought a copy to his hand, — how Tennyson would have smiled! and perhaps turned back musingly to the preface of a thin little volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, — “*Haec novimus esse nihil*” had been its modest motto, — and the preface: “We have passed the Rubicon and we leave the rest to fate, though its edict may create a fruitless regret that we ever emerged from the shade and courted notoriety.”

The prefatory pronouncement of the *Compendious Treatise* had at least the merit of brevity; and, indeed, unless the nature of the case calls for an elaborate disquisition, or unless, as in the case of Scott, the book in question has already won a recognition which warrants unlimited personalia, the proud author has generally been content to “show himself for a moment in the portico,” and then turn the public loose in his vaulted corridors. “If brevity is the soul of wit anywhere, it is most especially so in a preface,” remarks Dickens, who did live up

to this principle in his prefaces, however he violated it in his stories; “firstly, because those who do read such things as prefaces prefer them, like grace before meat, in an epigrammatic form; and secondly, because nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of every thousand never read a preface at all;” and to this brevity the hopeful author must add a special savor of personality, if he do not wish to be a candidate for the obliviousness of the nine hundred and ninety-nine. It is the rare preface which inspires in the breast of the reader the hope of Nick Bottom, the weaver, — “I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb.”

After all, it was a fellow countryman and contemporary of the forgotten author of the *Compendious Treatise* who could most skillfully compound his prefaces of these two indispensable elements, and put the gentle reader into the best possible humor with himself, the world, the author, and the volume in hand; and of Dr. Holmes’s many genial prefaces, one likes best to recall that which ushered the delightful series of Autocrat papers to an audience even larger than the *Atlantic* could furnish. “I cannot make the book over again,” wrote the old Doctor, twenty-five years after the papers had appeared in the magazine, “and I will not try to mend old garments with new cloth. Let the sensible reader take it for granted that the author would agree with him in changing whatever he would alter; in leaving out whatever he would omit.”

Could anything be more urbane?

THE SOUL OF ART

BY ELSA BARKER

I LISTEN to the rhymers' praise of art,
Of the immortal form, the measured phrase,
Of the one mirror and the many ways
The poet's pale reflection to impart, —
But not a word of the initiate heart,
Of the incarnate Light whose volatile blaze,
Intimate of the soul, eludes the gaze —
Man's goal of yearning, and his counterpart.

I too am learned in the lore of sound,
In the cold measurement of lyric speech;
But what availed my knowledge till I found
The hidden Thing mere art may never teach,
The selfless Thing, too great to be renowned,
So high — it is within the lowest reach!

THE GHOST IN FICTION

BY T. R. SULLIVAN

SOMEWHERE, in what has been classified as the eighth period of English Literature, beginning about the year 1830, the ghost-story, all over the world, became very much the fashion. The perfection which this form of romantic narrative had reached through the art of Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne made dealings with the mystic, the weird, and the supernatural widely popular, and every new writer was moved to try his hand at it. The current of scientific investigation had not set in that way, time and space were not yet minimized by steam and electricity, and local tradition, with an archaic or feudal background, aided by that lurking dread of something after death which, according to Hamlet, we all inherit, combined to make the wildest freak of the clever writer's imagination almost credible. He

could sound what stop he pleased, when every respectable English neighborhood busily circled round the whispered word about its haunted chamber, when any sluggish, ill-tempered old Scotchman ran the risk of being avoided as a warlock, and even the virgin forest of North America was full of spells and warnings. In consequence, we were overwhelmed by a legion of purely fictitious phantoms, varying from the mute and dignified courier-like type in old lace and high-heeled shoes, to the merry, whimsical intruder from the other world, with a good-humored twinkle in his eye, or the shrouded, shrieking raw-head-and-bloody-bones nuisance who drove his chance acquaintance mad at sight.

Many of us now find these monstrous attempts to shatter our peace of mind

very dreary and childish; but that the world at large is neither entirely cured of its superstitious faith, nor even convalescent, must be clear to any traveler who penetrates to regions remote from great cities. Belief in the evil eye is uncomfortably prevalent throughout Italy, where charms are worn against it, and the sign to ward off its dire effects is still made by intelligent persons who ought to be above such nonsense. And after generations of enlightenment, Scotland would rather be haunted than not. The other day I talked with a very modern young woman who lives next door to Glamis Castle, and is akin to the heir, who is popularly supposed to be weighed down by tidings from the secret chamber, whenever he comes of age. She laughed at my reference to the story, and said: "Oh, when I want to know about that, I always consult an American." She then cheered me by reciting a legend of the castle touching a certain Lady Griselda, who, following her lord and master in the dead of night, was caught and punished for her curiosity by having her tongue torn out and her hands cut off; and at the present time wanders up and down stairs, waving her bleeding stumps wildly, to the terror of the servants.

"After all," her relative continued, "it is n't strange that any tale of horror should be believed about Glamis. For the house is low, dark, and peculiarly gloomy, carpeted everywhere with old India matting which deadens the sound of a footstep, so that even the living members of the family glide over it like spectres."

"How about *your* house?" I asked. "Is n't that haunted too?"

"Oh, we have n't any ghost, — inside," she said. "But in one of the park-alleys there is sometimes seen a sheep with a human head. Nobody ever goes there after dark."

So outlandish a hobgoblin would hardly daunt a nursery-maid here, were she within reach of a telephone; but it was plain that the narrator had a certain respect for the fable, if she did not quite

credit it. At any rate, it was not her habit to walk in the park at twilight.

Talk about this recalled an occurrence very near home. One of my friends hired for the summer Hawthorne's Old Manse, at Concord. And, before moving into it, he lent one of the servants — a wide-awake young woman — the *Mosses from an Old Manse* to read by way of preparation. Unfortunately, in the introduction Hawthorne makes a humorous reference to the minister, the first tenant of the house in provincial times, and to his silken gown which may still be heard rustling through the passages by discreet listeners of finer sense. The girl put her finger upon this, and declined service in summer quarters where such things were possible. Nothing could induce her to change her mind. There it was, printed in the book, — and she ended by resigning her place.

To return to the unauthentic bogie of pure fiction: when Bulwer came along, he rang some splendid changes upon the familiar theme, juggling with occult science, and working in natural phenomena, by the way, most artfully. The caldron, refreshed with new ingredients, bubbled up again, and the mystical tale was given another lease of life, — but with a difference, which was really an immense gain. The reader no longer was asked to believe in a ghostly visitant stepping directly from the other world with the habit of this one, as he lived, fresh, unwrinkled, and complete to the last button. This manifest absurdity was done away with, and the far more subtle trick was to get the gentle reader off his guard in lonely places, to chill him with damp and mould, and cloud his brain with vaporous association; then, all conditions being favorable, to leave him in doubt as to the conjuror's own state of mind regarding the manifestation or apparition; this, with consummate charm of style, and a strict attention to business in the setting of the scene, where all must be conceivable, nothing exaggerated.

Execution, perhaps, has greater value

in this form of fiction than in any other. The Russians have never been beaten at this, and there are certain ghostly tales of Pouchkine and Tourguéneff which may be read over and over again with pleasure, merely for the excellence of their preparatory, descriptive passages. Such is that remarkable story, Tourguéneff's *Apparitions*, to which even the most hard-headed old skeptic that ever lived must pay the tribute of a second reading, — if only to assure himself that there is nothing in it. And, of course, there is no impossibility in momentary hallucination, of which all humanity, at times, is susceptible. Witness, that unaccountable case from the note-book of Lord Brougham, to whom a friend of early life appeared, or seemed to appear, at the moment of death, after a separation of twenty years, in fulfillment of a jesting compact, written in blood during their college days.

By these concessions in the literary attitude the visions, so-called, were brought much nearer to life, and shorn to a great extent of their incredibility. The story of *The Signal-Man*, so realistically told by Dickens as to justify that "slow touch of a frozen finger tracing out the spine" which the *Ego* of the tale describes in it, is a perfect example of this method, where skepticism is frankly met half-way. The victim passes his monotonous existence at the mouth of a tunnel in a deep gully of the railway line, which reeks with moisture, from which the light of day is almost wholly cut off. His duties consist in recording telegraphic signals, in responding to them, and in displaying a flag when the train approaches. The gloom of his life there is so well suggested that the effect of it upon his mind at which the writer hints is hardly a matter of surprise. Gradually the man becomes convinced that he has been warned by supernatural means of some impending catastrophe. He starts when no bell rings, imagines that he hears voices, that he sees beckoning shapes at the tunnel's mouth. The coming disaster proves to be his own

death. Finally, unnerved by these cumulative experiences, he makes a false step in front of one of his passing trains. That is all. But the thing is done so simply and so reasonably as to carry conviction with it. The reader feels at the end that Dickens must have known that man, and has related in a perfectly straightforward way a real incident.

Imaginative work of that sort naturally prepared the way for scientific research. The gauntlet was thrown down, and before long it was taken up. The Psychical Society ran a good many disreputable old ghosts to earth and laid them. Those that still walked were chiefly of the milder sort, and seemed to flourish in outlying districts of the British Islands, largely on hearsay. When your cousin's cousin, living two hundred miles off, has a friend (represented by an initial letter) who thinks he saw a ghost thirty years ago, accuracy becomes expensive, and such distant prosecution of it is scarcely worth while. About this time, as the almanacs say, Andrew Lang saw his opportunity, and came to the front with his treatment of the question in a brief extravaganza, called *In Castle Perilous*, which ought to be read at least once a week by any writer who purposes to make a living out of the supernatural. His spectre is "up-to-date" indeed, discussing the phenomenon of his own appearance in modern scientific terminology. From that he passes lightly to criticism of Shakespeare's use of that ancient superstition, the cock-crow, and his introduction of the glow-worm on a midwinter night in the ghost-scenes of *Hamlet*. Furthermore, he asks if a real cock and real glow-worm are employed to heighten the stage effect, nowadays, in the best theatres. Finally, with a quotation from the London *Spectator*, he vanishes, after imploring the narrator not to think in the morning that he was "all a dream."

Shakespeare, himself, might have called Mr. Lang's work "admirable fooling." When I read it for the first time, it seemed to me a knock-down blow. I

felt as if the old-fashioned, or, indeed, any-fashioned ghost business were done for. But the next time I saw the Royal Dane, he was, for once, impersonated by a great actor. His magnificent lines were as impressive as ever. How could finical witticism over cocks and glow-worms affect that gracious figure? And what were any details of stage-management in comparison with the immortal visitation to whet the almost blunted purpose? The scenic appliances faded into insignificance, and the impression would have been equally fine with no canvas or calcium at all. Then, in the face and eyes of Mr. Lang, and the whole Psychical Society to boot, there started up a modern master, Stevenson, who struck a new note upon the old chord, and made it vibrate in a way that no one could resist. And I began to see that its vibrations must go on eternally, — at least, so long as our great mystery of the unknowable remains without solution. The essential thing, be the performer ancient or modern, is

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus.

Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well: then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

There is the eternal touch, — given with that prophetic conformity to modern conditions of thought which often recurs so curiously in Shakespeare. "Art thou anything?" It is as if the poet had just been reading Clark on *Visions*. And the Ghost speaks just two lines; but such lines! They have passed into the language, and can never grow obsolete.

When we are endowed with ghosts like this, why should the authenticity of a few old nursery scarecrows in the crumbling walls of English country houses vex us? We can let them pass. Especially, since we have to consider puzzling manifestations, equally authentic, much nearer home. A little while ago a well-known

ay, — to
That is all.
le later, I took up
and read the closing
act in *Julius Cæsar*,
the harp to Brutus
it.

ardurous slumber!
mace upon my boy
? Gentle knave, good
much wrong to wake
a break'st thy instru-
; and, good boy, good
— is not the leaf turn'd

Here it is, I think.
(*Exit of Cæsar.*)
us! Ha! Who comes
ss of mine eyes
ous apparition.
t thou anything?
ome angel, or some

within five miles of Boston. And, before long, he was oppressed by a mysterious, disturbing, yet invisible presence in one of its upper rooms. He kept the matter to himself, at first. But, one by one, each member of the family in turn obtained from it the same discomfort, until, finally, the room was closed, locked, and left unused. Doubtless "it is in ourselves that we are thus or thus;" and the Society for Psychical Research perhaps would find nothing in that room from one week's end to the other. The incident only goes to prove that we are still susceptible of treatment, and that a writer, even in the present hour of negation, may make the hair to stare without much difficulty, if he sets to work in the proper way.

It happened once, when I was a very small boy on a visit to some relatives in the country, that I was left alone one evening with the servants, the elders of the family having gone out for an hour or two. The cook and the housemaids offered me the hospitality of the kitchen,

know the touch of it

One night, a lit-
Shakespeare again,
scene of the fourth
where the boy plays
and falls asleep over

Brutus says:—

O m
Lay'st thou thy leaden
That plays thee music
night:

I will not do thee so
thee.

If thou dost nod, tho
ment;

I'll take it from thee
night.—

Let me see, let me see:
down

Where I left reading?

(*Enter the Gh*
How ill this taper burn
here?

I think it is the weakne
That shapes this monst
It comes upon me! A
Art thou some god,
devil,

and we sat there together through the twilight in a small group around an open window. It was a warm summer night, — too warm for lamps; outside, there was a grass-plot, with some low shrubs through which the fireflies glanced. The crickets were crying, but there was no wind, the room was remote from the road, and otherwise all was absolutely still. While I sat by, trying to be interested in the talk though somewhat bored in the process, the maids gossiped in a subdued undertone, appropriate to the hour. Undoubtedly, our condition was finely receptive. In thinking of the scene, I am always reminded of the story about a twilight group in a French country house where the man turned to the woman in white, sitting next him, and asked if she believed in ghosts. "*Je le crois, je le suis,*" she said, and vanished! Well, we sat there in the stillness and the dark, until suddenly on the outer wall of the house, as it seemed, close to the window, a little way above our heads, there came a sharp knock, two or three times repeated. The group scattered instantly. There was a great craning of necks into the open air, where, of course, nothing was to be seen; and nothing more occurred outside. The conversation, indoors, became exceedingly lively for a few minutes. Everybody had heard the noise, and everybody wished to describe at once the impression it produced. The cook, who had a vivid, but limited imagination, said it sounded to her like the handle of a carving-knife; while one of the maids was sure that it must have been a broom-handle. The

source of the noise was never determined, and the appalling mystery knocked out the talking-party forever. For my own part, I discovered very promptly that it was bedtime, and went away to uneasy slumber with a bright light burning close by my pillow. And, never, during my childhood, was I quite comfortable again in that house.

This unimportant circumstance merely illustrates further the disadvantage under which we all labor in conflicting with those impenetrable mysteries that science has thus far failed to overcome, that surround us all from the cradle to the grave. So far as they go, we are still children, — at a disadvantage, as aforesaid. And this may serve as text for a conclusion. So long as the disadvantage exists, a skillful literary craftsman may still avail himself of it effectively in more ways than one. The wise reader has no real confidence in ghosts; he scoffs at the old wives' tales of haunted houses, very properly; when strange footsteps scuffle about in the night, where he knows that no human feet may fall, he whispers to himself "*Rats!*" and goes to sleep again. But by and by there turns up some fellow like Stevenson or Tourguéneff to take his step just over the line into the borderland. He has the skill to give the knock! Then, in the startled scoffer's mind the unexpected happens; something, that he was quite unaware of before, stirs there, inducing him to listen. Half unconsciously, he applauds the masterstroke, and is forced, against his will, into tolerance, if not into approval and admiration.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A SHORT STUDY OF EDITORS

FROM time to time there appear in various of our periodicals certain bland, paternal columns in which the Editor discusses the Young Writer. The burden of these discourses is, Little Children, we do not bite. I do not know that the Young Writer has to any great extent discussed the Editor. I am moved to do so, and that quickly, while my impressions still have the spice of novelty. When editors become as thick in my acquaintance as huckleberries in the upland pasture, their personalities may become obscured. I write in haste, therefore, in a race against my own fame, for already I have had personal interviews with seven living editors.

My sensations in regard to editors are still whetted with awe, and I want to record them before all that disappears, and it is going fast. In fact, if you wish to preserve intact your fearsomeness of the mere word Editor, as well as your fervor for writing, don't write; that is, don't get accepted. There is a very simple rule for this: continue to write what you want to write, and continue to send it to people who don't want it. The writer's happiest days are those when no one appreciates him. Unaccepted, he may believe himself a Shakespeare; accepted, he knows himself a Grub-Streeter. The low world has laid its thumb; he is sunk to the sordidness of all things labelable. Unaccepted, he may believe himself what he pleases, and write what he pleases; accepted, he is no longer free, but bondservant; he alone is free of whom no one expects anything.

My respect for writing and my respect for editors began to decline from the moment they began to accept me. Up to that time, editors were entirely without personality except such as was expressed in the quantity and quality of the sugar with

which in their printed slips they covered the pill of rejection. These official communications, however, in the elaborateness and ingenuity of their courtesy, are not to be compared with the adroitness and delicacy with which the personal editor, brave in his own chirography, can state the fact that your wares are not to his liking. I should blush to tell him that I am really unworthy of his inventiveness, that rejection is not the stab he evidently thinks it ought to be. How can I tell a man who shows so much sensibility himself as he administers the blow, that my own sensibilities as I receive it are inferior to his?

In my experience editors acquired personality slowly. It began with initials. These initials attached themselves with a slight word of encouragement to the printed rejection. The initials invited me to try again, but for long the invitation was a snare. After a very weary time the initials appeared after the printed acceptance, then after the personal one, and at length the editor stepped boldly out of his official obscurity and signed his full name. It was then that I was first moved to try to meet him, to track him to his lair. I well remember my first editor, — also, immediately prior to the editor, the sensations of throat and knees as the elevator mounted, and the sickening plunge into a great, cavernous room, in which crouched, not one editor, but twenty, it appeared. My first editor proved no more formidable than the friendly letters that had preceded our acquaintance. He was a big, breezy man, with no taint of printer's ink about him, suggesting rather tennis and football and abundant tubbing. I forgot he was an editor. He confided to me his own literary ambitions. All editors have their own literary ambitions, and a way of talking of them that suggests that you are much more a some-

body than they can ever hope to be. It is the ringmaster's complimentary bow to the acrobat, his confidential, "I do a bit of the trapeze myself sometimes in other tents than mine."

This editor, furthermore, was brisk and businesslike. He told me what he wanted, and I told him I'd give it to him. I left him with a sense that I had gained a lesson in the tricks of my trade.

From my practical editor I proceeded to my poetic one. I thought to find out what it was *he* wanted of me. I call him my poetic editor partly on account of the love-songs to which I see his name attached in the magazines, partly on account of his hair. He is young; the dust of college not off him. When boldly and baldly I put the question, what did he want? he blushed for me, politely and patiently blushed for me, through a homeopathic philippic lasting fifteen minutes. A writer should never try to please an editor, he said; a writer should let the winds of fancy blow through him, and write at their æolian dictates; he should never try to trim his personality to the imagined pattern of an editor's taste, — he should be his own pattern: "please yourself, and you will please me," concluded my poetic editor, dismissing me; but, curiously enough, I never have pleased him.

I have met but one editor whose soul was neither that of a gentleman nor a scholar. He conducted a potent newspaper, and he wanted a column a week for it of literary chat, nothing learned, nothing commonplace, something altogether novel, something wholly brilliant, a show of intellectual fireworks that would make his paper famous. Was my name to be appended? I asked. Oh, no, for anonymity would enable him the more easily to turn me off and put another in my stead. His price? I cannily inquired. Shylock wore no gaberdine, but he answered, "Five dollars a week." I was so new a writer as to be almost non-existent, but I rejected this editor.

This is my only mercenary editor. As

a rule, editors embarrass me by being so little mercenary when I myself am greatly so. They seem to expect me to be as little commercial as my pot-boilers aim to appear. It is a serious trouble, the fact that editors seem to expect, when they see you in the flesh, that you will be that person you have appeared to be on paper. This failing is not confined to editors, but that is exactly my grievance; editors ought to be the last of men to expect you to live up to what you write.

As a matter of fact, there is but one editorial room where I can be myself. Here there is a keen-eyed editor who knows me the child of darkness if I do write moral tales, knows me a sad bluffer if I do write criticism, does not expect me to lisp in numbers if a bit of verse does sing itself off my pen in an unguarded moment, does not expect to cull psychological or biological flowers from my workaday conversation just because I sometimes in stories sport with subtleties and curious phenomena. Thank Heaven for one editor who sees through me, and gives me the satisfaction of knowing it.

So do they not all. For instance, there is the editor who loves phrases, and counts on me to appreciate them. His letters require the elucidation of a Reader's Handbook, a Biblical Concordance, and the *Century Cyclopædia of Names*. His briefest communications drip with erudite allusion. This editor really knows things, and I am sure he thinks I appreciate his intricacies of reference because, forsooth, I have sometimes written for him essays in which I trigged myself out in my few shreds of learning, wearing them bravely, as if I had whole drawerfuls of ornamental knowledge to supplement them.

O editors, you are of all men most unsophisticated. I am not learned, although I write so; nor, O gentle arbiters of my fate, am I good because I write so.

My pen paces on here to my pious editor, him for whom I write those moving moral tales for the young, in which I pipe to the reader's emotions, and the reader in response politely pipes his eye.

To this editor I here make confession. I dare to do so only anonymously, but what weary weight of insincerity he has made me carry! Dear Sir, forgive me; I am poor, and you pay so well for piety. I write to your order, as per your printed circular, "short, inspiring tales in which a character crisis is involved," and I always let my sin-tossed hero, *àtât*, fifteen, land cat-like on his feet. I bedew with simple pathos the eye of grandam and grandchild, but O Sir Editor, I who write thus am myself full of the Old Boy. I who write thus innocently for the tender juvenile could with this same red right hand write for the tough senior tales of riot or of ruin, of divorce, destiny, or naughty Paris!

I shudder to recollect that before I met him I fancied my pious editor, — he who supplied the public with the milk of human kindness, germ-proof, hygienic, fresh-bottled weekly, — was just such another even as I — his — his *cow*! (Heaven save us from our own metaphors!) In my first interview I actually caught a wink on the wing, and in the nick of time clapped it into my pocket, marked for future reference, "Not for editors or the clergy."

I met the extreme of my pious editor some weeks ago. His is a Sunday School publication and it was my proud purpose, judiciously concealed, to use him as a scrap-basket in extreme need. But even as a scrap-basket his appreciation of my wares needed stimulating. I speak commercially, otherwise his appreciation overflowed several typewritten pages. He pressed me to call, but first he sent me a small devotional book of his own. Now, I can bear religion in the open, when I'm all alone, in woods or fields, with the wind blowing, and the world all about big and breezy; but compress religion into a book, a little gold and white book, with versicle, canticle, and prayerlet for every day, tack my soul sensations to a calendar thus, — well, my soul is too fond of playing truant for that.

I called, I waited in a room ornamented

with texts and typewriters and lank begonias. Then, my card having preceded me, I was passed on into the sanctum. Just because he was thrice as old, did he need to hold my hand so fervently, and to say, "I want to know you, to look into your eyes, to be your friend"? My embarrassment must have embarrassed him. I shot off into business as dexterously as possible, and, having moderately accomplished my aim in coming, rose to go, but was detained. "We have talked of your writing, now let us talk of you," persisted my host. He discovered my college, my class, my birthplace, my boarding-house, my mother's maiden name, my church connection; but he did not catch *me*. Pray, why should he have tried to? Is it not enough that we who write must cook up out of our inmost sensations and experiences appetizing dishes for an editor's palate, without having either editor or public think they have a right to knock at the kitchen door? I am willing to cook, but when I entertain I do so on the front piazza, or anonymously, as now, at the rooms of the Contributors' Club.

CHOKED UTTERANCES

The Contributor takes his well-gnawed pencil and his scribbling pad in hand with some degree of insecurity. For many years he has admired the wit and ease with which various members of the Club seize and hit off as literary material the things that all of us have always known, but that none of us have ever noticed. He has more than once, on turning over the new *Atlantic* to those ever alluring pages at the back, found the familiar subjects which he discussed that morning with his wife while dressing for breakfast, clothed in language, dignified by print, accepted and inserted in the coveted spaces of the magazine. It was like discovering a picture of one's own kitchen-garden or blackberry patch illustrating an article on "Beautiful America:" a homely, accustomed thing brought into the public eye. It had been within a

stone's throw of him his entire lifetime, a helpless prey to his kodak; but some one else had seen the possibilities and done the photographing.

Once the Contributor thought of a familiar, but as yet unexploited, topic of his own; he tried to treat it lightly, to lend to its commonplaceness a certain touch and go, and to have it printed. The subject was something like "Borrowed Umbrellas" or "My Neighbor's Faults." Whatever it was he sent it off. That same day another Contributor discovered the chances for development that lay in that same homely topic, wrote it up, sent it to the Club — and had *his* version published. The blow was temporarily crushing; the Contributor gave his new foolscap pad and his providently whittled pencils to his youngest child, and went humbly back to his pursuit of the Law.

And now again a topic has come to mind; hurriedly, feverishly, the Contributor begins to write; distractedly he is conscious of a score of other Club members all over this land inspired with the same idea, and putting it into better and more *acceptable* English than his own. Into his throbbing head comes Matthew Arnold's "Consolation," but the inward chaos of hurry and hope and fear changes the lines: —

Yes, while I scribble,
Every where countless
Contributors work on my theme,
And countless versions
Flow from their pens.

The topic whose happy
Unexpressed possibilities
I would eternalize,
Ten thousand others
Submit respectfully.

The brief, civil note,
Whose certain refusal
I would escape from,
Holds for the others
Acceptance, joy.

The lines shout themselves, but through the din, clear and lucid, the Contributor comes to his point, begins to gild the homely subject, and to cheat fate.

Even as he writes, the new issue of the *Atlantic* comes to hand; it has happened again; some one else has taken his theme and done it ample justice; too many cooks have spoiled his broth; and, this time permanently, the Contributor returns to the Law. *Vale, vale*, — "there is no new thing under the sun," — the game is to say the old thing first.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

I have been reading an epoch-making book, which only Titanic minds like that of its author (so I am told) can criticise; but Lilliputian minds, fortunately for me, may confess their personal bewilderment. At one point in his exposition the author deals with the theory of "recapitulation," according to which the human body and soul repeat the development of the race from monad to man. Dwelling on the fishy stage of man's career, he mentions the testimony of dreams to a former aquatic existence. "In sleep, which is a kind of decapitation of higher functions, ancient ancestral experiences crop out. . . . One of the present writer's most persistent dream experiences was that, by holding the breath and controlling it in a peculiar way, he could rise from the ground and float through the air by slight movements of the limbs and body. So urgent and repeated was this experience that he has many times awaked with a sense, projected for some moments into waking life, that he could now demonstrate to his friends the astounding trick of levitation over houses and fields at will. . . . Now, as lungs have taken the place of swim-bladders, these unique hovering experiences of sleep suggest that here traces of a function have survived their known structure. Our ancestors floated and swam far longer than they have had legs, and why may the psyche not retain traces of this as the body does of its rudimentary organs? It may be that these are some of the oldest strata or elements of our psychic life, a reminiscent echo of

the sea which was our primeval home and mother."

This is very interesting, and most consoling to those who have a craving for experience but dislike the effort necessary to attain a sufficient variety. If, without leaving my easy chair or even my downy couch, I can recapitulate ancestral adventures of a multitudinous nature, why need I exert myself to see, hear, touch, and taste, or even to read historical novels? Why need I laboriously do, since I am already a part of all that has been done? Yet a suspicion irks me that I am not to be let off so easily. I, too, have had dreams. I, too, have murmured to myself: "This is a law of nature which is not ordinarily understood. They call it levitation." I, too, have floated at will, downstairs, through the family sitting-room, two feet from the floor, up to the ceiling, through the window, over hill and dale, dependent on will-power for my buoyancy, on will-power and one other factor. As a child I floated without effort, sometimes against my will; terror made me float, rendering me not only lightheaded but lightfooted; but I always kept the vertical position, with feet downstretched to meet the first reassuring touch of firm earth. It is only within recent years — say eight or ten — that I have been able to transform myself at will into a flying-machine; but now I do it every two or three months, with about the same frequency as that with which I find myself in the school of my childhood, with lessons to recite, but with a vacant mind, with no books and with no knowledge of "the place." While that is a painful experience, floating is in every way pleasurable, being a delight in itself, a convenient annihilation of space, and a demonstration of my superiority to my kinsfolk and acquaintance, none of whom can float. I feel myself, in fact, the Ivory Soap of humanity. And always there persists in me the determination to demonstrate in my waking hours what I discover in my sleep, that only faith and personal force and one other factor are necessary to conquer gravity and over-

ride its laws. Indeed, I sometimes find myself demonstrating in broad daylight what, I explain, has hitherto been possible to me only in sleep; and then, alas! I wake, — and behold, that, too, was a dream.

Now the other factor, to which I have twice referred, is the disturbing element in my hopes of "recapitulation." Combined with the posture in which I float, or swim, it seems to set me aside from a truly human line of descent. In truth, I cannot figure that I am descended from anything, human, inhuman, aquatic, or nautical. The posture of the fish in the stream, of the sea-serpent in the sea, of everything that swims within the waters, is familiar to the keen-eyed naturalist. My posture, "when I float," is that of a wise man in the easiest of easy chairs; I lean back upon the elastic atmosphere as if it were furnished with the most highly-evolved and responsive of springs, and so, in a sublimation of comfort, contingent merely upon my confidence that it exists, I sail through the window, *feet first*, and *bend* my way whither I will, dependent for buoyancy and direction not only on my will-power, but on a peculiar pedal dexterity, on a hitherto unsuspected intimacy between my psyche and my nether limbs. That is to say, I go whither my feet point the way; I rise in graceful curves, clear the church steeple, sweep to the right hand or to the left, and anon descend and skim the surface of the sea, all by an occult power resident in my pedal extremities. If it were not for this knack of rhythmic gliding, I remind myself, this power to rise, not by force of arms, but by force of feet, I should straightway grovel in the dust; and the moment I lose faith in my feet groveling symptoms set in, which are speedily rectified by pedal re-assertion. So, by a sort of graceful sculling motion, my feet serve both as steering-gear and as means of propulsion; but I must infer that my ancestry is not nautical, because every known craft sails not toward but away from its propeller, is steered by a rudder not in front but in the

rear. So ethereal is this experience that to speak of my pedaling as a means of propulsion gives too mechanical a connotation to a process that is purely psychological. The whole art lies in knowing how to aim: Point your feet in the right direction, and then follow them faithfully, is my subconscious law.

No explanation that I am able to invent is satisfactory, no analogy is analogous. Here I have a positive, oft-repeated, vivid experience, which cuts me off without a shilling from an ancestral inheritance. For what fish swims tail first? What sea-serpent reclines at ease on the cushions of the deep, and watches his nethermost extremity insinuate itself in the desired direction while the whole self luxuriously follows? What batrachian monster reposes on an imaginary Morris chair and wriggles himself by his toes into the haven where he would be? If any, speak, out of sheer altruistic pity; for him I may claim as an ancestor. But until I know that I have a pedigree I cannot rest in any dream of "recapitulation," I cannot brood over racial experiences, I cannot rock myself to sleep on the topmost branches of the family tree; I must be up and doing, in the sad suspicion that, like Topsy, I "jes' grewed." I must at least conclude that I cannot claim descent from an old family. Things with the steering-gear in front are of modern invention, — bicycles, automobiles, — and I seem to feel in the importance of my dream-feet a much modified reminiscence of the time when I was learning to ride a wheel.

ON LIVING LIVES

We are a primitive folk in Ithaca; Arcadian, not to say Bœotian, in our isolation from the great currents of modern thought. We were still reading Tolstoi when the Ibsen era was half done, and we missed Beardsley altogether. We continued to be strenuous weeks after we should have become simple. As for Mr. Bernard Shaw, we do not even yet know if he is really "it."

Nevertheless, we yield place to no community in our admiration of things Japanese. Nothing Japanese, I may say, is foreign to us, except those impossible creatures, the women; but our best hold has been our appreciation of the Japanese Spirit, especially since we discovered how nicely this can be made to fit in with our interest in Arts and Crafts and Colonial furniture.

I am afraid that I did not get quite all of Penelope's essay, "Eastern Ideals in Western Life" — the fact is I was too much engrossed with looking at Penelope. If ever an advocate of fewer things and better looked her part, it was she. Her costume was plain to austerity, though I venture that even the much-enduring Ulysses gasped when he saw the bill; and she wore no ornaments except her wedding ring and one gold clasp at her throat — a simple thing, Tuscan, of the fifteenth century, — I don't know how she ever managed to pick it up. Altogether she made the rest of us look like gilt ginger-bread.

We walked home together, Penelope and I, and naturally enough fell to talking about East and West and the lessons that each might learn from the other. "I myself," Penelope went on soberly, "feel most strongly on this subject. If we could but discard the superfluous from our lives, be more spontaneous and serene, — we whose position in society," — but perhaps I ~~would~~ ^{should} best not quote Penelope's remarks in full; her sentiments are wont to be rather admirable than striking. She at least was convinced that in Japanese ideals of life and art is the surest refuge from that "deplorable tendency toward artificiality and ostentation which" — in short, she was refurnishing her parlors in teak-wood after Morris designs, and purposed having the more ornate portions of her silverware made over at the Handicraft Shop.

How much more the elimination of the unessential was to cost the Much-enduring I could not learn; for at this point we were joined by Diogenes. The old cynic

has always been something of a favorite of Penelope, for whom he is accustomed to temper his bark to a faint growl. This time, however, she was so noticeably cool that the poor gentleman was quite abashed and left us at the next corner.

"I think," Penelope went on, "that Diogenes ought to be made to understand that he carries his independence of other people's opinions quite too far. I don't object, particularly, to his tramping about over the country in his old clothes, with a packet of sandwiches in one coat pocket, and the nose of a bottle sticking out of the other. I certainly do approve his interest in nature; that, of course, is quite the thing now, though it does not seem to me that the very nicest people are taking it up. But a man in his position ought never to allow himself to forget what is due to a reasonable propriety."

My objection that Diogenes had always been doing exactly as he liked, with no fear of Mrs. Grundy before his eyes, brought out the details of the latest scan-

philosopher, in one of his peregrinations, had found himself in a lonely place on the wrong side of the river from the little station where he planned to take the train home; and had thereupon proceeded to swim the inconvenient stream, pushing his clothes before him on a stray log. Then, to add to this offending, he had lingered to frolic with certain small boys whom he found disporting themselves near the further bank until he nearly missed his train and had to tie his neck-scarf as he ran. The small boys, delighted beyond measure, had reported the matter at home. Thus it leaked out, and the two Apostles of the Unostentatious are no longer friends.

They tell me that the Oriental is unruffled. I certainly do not see how he manages it. The Japanese life has already worried me more than all the other lives that I ever led. To do it after the manner of Diogenes is to risk getting talked about; Penelope's version is altogether beyond me to afford. If the Japanese life becomes the mode, I shall wel-

dat concerning him. It seems that the trouble was that he was a reformer.